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BORN AMONG BRIGANDS

Mrs. Tsilka's Story of her Baby

BY KATERINA STEFANOVNA TSILKA

Mrs. Katerina Stefanovna Tsilka is a Bulgarian by birth, and was educated in America at Northfield Seminary, later graduating from the Training School for Nurses of the Presbyterian Hospital in New York City. After serving some time at her profession in America, she was married to the Rev. Gregory Tsilka, an Albanian by birth, who was graduated from the Union Theological Seminary in New York. Returning to Turkey, they began their missionary work at Kortcha in Albania. On September 3, 1901, Mrs. Tsilka, with Miss Stone, was captured by Macedonian brigands.

IT was a winter night, the 3d of January, 1902. The sky was beautiful and bright with a myriad of twinkling stars. Gigantic mountains towered on both sides of a mountain path which wound itself along a murmuring brook.

A mysterious party was moving cautiously and rapidly along the narrow trail. Three men in single file, about sixty or seventy feet ahead, watched for any danger, ready to signal for retreat if necessary. Four or five men followed, then two horses, whose riders were carefully wrapped in long black *kepes* (mountaineer coats of padded goats' hair). Heavy hoods covered their heads, hiding half of their faces. Each horse was led by a guard. On each side of both riders also marched other guards holding fast to their saddles. This was to protect the riders from unexpected falls. Close behind the horses more men followed, and then about ninety or 100 feet behind was the rear-guard, consisting of two or three men. There were also a number of scouts who, shadow-like, appeared and disappeared among the trees. The whole party, except the scouts, moved in single file. They wore black *kepes*. Daggers hung from their belts. Each man had a revolver on his left, and a loaded gun, firmly held in his right hand. Cartridge-belts crossed their breasts and surrounded their waists. Their steps were light. Only their heavy breathing was heard as they climbed the mountain side. No talk, no coughing, no sneezing was allowed. The dead silence was occasionally broken by the clink of some dagger hitting against a gun. Now and then a whistle was heard, a signal at which every man instantly took position to fire; but, thank God, there was no occasion for firing that night. This peculiar party moved on and on for ten hours. Suddenly it halted in a ravine. The riders dismounted and sat down, while the others proceeded to smoke cigarettes. One of these riders was Miss Ellen M. Stone, captured on the 3d of September, and dragged through the mountains in this fashion, now exactly four months. The second rider was myself, her companion in misery. The armed men were, of course, the brigands who caught us.

After a few moments' rest, the signal was given to proceed, the journey now being no longer by a path, but up the untraveled mountain side, over shrubs and thorns and stones. We had to climb on foot, for it was impossible to hold on in the saddle. For me, walking was not to be thought of: how could it be expected of a woman who was awaiting the advent of her little one any day or night, and who had traveled ten hours in the wintry cold night on the rough mountains? Now for the first time I had no fear of the brigands, for they could do nothing worse than kill me, and I cared not whether I lived or died. When they ordered us to climb I sat down and refused to move.

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"Go," I said, "and leave me here to die in peace. It is wicked and outrageous to drive about a woman in my condition."

Two strong arms lifted me and dragged me up the fearful mountain side. I had no strength to speak or cry, I had no hope left. After a time, I do not know how long, we reached a peculiar little hut among trees and rocks.

Two or three men inspected it cautiously, and finding it deserted, forced the door open. Miss Stone and I sat down outside until they were ready to ask us in. The hut was constructed on an elevation projecting between two lofty mountains. Streamlets of water oozed out from the cracks of the rocks. The ground was covered with heavy frost; it was very cold. Soon a blazing fire from the hut reflected itself on the opposite mountain side. Now we were motioned to enter. My feet were numb with cold, but I was suffering so much with the pain of fatigue that I did not sit near the fire to get warm. I looked for a place to lie down and rest my aching back. In a corner near the fire some straw was spread. A log was given me for a pillow. A *kepe* was then spread over the straw, and this was to be my bed. I lay down half-dead with exhaustion and pain. Miss Stone sat near the fire and talked with the brigands, who were drying their foot wrappings, and then she lay down beside me. They stretched themselves every which way on the part of the floor not occupied by us. Only one stood guard. The fire burned brightly, the smoke floated like a cloud around the room, and found its way out through the cracks, for there was no chimney. The men slept and snored heavily. I turned and twisted, but no position was comfortable. I sat up in bed and looked around. Four stone walls and a thatched roof shining with soot inclosed the little room. On either side stood two tremendous wine casks;* one was old and broken, the other smelled of fresh wine. A small wooden tub and a gourd stood near at hand. These were all the belongings of our hut. The smoke blinded my eyes, and the tears began to run down my cheeks. I wished there was a chimney, for the smoke was oppressive. How the brigands did snore! I looked at Miss Stone, lying close by my side. She was sound asleep. Her pretty, small hands were laid one on top of the other, under her cheek; they were black with dust and smoke. I smiled as I looked at her, but my smile soon disappeared, for a fearful pain shot through my back. Again I turned and looked at Miss Stone; I both pitied and envied her. "She is tired, but she can sleep at least." A pair of black eyes attracted my attention. The guard was closely watching me from his dark corner. I became nervous and turned my back to him.

"Why don't you sleep?" Miss Stone said. "Lie down, childie."

I did so, but another pain, worse than the previous, forced me to get up again. I thought I was too tired to rest. "That wretched saddle nearly broke my back last night," I said. Miss Stone went sound asleep again. The men snored as usual, the guards changed.

Some one pushed the door open, and to my surprise it was daylight. Presently the brigands began to stir. Some got up, sat around the fire, opened their knapsacks, and proceeded to breakfast on dry bread and cheese. Others slept on. Those who finished breakfasting went to sleep again.

Now it was some time after midday. All were asleep again except the guard. I was getting more and more miserable. The guard turned and looked at me thoughtfully, then stepped near the chief brigand and whispered something in his ear.

He at once sat up, rubbed his eyes, looked toward me, and finally addressed me:

"Madam, you had better lie down and sleep; to-night we have a long journey to make."

I broke into tears and sobs.

"How can I travel? My hour has come! What will become of my dear baby? They will kill it as soon as it comes into the world."

At this Miss Stone wakened.

"Why do you cry, childie?"

No answer was necessary. She understood it all. She turned and spoke to the chief. She said it was impossible for me to travel that night.

"We must," he said. "We must leave this place; it is dangerous."

"Kill me if you wish it, but I do not move from this hut to-night. If I die, let me die here and not on the road," I said.

He again lay down, but not to sleep. He became anxious; he twisted and turned and watched me closely. His heart was touched. He was human, after all.

"If madam wishes, we shall all go out and leave you alone," he said somewhat gently.

"Yes," I said very quickly and positively.

He then touched each man, until they all were sitting up rubbing their eyes, trying to awaken and see what was going on.

"Hasten," he said. The men were on their feet and at once disappeared. Miss Stone and I were left alone.

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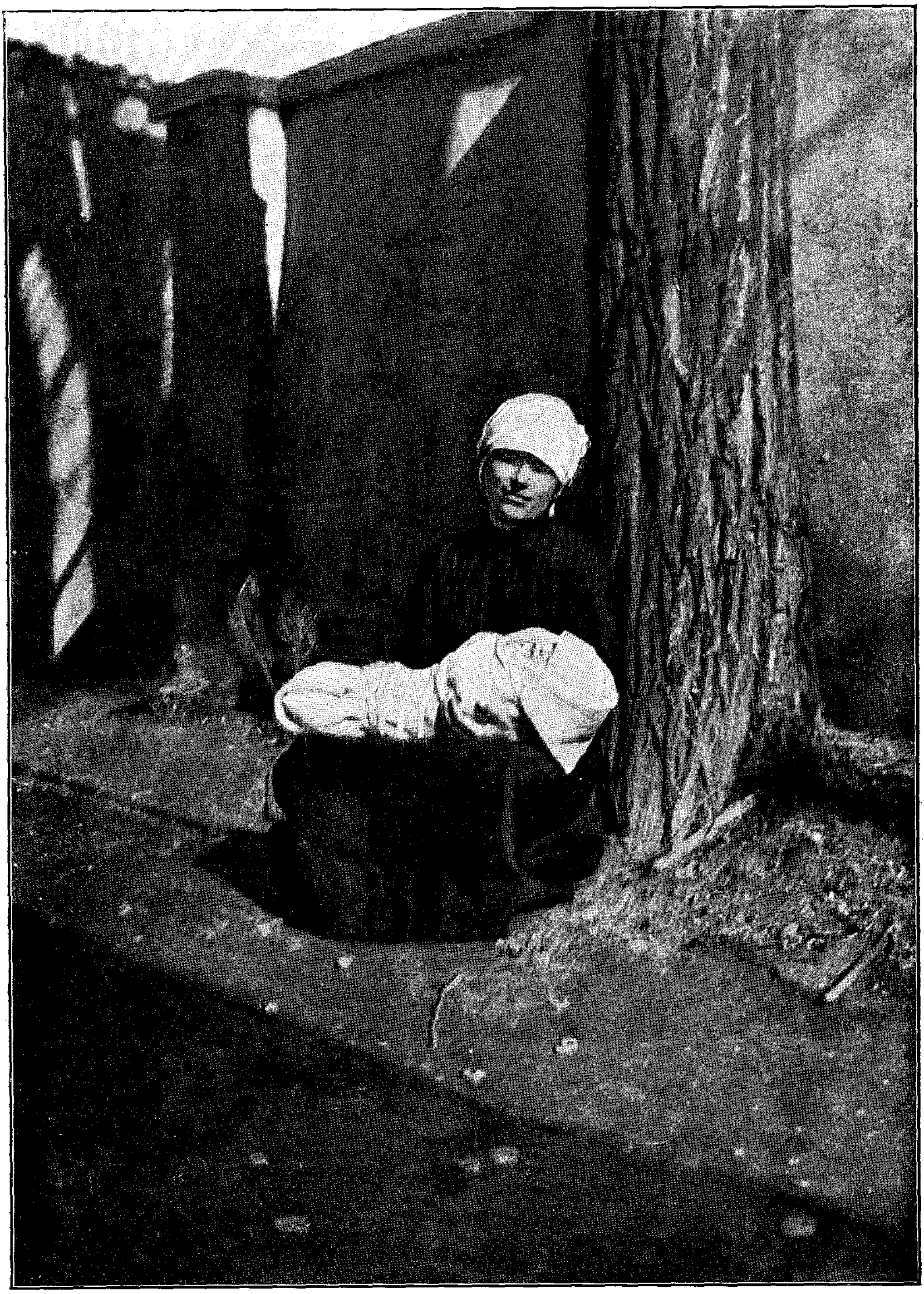
* It is the custom for the people in that region to have their wine cellars near the vineyards, far from their dwellings.



THE MOTHER AND HER BABY

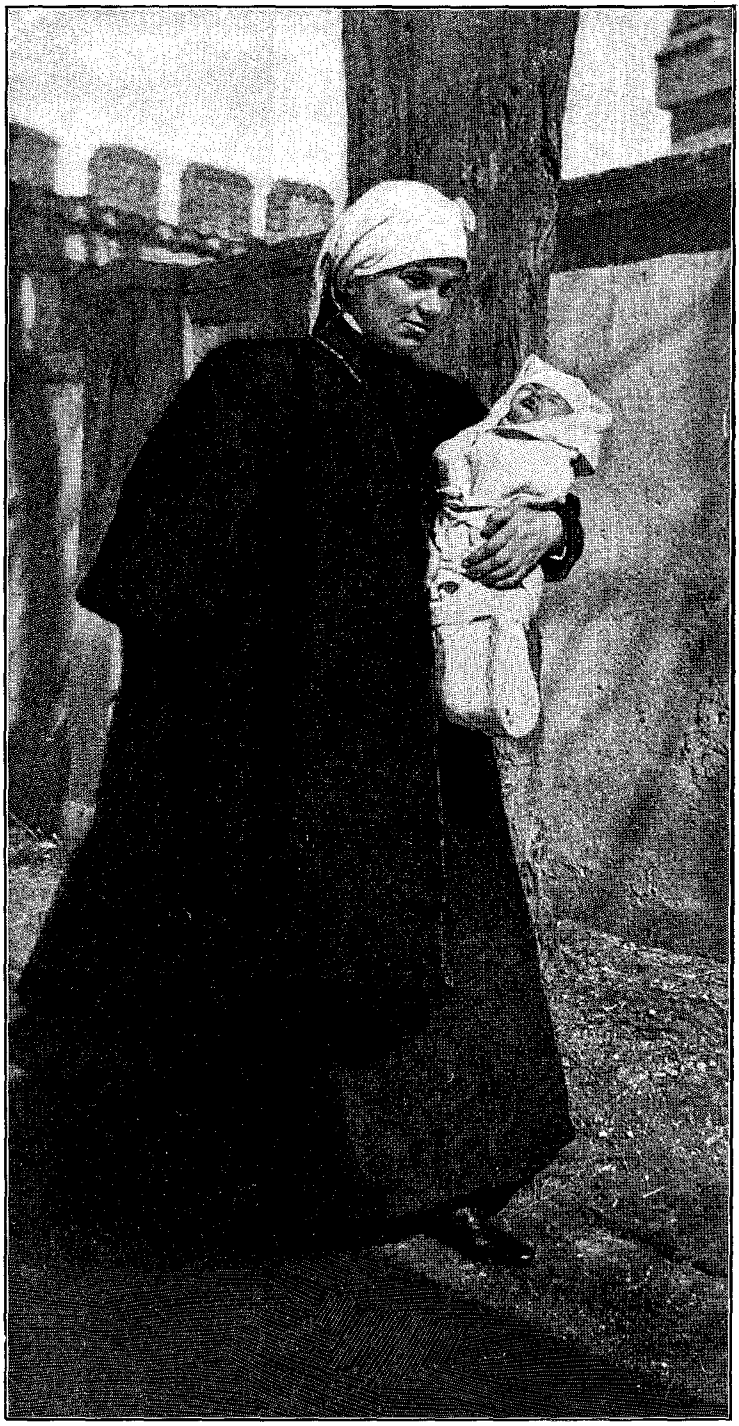
The first picture of them ever taken

The hours dragged slowly. My agony was intolerable. Miss Stone was getting more and more nervous. She dreaded my fate. No bed, no clothes, no convenience of any kind, not even water. Fire was all we had, but in spite of it the room was very cold, for there were big open spaces all around the thatched roof.

I had on two thick pairs of stockings and heavy boots, but still my feet were cold.

husband, and tell him how dearly I loved them this four months. My heart ached with pain when I thought of their sorrow and grief for me, and especially when they should hear that I had died under such circumstances.

A gentle hand touched the door. A woman! What a surprise. We had longed to see a woman for the last four months. How happy we both were to see one again. A woman! Evidently the brigands had taken her from some hut, and against her will brought her to us for the emergency. She was an old woman, perhaps fifty or sixty years of age. Her face was pleasant, her features regular, though lacking intelligence. It was difficult to ascertain what race she belonged to, for she was black with smoke and dirt. The spaces between her heavy wrinkles were embedded with dirt, accumulated there for months, and perhaps years. The gray hair hung loosely over her forehead and eyebrows. Her head was covered with a kerchief which had been white once upon a time. She also wore a black garment so patched that there was very little left of the original. Half of a sleeve and the collar were entirely gone. Her feet were bare and chapped from the cold and exposure. She looked at us with great surprise and reverence. Our ways and clothes were a mystery to her. She looked at us as if to say, "What creatures these mortals be!" She had never seen other people outside her family. The poor woman ap-



MME. TSILKA AND HER BABY AS THEY APPEARED DURING THEIR CAPTIVITY

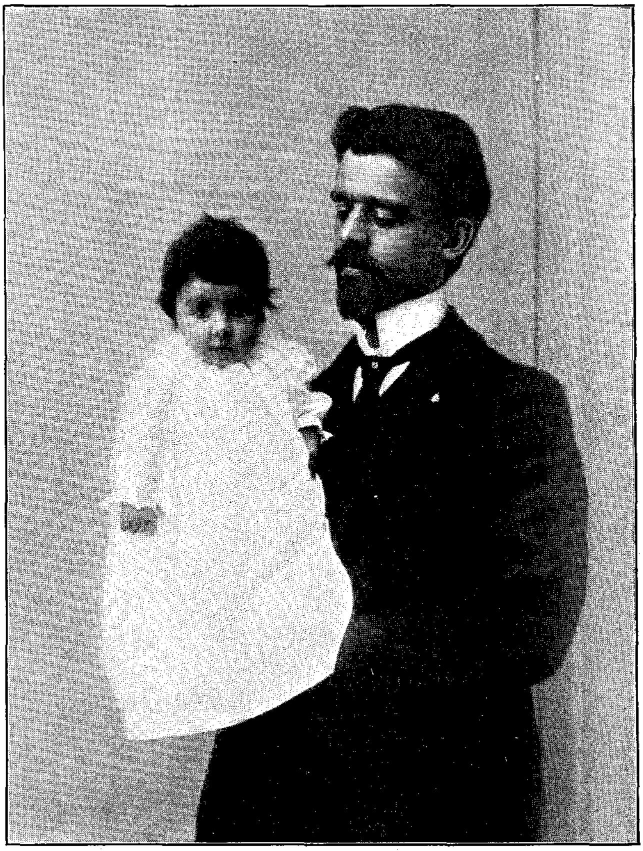
"No," I said, "I shall never pull through. If I survive the pain, the cold will kill me."

Then I decided to leave my message to my husband and mother. I asked Miss Stone to give my engagement and wedding rings to my peared frightened by the brigands, who had strongly forbidden her to talk to us on any subject, except concerning the one thing for which she was brought to us. The first thing she did was to fetch a dish of water. She asked me in the most matter-of-fact way to drink some of the water, and also to be sprinkled with it. "Do," she said. "It is sacred water." I, however, refused very politely. Failing in her first attempt to bring relief, she then produced a tin box, in which she wished me to blow *very hard*. I laughed in spite of my trouble. She was a good little woman. I asked her to sit by the fire and rest, and told her that when I needed her I would call for her.

Now it was twilight; silence reigned, broken only by the whistling of the wind and the slow steps of the guard outside. The fire was blazing, the wood crackled as the heat approached it. The back of the room was in shadow and darkness. At the farther end of the fire sat the good old woman, nursing her knees and shaking her head as a sign of approaching calamity. Miss Stone sat on a log opposite the woman. She kept the fire going and prayed in her heart. Her face was sad, but full of "blessed assurance." She had on her head a dark kerchief as a protection from both the cold and the soot which fell from the roof. Her garments, of a dark, coarse homespun, had been sewn by her own fingers. I often heard her say, "Childie, what can I do to help you?" but there was nothing with which to do anything. We had no medicine, not even a hot drink of any kind.

I was standing now with both hands tightly clutched at the rings of the wine cask. My strength was gone, and yet there was no one to help me.

The thought passed my mind like a flash: "Where is my mother? Where is my husband? Why am I so far from my dear ones? Oh, so far, I do not know how far! They certainly think of me. They grieve for the lost one. Oh, mother, where are you? Oh, God, help me!" The pain, aggravated by the previous night's long and rough ride, was intolerable. I wished for rest, I wanted death, for to die is to rest from all suffering. "Pray for me, Miss Stone," I cried.



THE BABY AND HER FATHER

At 10 P.M. all was over. Both women were alive with excitement. The old woman was wrapping the crying infant, for we had been able to make a few simple clothes for the little one. During the first months of our captivity we felt as though we should go insane from idleness. Finally Miss Stone suggested that we ask the chief for some material out of which to be making baby's dresses. He consented to give us what they had—ten yards of cheese cloth, and about six yards of heavy white woolen homespun cloth. The gauze they used for the purpose of cleaning their weapons, and the heavy cloth for foot wrappings. We were both as happy as children over these materials, and proceeded at once to cut out the garments. They supplied us with thread and needles, even with thimbles. Out of the cheese cloth we made shirts and dresses for baby. The dresses had five or six tucks at the bottom, all hemstitched and featherstitched. The shirts were made the same way. Out of the coarse cloth I cut blankets for baby and hemstitched them all around and in the middle. All the feather-stitching was done with heavy white spool thread. We took very short stitches, in order to get as much work out of it as possible. When all the ends and seams were feather-stitched, we began over again making new rows of feather-stitching. In such wonderful garments we dressed my baby when it was born.

Now while the old woman was at work Miss Stone stood smiling, chattering and repeating over and over again, "Blessed girl, blessed girl, it is a blessed girl!" putting the emphasis on "blessed." She certainly was a blessing to us during the long, dreary hours afterwards. The old *baba* (midwife), with an air of pride and satisfaction, was squatted near the fire warming the newcomer.

"You must have some kind of hot drink," said Miss Stone, "but there is nothing to make it of."

Finally we thought of barley. The brigands had some for their horses. We could cook it, and it would be a nice drink. The brigands brought an old black copper kettle. They hung the handle on a green stick, and rested the two ends of the stick on two high stones on each side of the fire. Our barley cooked quickly, and soon I had a nice hot drink. We found it so good that it became the fashion among the brigands afterwards. They liked it very much; besides it was so cheap and easy to get.

My baby was still crying; it had not yet recovered from the cold shock.

My poor baby! My darling, what is to become of you? Will these men spare you when you disobey their "Sht! Keep still!" Babies and their cries are the sweetest charm in the world, but the most undesirable things among brigands.

"Where are they?" I thought. "They must be holding council somewhere as to how to take away my poor baby."

The door was pushed open. The youngest brigand walked in. He looked somewhat shy.

"Is it a boy?" he asked.

"A blessed girl," was Miss Stone's quick answer.

He frowned. I thought I understod why he frowned.

A knife passed through my heart, as we say in Bulgaria.

"Well," he said, "if it were a boy, we would make a brigand of him, but a girl does not make a good brigand, although there are stories told of girls who became *voivodi* (leaders of brigands)." He hesitated a little and said: "I don't know, after all, we may make her the daughter of the *cheta* (band)."

After a few more similar remarks he picked up the gourd, filled it with wine which he drew from the wine cask at my head, spattering some of the wine in my face as he drew it, for the faucet was near my head, and started for the door with the words, "I shall take this wine to the *cheta*. We must drink the health of the little brigand." Poor excuse for a drink!

Two or three hours later the chief himself appeared. He was tall, heavily built, and dark. His eyes were fierce at other times, but now they were downcast. He said nothing; he stood in front of the fire and seemed deep in thought. Every time the baby cried or grunted he was startled; he was not used to that sort of thing. Everybody in the room was silent except the baby. To break the oppressive silence Miss Stone picked up the infant and handed it to the chief (this is just like Miss Stone). At first he appeared confused and embarrassed, but as he watched the little helpless morsel in his strong arms a smile passed over his face. I was anxious, I watched his expression, I read his thoughts, I waited for results. And, sure enough, his smiles lasted longer, he bent his head closer to baby's face. He was no more a brigand to me, but a brother, a father, a protector to my baby. He now made up his mind to have a good time, so he sat down by the fire and began to warm baby's feet. My heart jumped with joy, I was relieved.

"He means to spare my child. He can do it, he is the chief." His voice was deep and somewhat melodious, and now it was the sweetest music in my ears, for he spoke of baby; he was concerned that the baby should not catch cold. He sprang to his feet, gave the infant back to Miss Stone, and asked her for a list of things necessary for the mother in the line of food.

"I shall give these orders and shall soon return."

True to his word, he came back again.

"Now," he said, addressing Miss Stone and the old woman, "you lie down to sleep. As for baby, I shall sit down here and keep her warm."

The old *baba* lay down on the ground and soon began to breathe heavily. She felt quite at home, for her home was no better than our hut. Miss Stone, like a heroine, did all she could to make me warm and comfortable, and then lay down on the bare earth near my feet. She soon fell asleep, for she was very tired. As for me, sleep did not seem to come. I was watching my baby. I wanted to know its fate during the night, but I must have fallen asleep, for I jumped up frightened. "Where is baby?" I whispered to myself.

I looked around the room. The two women were asleep. The chief sat near the fire with his back turned to me, and his head nodding with sleep. Baby was sweetly resting in this man's strong arms. I looked at him. I examined him well. There was the revolver on his side, there the fatal dagger, and there, too, the little baby gently cuddled in those iron-like arms. I both smiled and wept with joy. I thanked God for the gentleness in this man.

Is it possible? Is this the same man I saw only a few months ago so mercilessly stabbing a poor victim to death? Is he the same man who not long ago bragged and threatened our lives? Yes, he is the very same. Who wrought this change in him? Nobody but the little wee baby. Morning came, the chief was no longer shy. He patronized the baby. He called her by many pet names. She was "the little brigand, the daughter of the *cheta*," but his favorite was *Kasmetche* (good luck). He did all he could to make us happy and comfortable. He kept the fire going, he boiled barley, cooked chicken, and made himself as useful as he could. This same man forgot all about danger outside. This little wee thing had stolen his heart. He was thinking and talking of nothing else but of the little *Kasmetche*. He laughed, he joked, he appeared as happy as though it were his own baby.

THE BABY AND GLADYS HOUSE, THE DAUGHTER OF MR. J. H. HOUSE, SENIOR MISSIONARY AT SALONICA

Now we were treated more like free people and not as captives; that is, we were spoken to.

The *voivoda* (chief) now asked me if the rest of the men could come to see the baby and congratulate me. Of course I was only too glad to have them come, and see what they would say, how they would act. It was dark now. We made no preparations for the reception. We had no lamps to trim, no refreshments to serve, no chairs to arrange. The party of brigands came unannounced. Most of them were tall, striking fellows. Each one as he entered shook hands with me, congratulated me, and stood back so as to make room for the others. The rest followed in the same way until there were two long rows of fully armed men crowded into the little room. They rested on their guns, gazed at the blazing fire, and made some pretty speeches while baby was passed from man to man. In a corner behind them stood timidly the good old *baba*. Miss Stone was the queen of the occasion. She talked to them, she laughed with them, she made them feel perfectly at home. The mother was radiant; she forgot that she lay in straw, she only thought that her baby was safe. What a picture! What a reception! Are these brigands and these captives? What a transformation, all because of a baby! The brigands appeared very jolly. One said that they must give baby presents. He himself offered to make her a pair of sandals. Another one said he would make her a whistle, and the chief offered to make her a brigand's outfit.

"What are you going to call her?" one asked.

"Ellena," I said, "in honor of my mother and of Miss Ellen M. Stone."

"Do you know," said another, "no *cheta* has ever had a baby born among them. This is an extraordinary event for us. We shall immortalize her name. It shall be written on our guns. Ellena shall be written on our guns."

Another brigand spoke out: "This mother makes me think of Mary, the mother of Christ. She, too, lay in straw, and it was about this time of the year."

"No," said another, "this is a martyr; no woman has suffered as she has."

Then they all turned and looked at me with great pity. After giving baby a hearty kiss they bade us good-night and disappeared out in the darkness. I believe they had a great discussion that night, whether it was wise to preserve the life of the newcomer or not.

It was the second day after baby's birth. The sunbeams peeped in the hut through the many cracks and holes. Two brigands were with us now, both to guard and to wait on us. One was stretched along the fire, and the other sat against the door. The room was dark as in the night, except for the sun's rays that crept through the holes. The smoky roof and the many spider webs became monotonous to my eye; I longed for light, for sunshine. The sunshine is so near and yet so far. It is outside the door. If they would only open the door just a little bit. It seemed to me as if I should go insane in such darkness. I became nervous, desperate.

"Please open that door, I want to see the sunshine. Nobody can see us in this mountain."

"Oh, yes," they said, "only it is very cold."

They opened the door, and there was the glorious sunshine, there the mountain side with dry, brown oak leaves. I was feasting now on a small patch of nature's beauty, and it was so sweet. The chief walked in.

"We shall have to travel to-night," he said. "It is very unsafe here, but do not worry. We shall make you very comfortable for the journey. We shall carry you in a box, and as for the baby, one of us will carry it. They will begin to make the box very soon."

Of course all I had to say was, "Very well."

The men as well as Miss Stone were making preparations for the journey. "Klink, klink" was heard outside. The box was being made of planks. Toward night the weather changed. It became chilly, and soon the snow was falling very rapidly. My good old *baba* had been home and returned to bid us good-by and give her present to baby. The present consisted of a dark red cap decorated with one silver coin and a piece of garlic. The garlic is used as a preventive against evil eye. She also gave baby a plaid handkerchief, such as you see among the working Italians. After spitting on her finger and placing it in baby's mouth, she took her departure. As the evening approached fears began to creep into my heart. I was not able to turn on my side as yet; even my cough caused me great pain. How am I to stand a whole night's jarring on a box on horseback? And poor baby, how is she going to nurse?

Miss Stone was asked to get everything ready. Very soon we heard much talking outside. All the brigands were together discussing the question, whether the horses were strong enough to carry such heavy loads, especially my horse. Finally a long wooden box, just like a coffin, was brought into the hut. It suggested death, and I was to be the corpse. My eyes filled with tears. Many men came in to see how I was to be placed in it. I became indignant. "Go out," I said. "Only two men are necessary to place me in it."

The bottom of the box was spread with a rug of ours, and a half of an old dirty quilt. I was then lifted by two men and placed in it, and then covered with the other half of the quilt. One of the brigands tried to lift the box, but it was very heavy. "Useless," he said. "It is too heavy. This horse is not strong enough. It will drop somewhere on the road, and then—" he looked questioningly.

Many rushed in to see what was the trouble. They all tried lifting me, and all came to the same conclusion, that it was too heavy.

"What is to be done? The *potera* (pursuers, soldiers) are in search of us. They are not far from us."

"We must fly," said the chief, "or else we are all lost."

They again turned their faces toward the box. I was the obstacle. They did not know what to do with me, how to dispose of me. I covered my face and wept aloud in the box. The chief again glanced at me and spoke:

"Well, we shall have to leave her here with one of us, and let both be disguised in peasant's clothes. If the army find them they will take them for villagers living here. And now, Miss," turning to Miss Stone, "you must come with us."

I never shall forget the shock and expression on Miss Stone's face. She was both frightened and indignant.

"No," she said, "I don't part from *Gospoja* (the Mrs.)."

The sight was tragic. I shall never forget how two of the brigands, the youngest, stood for us. They said: "We shall stay here one more night. If danger comes we shall fight, even if we die. To-morrow we send for strong horses, make the box lighter, and *Gospoja* will be better able to travel by to-morrow night."

All agreed. I was taken out of the box and again placed on my old straw. That night both Miss Stone and I wept, we felt so badly. Baby cried, too. The next day was spent in the same way as the day before. Night came again. Strong horses were brought, and my box was made shorter, which reduced its weight considerably. Baby was prepared for the journey in the following way. Next to the skin she had a gauze shirt. A napkin was wrapped around her thighs and legs. Then a layer of cotton on top of that. Thick woolen cloth was used to keep her feet warm and well protected. Several woolen blankets were used in wrapping her from neck to feet. Her hands were tied down by her side next to her shirt. Over all these a big blanket was wrapped around her, one corner projecting so as to fall over the head and protect it from the wind and snow. She had on the cap which the *baba* gave her. One of the brigands came into the hut and rehearsed his part in carrying baby. I suggested that he had better give his gun to somebody else to carry. "No," he said, "if I lose my gun I may lose both baby and myself." I felt uneasy to have them carry baby. I still feared that they might choke her if she cried at some dangerous place. Miss Stone understood my feelings, and offered herself to carry the baby. Some kind of sling was prepared for the purpose, a square piece of cloth with a string on each corner. Baby was placed in it, and then the strings were tied around Miss Stone's neck and waist. It hung something like a hammock in front of her. Four pieces of sugar were tied in four different places in a thin cloth for baby to suck on the way whenever she cried. Now all was ready. I was again placed in the box, and four men took me out of the hut to the horse and at once began loading the poor animal. The box with me in it was fastened on one side of the clumsy saddle, and the other side had to be balanced with logs of wood and stones. It was a very heavy and bulky load. My horse was started while Miss Stone and baby were being fixed. As the path was very narrow and steep the box began to slide back and almost drag on the ground. I felt it did not balance well, but it was so dark that the men could not see. The horse was excited and climbed very fast, the men could hardly control it. I heard them say, "Hold on the box, it is going to upset. It is going down the hill. Hold on, hold on!" Crash went the box against a tree. I felt as though my brains were knocked out. Five or six men grouped like bees around my horse and prevented an accident. We proceeded again on the rough journey, the box hitting here against a tree, there against a stone, and many times I fell on the ground as the horse stumbled. I thought that if I were a little stronger I would get out and walk, but such a thing was impossible. I was so tortured and frightened that I could not even cry. In the hands of brigands this cold night, they may soon get tired of me and throw me down into some river or over a precipice. Yes, in the hands of men who care nothing about me. And there is baby crying. O Misery, where is thy end? My baby, my precious darling, you are cold and hungry, but your mother is tightly strapped in a box; she can't come to you, she dare not speak. The poor thing had sucked all the sugar we had for her, now she was crying very hard.

"Oh, please, please," I broke into tears, "give me my baby. Let me nurse it. It will die!" No answer came. "Please, I want to see the chief." No answer again, although the men were near my horse. Miss Stone's horse was much ahead, so that I could not hear baby's cry distinctly, but mothers' ears are sharp. I heard the pathetic cry of my darling. "Oh, God, my heart will burst!" From where I got strength I do not know, but I pushed at the ropes tied around the box, and raised myself in a sitting position. It was blowing and snowing, and the men rushed to me and ordered me to lie down and cover myself. I was defiant. "My baby please. Oh, give it to me. I can nurse it here. O Chief, please, please give me my baby."

My wish at last was granted. I seized the little ball (it looked like a ball) and pressed her to my heart. She appeared as if she understood it all. She nursed, and she sobbed. Only three days in the world and so much trouble! While I was nursing her two or three brigands took their *kepes* off their backs, hung them on their guns, and made something like a tent around us. Baby was again taken to Miss Stone. I lay in the box, and the journey proceeded. Now we had traveled seven hours. My horse was so tired that he made several attempts to lie down.

"Drive," said the chief to the brigands. "Don't let the horse lie down. We are lost if this horse gives out."

The journey went on over stones, rocks, and steep hillsides, and the men were tired, they could not *krepi* (support) my horse; they began to linger behind in spite of the chief's *haida* (hasten). Dawn was breaking. We all had to hide before it was daylight. Another gigantic effort by both men and horses, and the destination was reached. My face was covered as I lay in the box. I felt the ropes being unfastened. Many hands were lifting and carrying the box. I felt as though it was passed through a narrow door and then through another one, and with a jerk the box landed on the ground. My face was uncovered, and I found myself in a room similar to our previous one, except for the wine casks. We had the same kind of walls and roof and no chimney. We did not know when it was day and when night; it was always dark. Baby cried a good deal when we arrived here. I had no strength to amuse it. Miss Stone was sitting near the fire and singing baby to sleep (in a whispering tone).

"Oh," she said, "if I only had a rocking-chair, how I would put this baby to sleep."

I laughed, for it struck me very funny to be thinking of a rocking-chair when we did not have even the simplest stool to sit on. Here I had chills and fever the first day, but the next day I was well again (comparatively speaking). After two days we had to run away again, for the *potera* were upon us. To carry me in a box was too much trouble for the men. They filled two bags of straw, fastened them on either side of the saddle, and I rode on top of those. The journey was short this time, about two hours. From now on our journeys were shorter; we simply moved from place to place.

* * *

Now it was a month since baby was born. We were in a miserably cold and smoky hut. Miss Stone and I had bad colds and coughed incessantly. Baby coughed, too. The tears were running down our cheeks from the smoke and also from the cough. We were lying down to sleep. The room was full of brigands, and the odor was very bad. That night I cried bitterly. It seemed as if I could not endure it any longer. A man stepped near us and threw a letter to Miss Stone, which she at once proceeded to read. I could not wait to have it read.

"Is the money paid?" I asked excitedly.

"Yes," said one of the brigands.

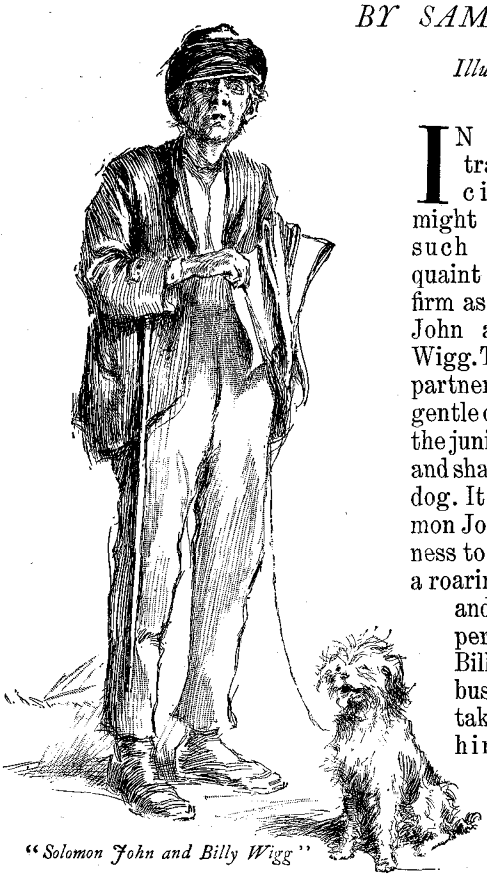
The happiness we felt was too great to be expressed in words.

[*In September, Miss Stone will resume and conclude her narrative, relating in full the circumstances of the payment of the ransom and the release.*]

SUCH AS WALK IN DARKNESS

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens



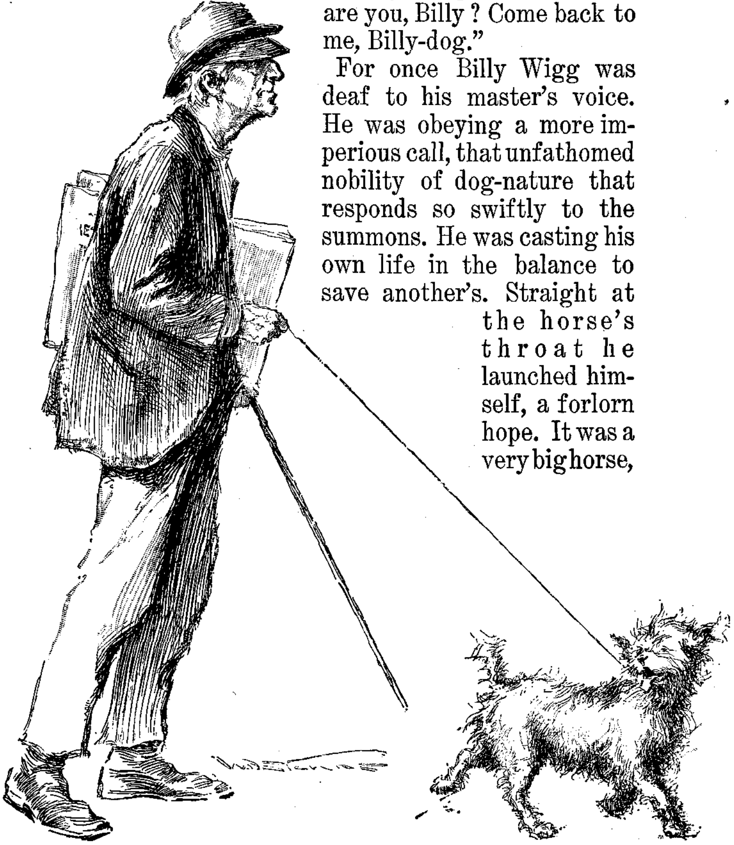
"*Solomon John and Billy Wigg*"

IN all the trade of the city you might not find such another quaint business firm as Solomon John and Billy Wigg. The senior partner was a gentle old giant; the junior a brisk and shaggy little dog. It was Solomon John's business to stand on a roaring corner and sell papers; it was Billy Wigg's business to take care of him while he did it, for he was blind. It was our business—Dr. Harvey's and mine—to pay for our papers and pass on, but we seldom strictly minded it. Instead, we would stop to talk to Solomon John, to the detriment of trade, and to be patronized by Billy Wigg, who was much puffed up with self-importance, conceiving himself to be principal owner of the earth and sole proprietor of Solomon John. In the half of which he was correct.

I was very fond of Billy Wigg, despite his airs of superiority. Harvey preferred old Solomon; but this was a semi-professional interest, for my medical friend had contracted the pamphlet habit, which he indulged before scientific bodies made up of gentlemen with weak eyes who knew more about ophthalmology than can be found in many fat tomes. Solomon John was a remarkable case of something quite unpronounceable, and Harvey used to gaze into his eyes with rapt intensity, while Billy Wigg fidgeted and struggled against the temptation to gnaw such portions of him as were within reach; for Billy Wigg didn't understand, and what he didn't understand he disapproved of on principle. In the light of subsequent events I believe Billy's uneasiness to have been an instance of animal prevision.

To see Billy Wigg conduct his master across that mill-race of traffic that swirled between curb and curb, as he did every morning in time for business, was an artistic pleasure. Something more than a mere pilot was the dog; rather the rudder to whose accurate direction old Solomon responded with precise and prompt fidelity. A tug of the trouser leg from behind would bring the ancient newsboy to a halt. A gentle jerk forward would start him again, and in obedience to a steady pull to one side or the other he would trustingly suffer himself to be conducted around a checked wagon or a halted cable car. All the time Billy Wigg would keep up a running conversation made up of admonition, warning, and encouragement.

"Come on, now"—in a series of sharp yaps as they started from the curb. "Push right ahead. Hold hard. That's all right; it's by. Hurry now. Hurry, I said. *Will* you do as I tell you?" Then, to a too-pressing cabby, in an angry bark, "What's the matter with you, anyway? Trying to run folks down? Hey? Well"—apologetically, in response to a jerk on his string—"these fool drivers do stir me up. Wait a bit. Now for it. And here we are."



"'*Will you do as I tell you?*'"

How many thousand times dog and man had made the trip in safety before the dire day of the accident not even Solomon John can reckon. Harvey and I had started downtown early, while our pair of paper-vending friends chanced to be a little late. As we reached the corner they were already half-way across the street, and Billy Wigg, with all the strength of terror, was striving to haul Solomon John backward.

"What's the matter with Billy?" said Harvey, for from the sidewalk we could not then see the cause of his excitement.

A second later the question was answered as there plunged into view from behind a car the galloping horse of a derelict delivery wagon.

"Good heavens! Look at the old man," I cried, and in the same breath, "Look at the dog," gasped Harvey.

With one mighty jerk Billy Wigg had torn the leash from his master's hand. Bereft of his sole guidance in the thunder and rush of traffic the blind man stretched out piteous hands, warding the death he could not see.

"Billy," he quavered, "where are you, Billy? Come back to me, Billy-dog."

For once Billy Wigg was deaf to his master's voice. He was obeying a more imperious call, that unfathomed nobility of dog-nature that responds so swiftly to the summons. He was casting his own life in the balance to save another's. Straight at the horse's throat he launched himself, a forlorn hope. It was a very big horse, and Billy was a very little dog. The up-stroke of the knee caught him full; he was flung, whirling, fell almost under the wheels of a cab, rolled into the gutter, and lay there quiet. The horse had swerved a little, not quite enough. There was a scream, and the blind man went down from the glancing impact of the shoulder. Harvey and I were beside him almost as soon as the crosswalk policeman. The three of us carried him to the sidewalk.

"No need to call an ambulance, officer," said Harvey. "I'm a physician and the man is a friend of mine."

"Bedad, thin, the dawg is a frind of mine," said the big fellow. "Couldn't ye take him along too, sir?"

"Well—rather," said Harvey heartily. "Where is he?" He turned to look for the dog.

Billy Wigg came crawling toward us. Never tell me that dogs have no souls. The eyes in

Billy's shaggy little face yearned with a more than human passion of anxiety and love, as, gasping with pain—for he had been cruelly shaken—he dragged himself to his partner's face. At the touch of the warm, eager tongue, Solomon John's eyes opened. He stretched out his hand and buried it in the heavy fur.

"Hello, Billy," he said weakly. "I was afraid you were hurt. Are you all right, old boy?" And Billy, burrowing a wet nose in Solomon John's neck, wept for joy with loud whines.

Some rapid and expert wire-pulling on the part of Harvey landed our pair of friends in a private hospital, where Solomon John proved a most grateful and gentle patient, and Billy Wigg a most tumultuous one until arrangement was made for the firm to occupy one and the same cot. Then he became tractable, even enduring the indignity of a flannel jacket and splints with a sort of humorous tolerance. Every day Harvey came and gazed soulfully into Solomon John's glazed eyes—which is a curious form of treatment for broken collar bone, not sanctioned by any of the authorities who have written on the subject. It soon became evident that Harvey didn't care anything about the rib; he had other designs. On a day he came to the point.

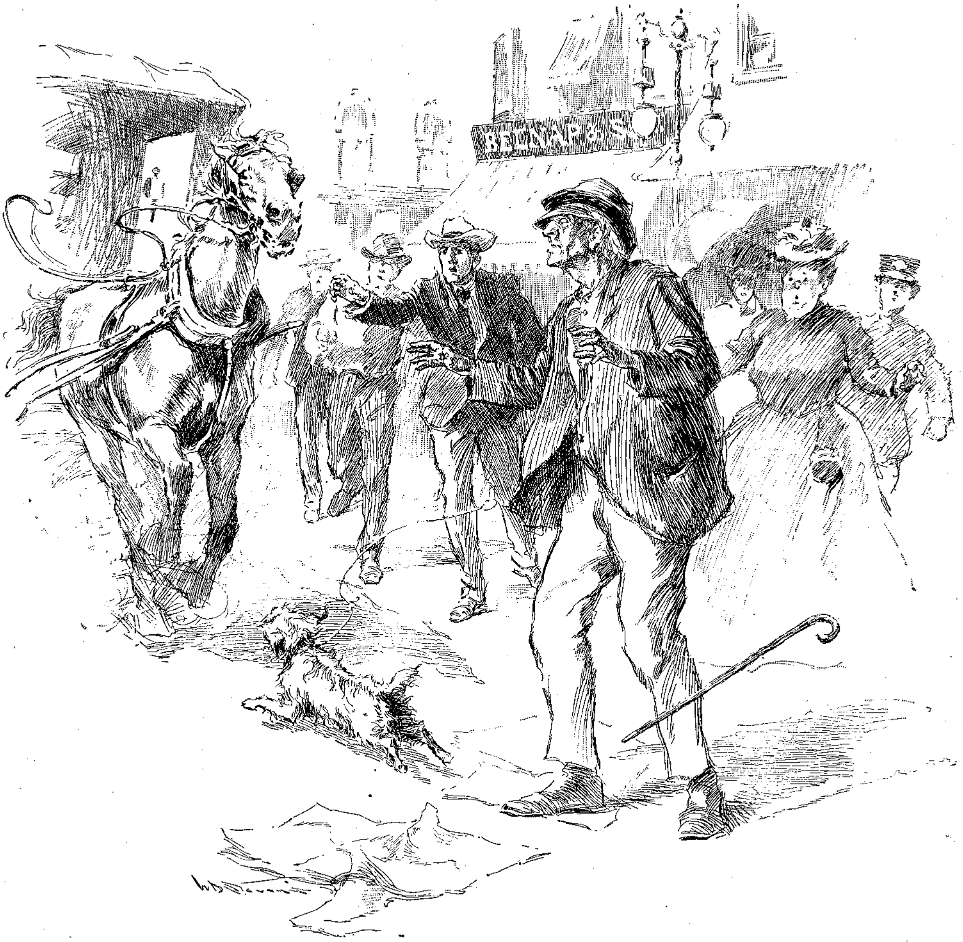
"Solomon John, would you like to have your sight back?"

The blind man sat up in his cot and pressed his hands to his head.

"Do you mean it, sir?" he gasped. "You—you wouldn't go to fool an old man about such a thing?"

"Will you let me operate on you to-morrow?"

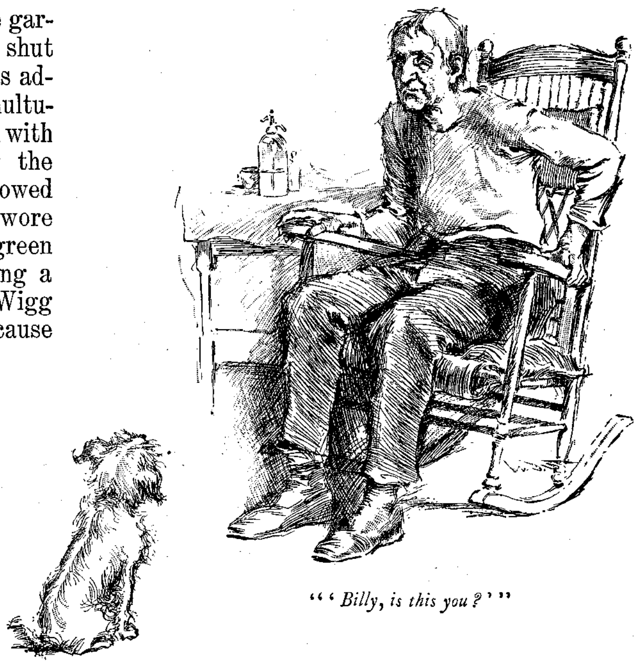
"Anything you think best, sir. I don't quite seem to take it all in yet, sir—not the whole sense of it. But if it does come out right," added Solomon John in the simplicity of his soul, "won't Billy Wigg be surprised and tickled!"



"'Where are you, Billy? Come back to me, Billy-dog'"

Billy Wigg raged mightily and rent the garments of his best friends, because he was shut out during the operation. When he was admitted after it was over he howled tumultuously, because Solomon John was racked with ether-sickness, which he mistook for the throes of approaching dissolution. Followed then weeks during which Solomon John wore a white bandage, in place of the old green eye-shade, and at frequent intervals sang a solemn but joyous chant which Billy Wigg accompanied with impatient yelps, because he couldn't make out what it meant.

"We're going to have our sight again,
  Billy Wigg, Billy Wigg:
We're going to see the world again,
  Billy, my dog."



"'Billy, is this you?'"

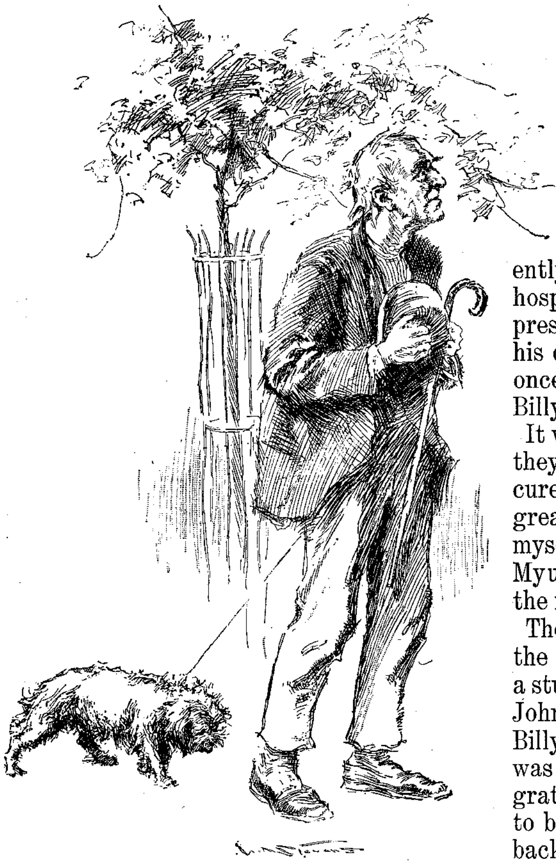
It was a long, nerve-trying wait, but the day finally came when the white bandages were removed. After the first gasp of rapture, Solomon John looked about him eagerly.

"Let me see my dog," he said. "Billy, is this you?" as the junior partner looked with anxious and puzzled eyes into his face. "Well, you're certainly a mighty handsome doggy, old boy." (Billy Wigg was homelier than a stack of hay in January, but the eyes that looked on him were as those of a mother when she first sees her babe.)

Unhappiness was the portion of Billy in the days that followed. A partner who wandered about unchaperoned and eluded obstacles without relying on his sense of touch was quite beyond his comprehension. So he sulked consistently until the time came for leaving the hospital. Then he chirked up a bit, thinking, presumably, that Solomon John would resume his old habit of blind reliance upon him when once the doors had closed behind them. Poor Billy!

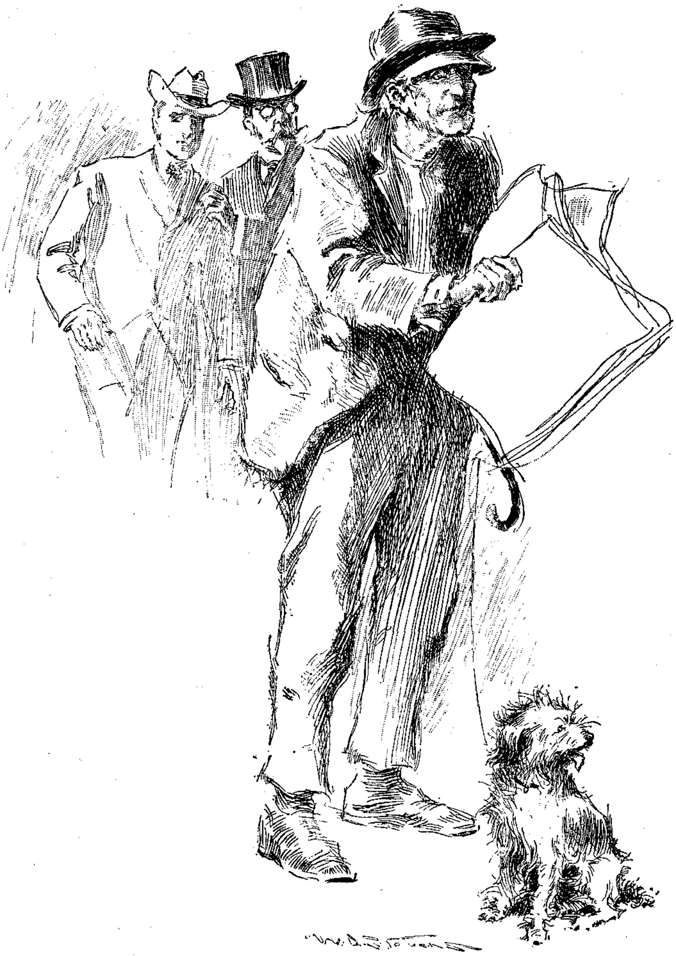
It was three weeks after the operation that they left, Solomon John being discharged as cured. Harvey exulted. He said it was a great operation and proved things. I thought, myself, it was a mean trick on Billy Wigg. My unprofessional diagnosis was that he was on the road to becoming a chronic melancholiac.

The partners called on Harvey soon after the departure from the hospital. They were a study in psychological antithesis; Solomon John bubbling over with boyish happiness, Billy Wigg aged with the weight of woe he was carrying. The old man was touchingly grateful, but his ally surreptitiously essayed to bite a piece out of Harvey's leg when his back was turned. He nursed an unavenged wrong.



"They were a study in psychological antithesis"

Months passed before we saw the pair again. We returned from our European vacation confident of finding them on the same old corner, and sure enough, there they were. But as we approached Harvey seized me by the arm.



"'Good heavens, Bob! Look at the old man!'"

"Good heavens, Bob! Look at the old man!"

"What's wrong with him?" said I. "He looks just the same as he used to."

"Just the same as he used to," echoed Harvey bitterly. "Eye-shade and all. All my work gone for nothing. Poor old boy!"

"Billy Wigg's all right, anyway," said I, as that superior animal greeted us with every indication of excitement.

"Think so?" said Harvey. "It strikes me that it isn't exactly welcome that he's trying to express." Then, in a louder voice to Solomon John, "How did it happen, old Sol?"

At the sound of his voice Solomon John whirled about and started to thrust up his shade, as if involuntarily. Then he held out tremulous hands, crying:

"What! Is that you, Dr. Harvey? God bless you, sir! And is Mr. Roberts with you? Well, well, but this does me good. You're a sight for sore eyes!"

"Not for yours, Solomon John."

"And why not, then? Whist! I forgot," he broke off scaredly, jerking his head toward Billy Wigg, who held us all under jealous scrutiny. "Wait a breath."

Thrusting his hand into his pocket he whipped it out suddenly. A flight of coins scattered and tinkled and rolled diversely on the sidewalk. "Dear, dear!" cried the old man cunningly. "The old fool that I am! I'll never be rich this way. Pick them up, Billy-boy."

Billy hated it, for picking small coins from a smooth pavement with lip and tooth is no easy job; hated worse leaving his partner to two such unscrupulous characters as he well knew us to be. But he knew his business, and set about it with all his energies.

"Whisper now," said the senior partner as Billy swore under his breath at a slithery and elusive dime. "I've as fine a pair of eyes as you'd want for star-gazing at noonday."

"Then what on earth——"

"Sh-h-h! Soft and easy! The beast's cocking his little ear this way. Sure 'twas all on his account, sirs."

"On Billy's account?" we both exclaimed in a breath.

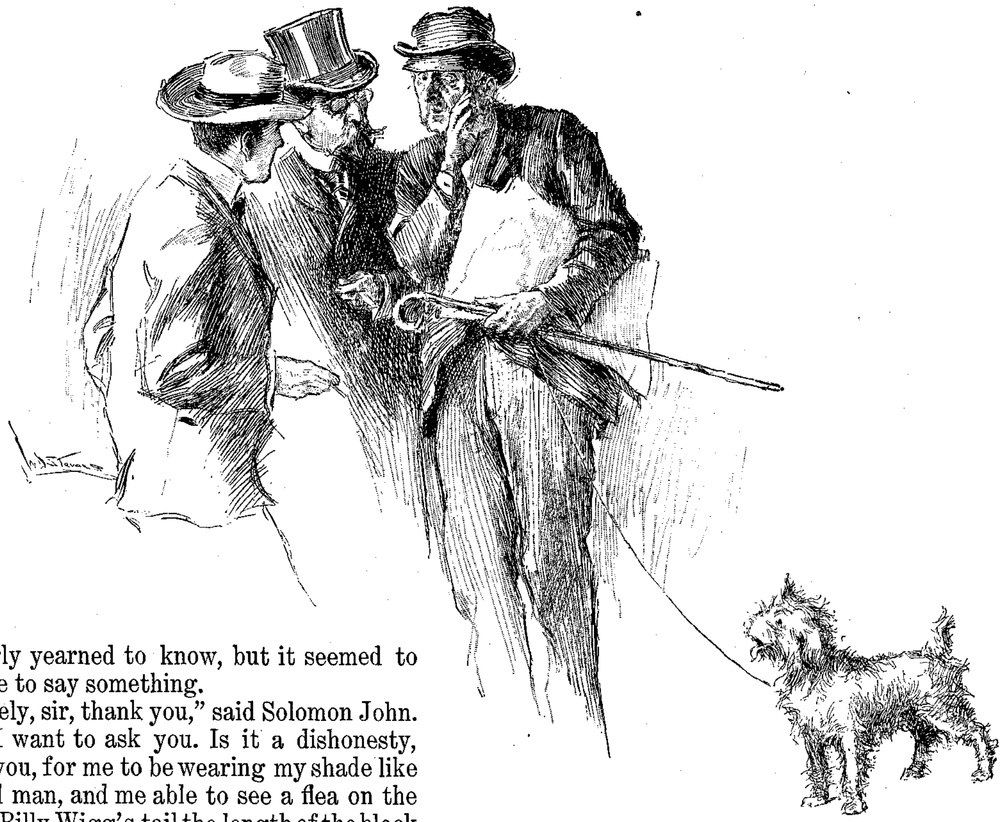
"You didn't think I'd be faking it?" he asked reproachfully.

We didn't; and we said so. But we required further enlightenment.

"All on account of Billy Wigg there, sirs. The eyesight was a million blessings to me, but 'twas death to poor Billy. Not a pleasure in life would he take after we left the hospital. When I'd walk free and easy along the streets that looked so pretty to my old eyes, the dog'd be crazy with fear that some harm would come to me through him not leading me. At the last he just laid down and set out to die. He'd not sleep, he'd not eat; and the eyes of him when he'd look at me were fit to make a man weep. I sent for a dog doctor—you being away, sir," put in Solomon John in polite parenthesis to my friend. "He says, 'The dog's dying of a broken heart. I've seen it before,' he says. 'What'll I do?' says I. 'He'll not be content till you are as you were before,' says the dog doctor. It was a minute before I sensed what he meant. Then my heart got thick and sick inside me. 'Blind?' I says. 'Is that what you mean?' 'You old fool,' says the dog doctor, 'can't you do a bit of play-acting? You've had enough practice in the part,' he says.

"Over I went and got my stick and put on the old shade that I hadn't ever thought to use again, thanks to you, sir, and tap-tapped across the floor to Billy Wigg. 'Come on, Billy,' says I; 'I want you to take me out for a walk.' Billy jumped up with a kind of choky bark, and I hugged Billy and Billy hugged me, and—we've been doing business on the corner ever since."

There was a long pause. Harvey's expression was queer. I felt a little queer myself. It was a queer story, you know. Finally I asked the old man if business was good. Not that I particularly yearned to know, but it seemed to be time to say something.



"'Sh-h-h! Soft and easy! The beast's cocking his little ear this way'"

"Nicely, sir, thank you," said Solomon John. "But I want to ask you. Is it a dishonesty, think you, for me to be wearing my shade like a blind man, and me able to see a flea on the end of Billy Wigg's tail the length of the block away? The Lord's been mighty good to me, sir—you and the Lord—giving me back my sight," said Solomon John simply, turning to Harvey, "and I wouldn't want to do anything that wasn't just square."

"I wouldn't let it weigh on my mind," said Harvey.

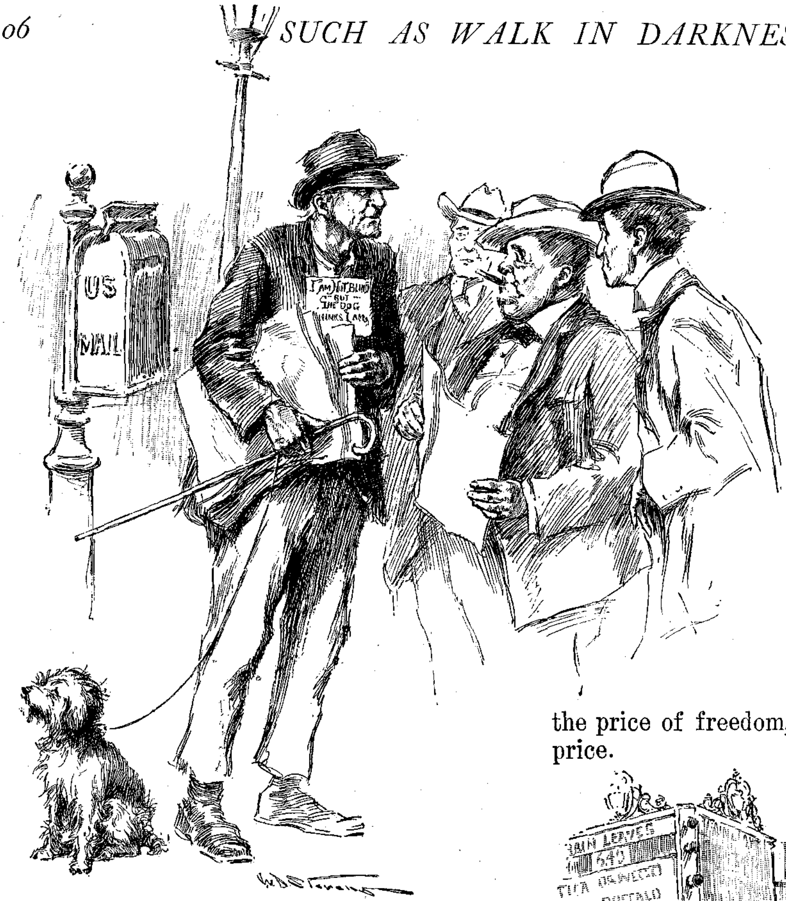
"I'd been thinking of a bit of a sign," proceeded Solomon John. "A friend of mine printed it out for me, but the idea's my own."

After some fumbling under his coat he produced a placard artfully designed in large and flourishy letters. This was the order of it:

I Am NOT Blind
but
The Dog
Thinks I Am.

Billy Wigg seemed pleased because Harvey kicked me. No doubt he would have been equally pleased if I had kicked Harvey. But it happened to be I who laughed. Harvey covered it up by soberly telling Solomon John that the sign was sure to be a grand success.

It was a grand success; quite stupendous, in fact. Old Sol did a business on the strength of it that would have made his eyes pop out if he hadn't kept them tight shut out of respect to Billy's prejudices. Reporters found his simplicity and naïve honesty a mine of "good


US
MAIL
I AM NOT BLIND BUT THE DOG THINKS I AM

"*Billy Wigg began to suffer from swelled head*"

stuff," and the picture of the firm was in all the papers. Billy Wigg began to suffer from swelled head; became haughty, not to say snobbish. But the fierce light of publicity wore upon the simple soul of Solomon John. He discarded the extraordinary placard, and was glad when he faded away from fame. Billy wasn't. He liked notoriety as well as authority.

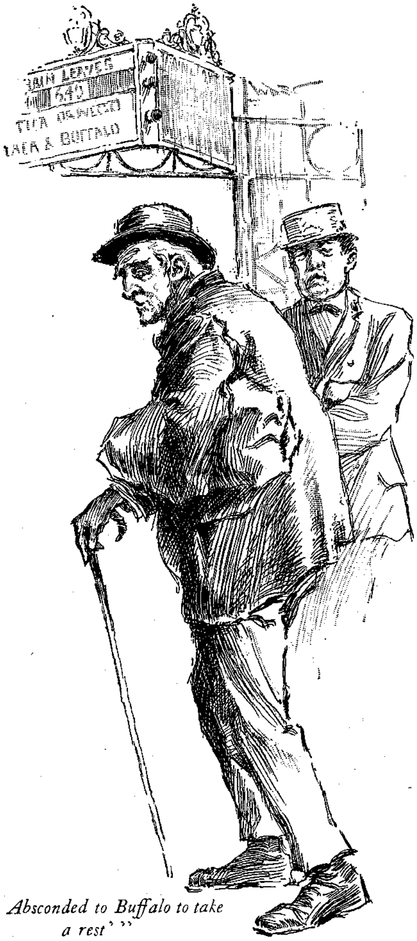
Billy continued to exercise his authority. Perhaps tyranny would be nearer the mark. But even so meek a soul as that of Solomon John has limits of endurance beyond which it is not well to press. Only the other day it was that the old man said to Harvey, while Billy Wigg was otherwise engaged:

"It's as bad as being a henpecked husband, sir. Last night as I was quietly stepping out the window to take a mug of ale with some friends, Billy wakes up, and the fuss he makes rouses the neighborhood. Sure, he wouldn't hark to my going at all. You can see his teeth marks on my shin this minute, sir. Could you give me something harmless to put in his food that'd make him sleep the sounder?"

Harvey said he'd think about it. He wasn't obliged to. Less than a week later he got a note in the mail.

> Dear Sir:—I could not stand it any longer. I have Absconded to Buffalo to Take a Rest. Please be Good to Billy Wigg. I enclose his Board and Lodging any place you Put him. He is a good Dog, but too Bossy. I am Going to See Things till my Eyes get Tired. I will come Back in Future.
>
> Yrs respectfully,
> SOLOMON J. BOLES.
>
> P.S.—I know you will Treat Billy Good.

The enclosure was a twenty-dollar bill. It was the price of freedom, and cheap at the price.



"'*Absconded to Buffalo to take a rest*'"

HOW I BECAME AN AËRONAUT AND MY EXPERIENCE WITH AIR-SHIPS

BY ALBERTO SANTOS-DUMONT

IN Brazil, where I was born on July 20, 1873, the sky is so fair, the birds fly so high and soar with such ease on their great outstretched wings, the clouds mount up so gaily in the pure light of day, that you have only to raise your eyes to fall in love with Space and Freedom.

Immense territories reach down to the ocean, from the Cordilleras of the Andes to the mouths of the Amazon and the peerless bay of Rio; there are virgin forests impenetrable to every known means of locomotion; plains covered with tall grass, and mountains broken by precipices; rivers without bridges, obstructed by rocks and cataracts, and encroached on by forbidding vegetation; vast pathless wilds, where under hanging lianas are hidden tracks left by the passage of wild animals through centuries; wonderful sites which only the eye can reach. All these naturally lift thought and ambition to the free air, to that limitless ocean which bathes the earth everywhere, overlooks all, and leads everywhither.

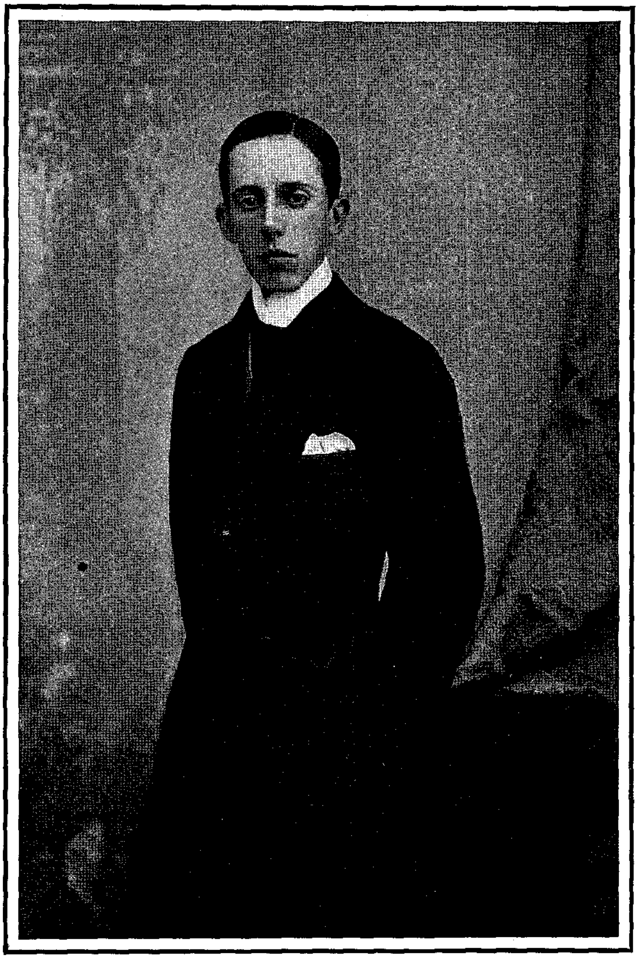
And when I reflect that it is enough to rise a few yards only above the ground to be out of the way of all the obstacles and dangers threatening the foot traveler below, and to visit unfatigued and gently rocked in a basket all the infinitely varied panoramas of a land so rich, it seems to me—as it has always seemed from my earliest childhood—a necessity of Nature to become an aëronaut.

I cannot say at what age I made my first kites; but I remember how my comrades used to tease me at our game of "Pigeon flies"! All the children gather round a table, and the leader calls out: "Pigeon flies! Hen flies! Crow flies! Bee flies!" and so on; and at each call we were supposed to raise our fingers. Sometimes, however, he would call out: "Dog flies! Fox flies!" or some other like impossibility, to catch us. If any one should raise a finger, he was made to pay a forfeit. Now my playmates never failed to wink and smile mockingly at me when one of them called: "Man flies!" For at the word I would always lift my finger very high, as a sign of absolute conviction; and I refused with energy to pay the forfeit. The more they laughed at me, the happier I was. And so, among the thousands of letters which I have received during the past year, there is one that gave me particular pleasure. I quote from it as a matter of curiosity:

> "*. . . Do you remember the time, my dear Alberto, when we played together—'Pigeon flies!'? It came back to me suddenly the day when the news of your success reached Rio.*
>
> "*Man flies! old fellow! You were right to raise your finger; and you have just proved it by flying round the Eiffel Tower.*
>
> "*You were right not to pay the forfeit; it is M. Deutsch who has paid it in your stead. Bravo! you well deserve the* 100,000 *franc prize.*
>
> "*They play the old game now more than ever at home; but the name has been changed and the rules modified . . . since October* 19, 1901. *They call it now 'Man flies!' . . . and he who does not raise his finger at the word, pays his forfeit.*
>
> "*Your friend,*
>
> "PEDRO."

This letter brings back to me the happiest days of my life, when I exercised myself in making light aëroplanes with bits of straw, moved by a screw propeller driven by springs of twisted rubber, or ephemeral silk-paper balloons. Each year, on the 24th of June, over the St. John bonfires which are customary in Brazil from long tradition, I inflated whole fleets of little "Montgolfières," and watched in ecstasy their ascension to the skies. So, also, my best beloved books came to be the stories of Jules Verne, where, giving free rein to his imagination, that author carries away with him the reader in a balloon, or flying-machine. I devoured the history of aërial navigation, which I found in the works of Camille Flammarion and Wilfrid de Fonvielle.

At an early age I was taught the principles of mechanics by my father, an engineer of the École Centrale des Arts et Manufactures of Paris. From childhood I had a passion for making calculations and inventing; and from my tenth year I was accustomed to handle the powerful and heavy machines of our factories, and drive the compound locomotives on our plantation railroads. I was constantly taken up with the desire to lighten their parts; and I dreamed of air-ships and flying-machines. The fact that up to the end of the nineteenth century those who occupied themselves with aërial navigation passed for crazy, rather pleased than offended me. It is incredible and yet true that, in the kingdom of the wise, to which all of us flatter ourselves we belong,



M. SANTOS-DUMONT AT NINETEEN

it is always the fools who finish by being in the right. I had read that Montgolfière was thought a fool, until the day when he stopped his insulters' mouths by launching the first spherical balloon into the heavens.

Without daring to acknowledge it to my family, I was possessed by the idea of myself going up into the air. At the first possible moment, therefore, I went over to France. That country attracted me like an alluring vision. I longed after the land where the first Montgolfière had been sent up in 1783, where the first aëronaut had made his first ascension, where the first hydrogen balloon had been let loose, where first an air-ship had been made to navigate the air with its steam-engine, screw propeller, and rudder. In my heart I had an admiring worship for the four men of genius—Montgolfière, Pilâtre de Rozier, the physicist, Charles, and the engineer, Henry Giffard—who have attached their names forever to each of the great steps forward of aërial navigation.

I imagined that the question had made marked progress since Henry Giffard, in 1852, with courage equal to his science, gave his first masterly demonstration of the great problem of directing balloons. On my arrival in Paris, therefore, I asked to be allowed to go up in a dirigible balloon. I confess that I was immensely surprised and disappointed at the answer that there was none—that there were only spherical balloons like, or nearly like, that invented by Charles in 1783!

In fact, no one had continued the trials of an elongated balloon driven by a thermic motor, as begun by Henry Giffard. The trials of such balloons with an electric motor, undertaken by the Tissandier brothers, in 1883, had been repeated by only two constructors, in the following year, and had been finally given up in 1885. For twelve years no one had seen "long balloons" in the air.

I at once thought of taking up the tradition, broken for nearly half a century: I did not delay for a single moment with the idea of an electric motor, which offers little danger, it is true, but which, on the other hand, has the capital ballooning defect of being the heaviest known motor, counting the weight of its battery. I decided to go back to the thermic motor, but to replace the steam-engine by a petroleum motor, which at that time (1897) was having great success in French automobiles.*

In spite of certain secondary advantages offered by the electric motor, I could not understand how any one could apply it to ballooning, in preference to the steam-engine, which is immeasurably lighter; likewise I could not understand why Dupuy de Lome tried to substitute human strength, which is clearly insufficient, in place of Henry Giffard's steam-engine.

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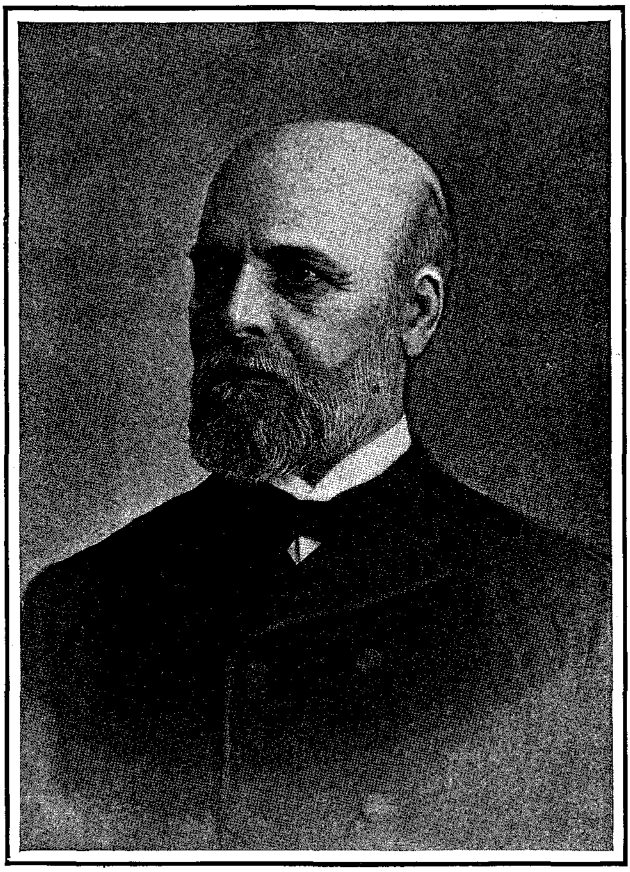
* In the conversation which I had in April, 1902, with Mr. Edison, the great American inventor was kind enough to promise me the first element of his steel and nickel battery, for lightening the petroleum motor of my new air-ship. He took occasion to say that, in spite of the improvements which the battery has received, it is still too heavy to furnish, with suitable weight, the energy sufficient to work an electric motor for an air-ship. "You have done well," he added, "to choose a petroleum motor; it is the only one of which an aëronaut can dream in the present state of the industry. Balloons with an electric motor, especially with the battery as it was twenty years ago, could not lead to any good result; and that is why the Tissandier brothers gave up after trying them thoroughly. Their well-conducted experiments had the great merit of showing that trials along that line had no chance of success; and, as their trials were very expensive, no one else has been tempted to lose his money in similar ventures. Only one government has run the risk, at great expense; but after two years, it was obliged to give up the trials; and so great was the discouragement that all work with dirigible balloons was abandoned up to the time when you proved the value of petroleum in the air."

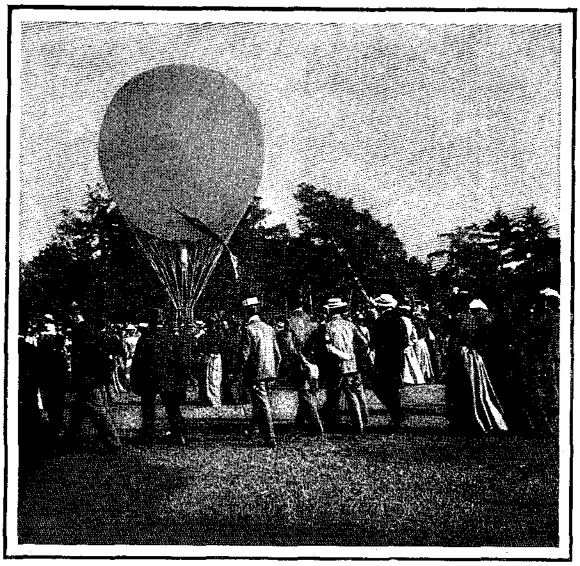
Before launching out into the construction of air-ships, I took pains to make myself familiar with the handling of spherical balloons. I did not hasten, but took plenty of time. In all, I made something like thirty ascensions; at first as a passenger, then as my own captain, and at last alone. Some of these spherical balloons I rented. Others I had constructed for me. Of such I have owned at least six or eight. And I do not believe that, without such previous study and experience, a man is capable of succeeding with an elongated balloon, whose handling is so much more delicate. Before attempting to direct an air-ship, it is necessary to have learned in an ordinary balloon the conditions of the atmospheric medium; to have become acquainted with the caprices of the wind, now caressing and now brutal, and to have gone thoroughly into the difficulties of the ballast problem, from the triple point of view of starting, of equilibrium in the air, and of landing at the end of the trip. To go up in an ordinary balloon, at least a dozen times, seems to me an indispensable preliminary for acquiring an exact notion of the requisites for the construction and handling of an elongated balloon, furnished with its motor and propeller.


M. SANTOS-DUMONT'S FATHER

Naturally I am filled with amazement when I see inventors, who have never set foot in the basket, drawing out on paper—and even executing in whole or in part—fantastic air-ships whose balloons had cubic capacities of thousands of meters, loaded down with enormous motors, which they do not succeed even in raising up from the ground, and furnished with machinery so complicated that nothing works. Such inventors are afraid of nothing, because they have no idea of the difficulties of the problem. Had they previously journeyed through the air at the wind's will, and amid all the disturbing influences of atmospheric phenomena, they would understand that a dirigible balloon, to be practicable, requires, first of all, the utmost simplicity in all its mechanism. Curiously enough, last year's constructors who began work on dirigible balloons (of which the least would be large enough, could it be filled, to lift up tons) had, for the most part, not made a single ascension in a free balloon. This is my explanation of their lack of success. They are in the condition in which the first-comer would find himself were he to agree to build and steer a transatlantic steamer without having ever quitted land or set foot in a boat.

It was at the end of 1897 that I went up, for the first time, in a spherical balloon, as passenger with M. Machuron, who was just back from Spitzbergen. He had gone thither to inflate Andrée's balloon, and get the too-rash Swede ready to start off with his two companions in disaster.

I have kept a very clear remembrance of the delightful sensations I experienced in this, my first trial in the air. I arrived early at the Parc d'Aërostation of Vaugirard, so as to lose nothing of the preparations. I had paid 400 francs ($80) for the rent and inflation of the balloon, which had a cubic capacity of 750



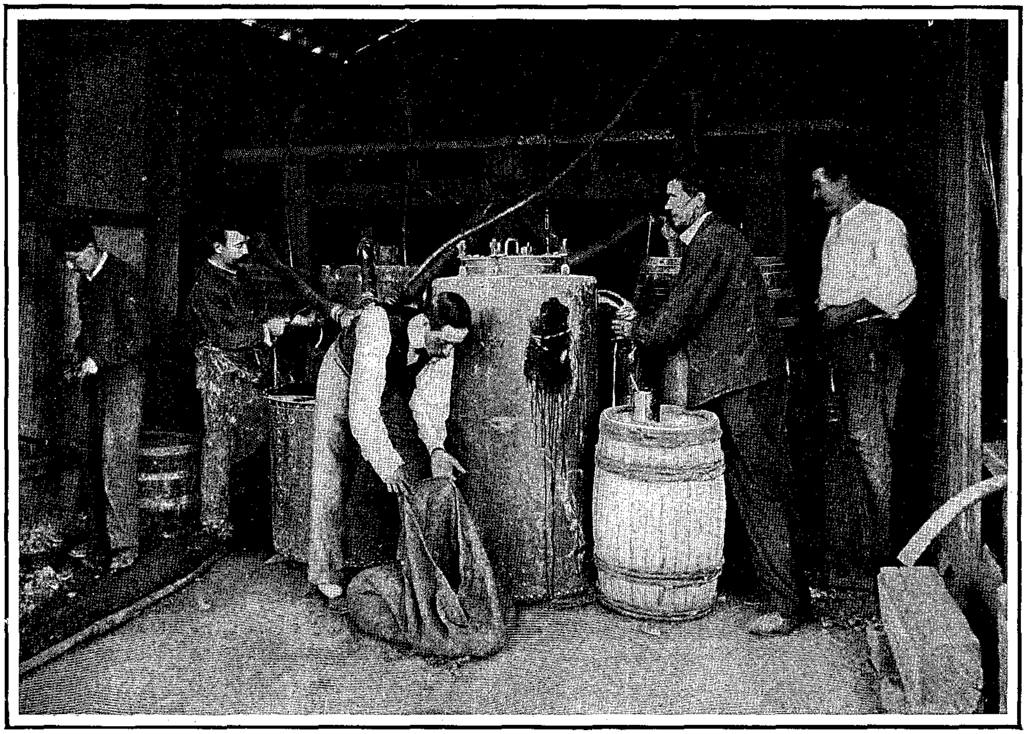
M. SANTOS-DUMONT'S FIRST BALLOON (SPHERICAL)

meters (26,500 cubic feet). It was lying flat and formless on the grass. At a signal from M. Lachambre, the workmen turned on the gas, and soon the formless mass rounded up into a great sphere, swelled, and rose into the air.

At eleven o'clock all was ready. The basket rocked prettily beneath the balloon, which a mild fresh breeze was caressing. I was impatient to be off and stood in a corner of the narrow wicker basket with a bag of ballast in my hand, ready to throw it out when necessary. In the other corner M. Machuron gave the word: "Let go all!"

Of a sudden the wind ceased, the air seemed motionless around us. We were off, going with the speed of the air-current which bore us, and we no longer felt the wind. Indeed, for us there was no more wind. Infinitely gentle is the movement that carries us forward and upward. The illusion is complete: it is not the balloon that moves, but the earth that sinks down.

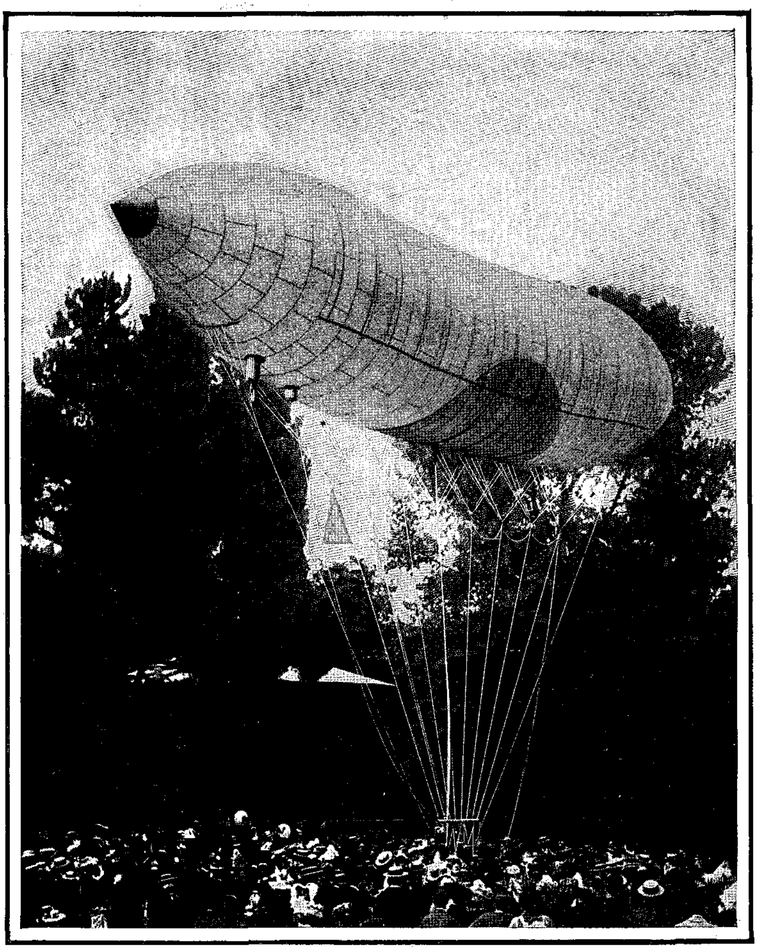
At the bottom of the abyss, which already opened 1,500 meters (almost one mile) below us, the earth, instead of being round like a ball, showed concave like a bowl, by a peculiar phenomenon of refraction the effect of which is to lift constantly to the level of the aëronaut's eye the circle of the horizon. Villages and woods, meadows and châteaux pass across the moving scene, out of which the whistling of locomotives throws sharp notes. This strident sound, with the barking of dogs, is the only



M. SANTOS-DUMONT'S WORKSHOP

"There I could have my plans executed under my own eyes and apply my own hands to the work"

noise that reaches one through the depths of the air. The human voice cannot mount up into these boundless solitudes. Human beings are like ants along the white lines that represent roads. The rows of houses are like playthings.

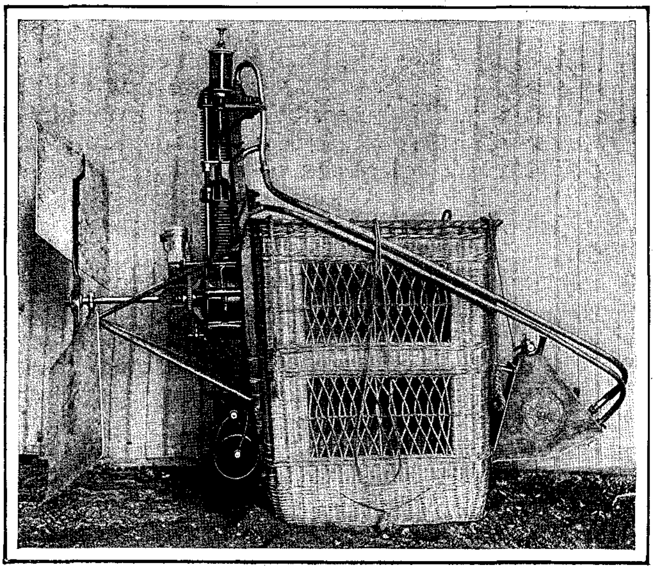


"SANTOS-DUMONT NO. 1"

While my gaze was still held fascinated, a cloud passed before the sun. Its shadow cooled the gas in the balloon, which wrinkled and began descending, gently at first, and then with accelerated speed, against which we strove by throwing ballast overboard. We regained our equilibrium at 3,000 meters ($1\frac{9}{10}$ miles), above a plateau of clouds. The sun cast the shadow of the balloon on this screen of dazzling whiteness, while our own profiles appeared in the center of a triple rainbow. As we could no longer see the earth, all sensation of movement ceased. We might be going at storm-speed and not know it. We could not even discover the direction we were taking, save by descending below the clouds to take our bearings.

BASKET OF "SANTOS-DUMONT NO. 1"

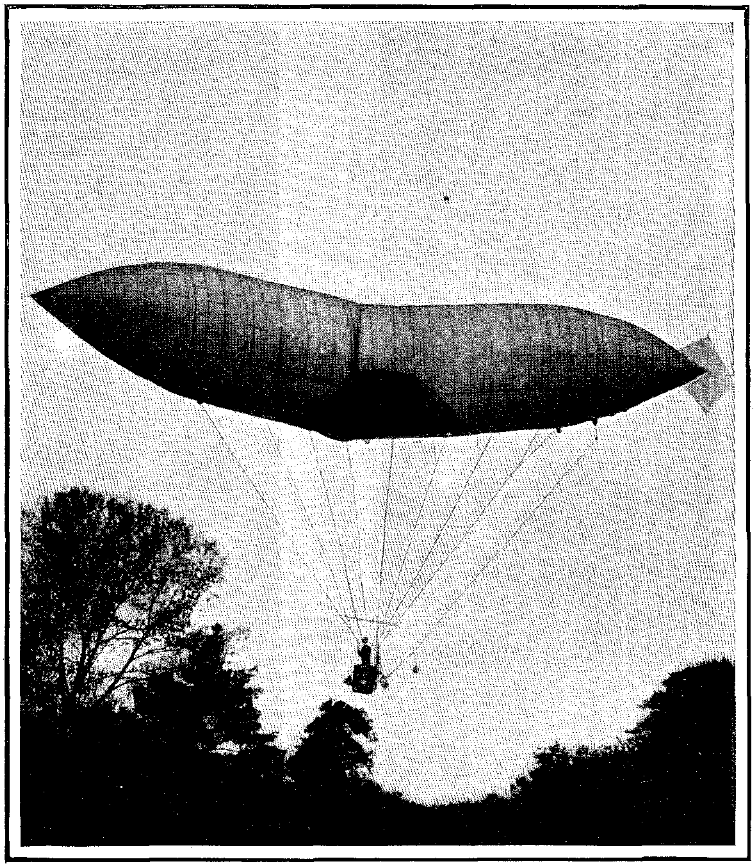
Showing propeller and motor



A joyous peal of bells mounted up to us. It was the noonday Angelus ringing from a belfry below. I had placed among our stores a substantial lunch of hard-boiled eggs, roast-beef, chicken, cheese, ice-cream, fruits and cakes, champagne, coffee, and chartreuse. Nothing is more delicious than lunching like this above the clouds. No dining-room is so marvelous in its decoration. The sun sets the clouds in ebullition, and they send up rainbow-colored jets of cold vapor like great sheaves of fireworks all around the table, throwing out spangles of ice, while flakes of snow, forming moment by moment under our eyes, fall in our drinking glasses.

I was finishing my little glass of liqueur, when the curtain suddenly fell on the wonderful scene of sunlight and azure. The barometer rose rapidly five millimeters, showing an abrupt rupture of equilibrium and a swift descent: probably the balloon had become loaded down with several pounds' weight of snow, and had fallen into a cloud. We passed into the half darkness of the fog. We could still see our basket, our instruments, and the rigging nearest to us; but the netting holding us to the balloon was visible only up to a certain height. The balloon itself had completely disappeared, so that we had for the moment the delightful impression of hanging in the void without support—of having lost the last ounce of our weight.

After a few minutes of fall, slackened by throwing out ballast, we found ourselves under the clouds at a distance of 300 meters (⅕ mile) from the ground. A village fled away from us. We took our bearings with the compass and compared our map with the immense natural one unfolded below. Soon we could identify roads, railways, villages, and forests, all hastening toward us from the horizon with the swiftness of the wind.



"SANTOS-DUMONT NO. I"

Showing how it began to fold up in the middle

The storm which sent us downward marked a change of weather. Little gusts pushed the balloon to right and left, up and down. From time to time the guide-rope (a great rope hanging 100 meters long from our basket) touched the earth; and soon the basket itself grazed the tops of trees.

My first experience of what is called "guide-roping" was thus had under conditions peculiarly instructive. We had a sack of ballast at hand; and when some special obstacle rose in our path we threw out a few handfuls of the sand to pass over it. More than fifty meters (165 feet) of the guide-rope dragged behind us on the ground; and this was enough to keep our equilibrium under the altitude of 100 meters, above which we did not expect to rise for the rest of the trip. This first ascension allowed me to appreciate the utility of this simple device, without which the landing would usually present grave difficulties. When, for one reason or another (humidity gathering on the surface of the balloon, a downward stroke of wind, accidental loss of gas, or, more frequently yet, the passing of a cloud before the sun) the balloon comes back to earth with disquieting speed, the guide-rope comes to rest in part on the ground, and so—unballasting the whole system—stops or at least moderates the fall. Under opposite conditions the too-rapid upward tendency of the balloon is counteracted by the lifting of the guide-rope, the weight of which has now to be added to that of the floating system of the moment before.

Like all other human devices, however, the guide-rope, along with its advantages, has its inconveniences. As it trails along the uneven surface of the ground—over fields and meadows, hills and valleys, fences and forests, roads and houses, hedges and telegraph wires—the balloon receives violent shocks. Or it may happen that the guide-rope rapidly unraveling catches on some projection or winds itself around the branch of a tree. Such an incident was alone lacking to complete my instruction.

As we passed a little group of trees, a stronger shock than the others threw us backward into the basket. The balloon had stopped short and was swaying in the gusts of wind at the end of its guide-rope, which had wrapped itself around the head of an oak-tree. For a quarter of an hour it kept us shaking like a salad-basket; and it was only by throwing out ballast that we finally got ourselves loose. The lightened balloon made a tremendous leap upward and pierced the clouds like a cannon-ball. It threatened to reach heights from which the fall would have been terrible, considering the little ballast we had remaining in store. It was time to have recourse to effective means—to open the valve so that the excess of gas over our lessened weight, which was taking us upward might escape.

It was the work of a moment. The balloon was stopped in its flight, and began descending to earth, and soon the guide-rope again rested on the ground. It was time to bring the trip to an end, for only a few handfuls of sand remained as ballast.

He who wishes to navigate an air-ship should first practice landing in an ordinary balloon, that is, if he wishes to land without breaking motor and propeller. The wind being rather strong, it was necessary to profit by a moment of comparative calm, and seek a shelter. At the end of the plain the forest of Fontainebleau was hurrying toward us. In a few minutes we had turned the extremity of the wood, sacrificing our last handful of ballast. The trees which we had left behind us protected that side from the violence of the wind; and we cast anchor, opening wide at the same time the valve for the escape of the gas. The twofold manœuver stopped us without the least dragging. We set foot on land and stood there, watching the balloon as it died. Stretched out in the field it was losing the rest of its gas in convulsive agitation, like a great bird which dies beating its wings.

Already in this first ascension I was allowed to share the handling of the balloon with the long-experienced M. Machuron. After a few other trips I began to consider myself quite an aëronaut. This was so much the case that, for an ascension in March, 1898, I resolved to go up alone. The ascension took place at Péronne, in the north of France, one stormy afternoon, quite late. I started in spite of the thunder threatening in the distance and the remonstrances of the public, among whom it was known that I was not an aëronaut by trade. They feared my rashness and inexperience, and wished either to keep me from going up, or else oblige me to take M. Lachambre, who had organized the ascension. But I would listen to nothing, and started off as I had planned.

The sensations I experienced can in no wise be compared with those of the previous trips, especially the first. I was alone, lost in the clouds amid flashes of lightning and claps of thunder, in the rapidly-approaching darkness of the night, during which I crossed over into Belgium without seeing my route for an instant.

I have always noted that no one ascension resembles any other, while my impressions in an air-ship are utterly different from those in a spherical balloon. The aëronaut guides his air-ship; the spherical balloon conducts the aëronaut. The spherical balloon is an unstable buoy left to the hazard of the winds. The only reason for its existence is to serve as an instrument of study in the upper regions of the air, or to familiarize the constructor of air-ships with the medium in which he will have to try his dirigible aërial system.

Before setting about the construction of my first air-ship, I gave much consideration to the matter. I knew that I was entering on a way sure to lead me into a long series of experiments and expenditures. I was not foolish enough to think that I could succeed at a first trial in a problem where so many others, in spite of the fruitful investigations of the great engineer, Henry Giffard, had failed. I knew that the French government had spent millions of francs on air-ships with electric motors whose plan had finally been abandoned, chiefly because of the motor's weight. I had only my own funds to count on. Moreover, even had I at my disposition the resources of a military budget, I should have been led to adopt some simple system—a practical motor having a sure and immediate future in present-day industry.

I started from this principle: to succeed in my experiments it would be necessary to economize weight, and so comply with the mechanical as well as with the pecuniary conditions of the problem. I resolved to build an air-ship which should be just large enough to raise, along with my own 100 pounds of weight, as much more for the motor, fuel, and absolutely indispensable rigging. Later I might gradually increase the dimensions of the apparatus and the power of the machine, using the data which my successive trials would furnish.

I looked for the workshop of some little mechanic near my hotel in the central quarter of Paris. There I could have my plans executed under my own eyes and apply my own hands to the work. I found such a workshop in the Rue du Colisée. There I worked out a tandem of two cylinders of a petroleum motor, that is, their prolongation, one after the other, to work the same connecting-rod, while fed by a single carburator. To bring everything down to the minimum of weight, I cut out from each part whatever was not strictly necessary to solidity. In this way I realized something which was remarkable at the time—a 3½ horse-power motor weighing only sixty-six pounds.

To ascertain the practical value of my new motor, I attached it to an ordinary petroleum tricycle, from which I had removed its original 1¾ horse-power motor. I have always been handy in mechanics; as I have already said, my father—himself an engineer of the *École Centrale des Arts et Manufactures* of Paris—taught me the principles from my tenderest years, and while yet a boy I was accustomed to handle machines and modify their parts. Therefore, the tricycle with its sixty-six pound motor of 3½ horse-power worked well, although the adjustment had been made with my own hands.

I soon had an opportunity to test it. The great series of automobile road-races, which had its climax in the Paris-Berlin race of 1901, had begun with the Paris-Bordeaux race in 1895, won with a 4 horse-power machine at an average speed of 25 kilometers (15½ miles) per hour. In 1896, the Paris-Marseilles-and-return run, was accomplished at the rate of 30 kilometers (18⅝ miles) per hour. Now, in 1898, it was the Paris-Amsterdam contest. Although I was not entered for this race,—I had been too much occupied with my air-ship to think about it—it suddenly occurred to me to try my novel tricycle among all the others. I started, and to my contentment, I found myself able to keep at the head of the long string. My vehicle was the lightest and most powerful of all in proportion to its size.

I often think I might have had one of the first places at the finish (the average speed was only 40 kilometers, or 25 miles per hour), had I not begun to fear that the jarring of my motor in so long and strenuous an effort might at last derange it and delay the more important work on my air-ship. I, therefore, fell out of the race while still at the head of the procession; I had given my new motor the best test it could have.

My experience with automobiles has stood me in good stead for my air-ship experiments. The petroleum motor is still a delicate and capricious organism; and there are sounds in its spitting rumble which are intelligible only to the long-experienced ear. Should the time come in some future flight of mine when the motor of my air-ship threatens danger, I am pretty sure my ear will hear the warning. This almost instinctive faculty I owe to my automobile experience dating from the year 1893, when I came into possession of my first machine—a Pougeot roadster of 2½ horse-power. My next was the petroleum tricycle. In the autumn of 1898 I gave these up for what was then a very modern 6 horse-power Panhard, with which I made a trip from Paris to Nice in fifty-four hours. Had I not taken up ballooning, I must surely have become a road-racing automobile enthusiast, exchanging one type for another and always in search of more power and speed, keeping pace with the progress of the automobile industry, as so many other members of the Automobile Club of France have done.

My ballooning interest stopped me. While experimenting I was tied down to Paris. I could take no more long trips; and the petroleum automobile, with its wonderful facility for finding fuel in every little town that boasts a grocery store, lost its greatest use in my eyes. At this period (1898) I saw what was to me then an unknown make—a light-running American electric buggy, manufactured in Chicago. It appealed alike to my eye and reason, and I bought it. I have never had cause to regret the purchase. It serves me for running about Paris, and is without noise or odor.

I at once drew up the plan of a cylindrical balloon, terminating fore-and-aft in the shape of a long-drawn-out cartridge. It was 25 meters (82 feet) long, with a radius of 1.75 meters (6 feet), and 180 cubic meters (6,355 cubic feet) in volume. My calculations left me only 66 pounds weight for the balloon envelope. To keep within these limits, I first gave up the network and the outer cover of the ordinary balloon. I considered this sort of second envelope, holding the first within it, to be superfluous, and even harmful, if not dangerous. To the envelope proper I attached the suspension-cords of my basket directly, by means of small wooden rods introduced into horizontal hems, sewed on both sides along the stuff of the balloon for a great part of its length. Again, in order not to pass the 66 pounds weight, including varnish, I was obliged to choose Japan silk that was extremely fine but fairly resisting. Up to this time no one had ever thought of using this for balloons intended to carry up an aëronaut, but only for little balloons carrying light registering apparatus for investigations in the upper air.

I gave the order for this balloon to M. Lachambre. At first he refused to take it, saying that such a thing had never been made, and that he would not be responsible for my rashness. I answered that I would not change a thing in the plan of the balloon, if I had to sew it with my own hands. At last he agreed to sew and varnish the balloon as I desired. On my part I changed my petroleum motor from my tricycle to my basket, behind which it was to work an aluminium screw propeller with two arms, each 1 meter (3.3 feet) across.

I made daily trials; and they greatly encouraged me. Suspending the basket, with its motor and propeller, by a cord from the rafters of the workshop, I was able to try the traction-power of motor and propeller *au point fixe*, as they say. Once the machinery was started, the tendency of the propeller was to carry the whole basket system violently forward, like the forward movement of a pendulum. This I held back by a horizontal rope attached to a dynamometer. So measured, the traction-power of the motor and propeller showed itself to be as high as 25 pounds—a figure promising good speed for a cylindrical balloon of my dimensions, whose length was equal to seven times its diameter. With 1,600 turns to the minute, the propeller, which was directly attached to the motor-shaft, might easily, if all went well, give the air-ship a speed of not less than 8 meters (26 feet) a second.

At the same time I made a rudder of silk stretched over a triangular frame, and an arrangement of shifting weights which, by means of cords, could be shifted from the stem to the stern of the air-ship, so as to incline its axis suitably with relation to the horizontal line, for either ascending, descending, or remaining in equilibrium. All this occupied several months. The work was all carried on in the little workshop of the Rue du Colisée, only a few steps from the place where later on the Aëro Club was to have its offices.

In the middle of September I was ready to begin in the open air. The rumor had spread among the aëronauts of Paris, who a year later were to form the nucleus of the Aëro Club, that I was going to carry up a petroleum motor in my basket. They were quite sincerely disquieted by what they called my temerity; and some of them made friendly efforts to show me the permanent danger of such a motor under a balloon filled with a highly inflammable gas. They begged me, instead, to use the electric motor, which is infinitely less dangerous.

Meanwhile, I hastened my preparations for inflating my balloon at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, where a captive balloon of heavy weight was already installed and furnished with everything needful daily. This gave me facilities for obtaining, at 1 franc (20 cents) per cubic meter (about 35 cubic feet), the 180 cubic meters (6,355 cubic feet) of hydrogen which I needed.

On the 18th of September my first air-ship—the "Santos-Dumont No. 1" as it has since been called, to distinguish it from those which followed—lay stretched out on the turf amid the trees of the beautiful park-like Jardin d'Acclimatation, the new Zöological Garden of the west of Paris. To understand what followed I must explain the starting of spherical balloons from such places, where groups of trees and other obstructions surround the open space. When the weighing and balancing of the balloon are finished and the aëronauts have taken their place in the basket, the balloon is ready to quit the ground with a certain ascensional force. Thereupon aids carry it toward an extremity of the open space in the direction from which the wind happens to be blowing; and it is there that the order "Let go all!" is given. In this way the balloon has the entire open space to cross before reaching the trees or other obstructions which may be opposite, and toward which the wind would naturally carry the balloon. So it has time to rise high enough to pass over them. Moreover, the ascensional force of the balloon is regulated accordingly: it is very little if the wind be light; while it is more if the wind be stronger. I had thought that my air-ship would be able to go against the wind that was then blowing; therefore I had intended to place it for the start at precisely the other end of the open space from that which I have described—*i.e.*, down-stream, and pointed up-stream against the air-current with relation to the open space surrounded by trees. I would thus move out of the open space without difficulty, having the wind against me: for, under such conditions, the relative speed of the air-ship ought to be the difference between its absolute speed and the velocity of the wind; and so, by going more slowly against the air-current, I should have plenty of time to rise and pass over the trees. Evidently it would be a mistake to place the air-ship at the point suitable for an ordinary balloon without motor and propeller. And yet it was there that I did place it, not by my own will, but by the will of the professional aëronauts who came in the crowd to be present at my experiment. In vain I explained that by placing myself "up-stream" in the wind with relation to the center of the open space, the speed furnished by the air-current, accelerated by the effort of the propeller, which had already been started, would inevitably precipitate it against the trees on the other side. The two speeds would be added to each other.

All was useless. The aëronauts had never seen a dirigible balloon start off. They could not admit its starting under other conditions than those of a spherical balloon, in spite of the essential difference between the two. As I was alone against them all, I had the weakness to yield. I started off with the wind; and, within a second's time, I tore my air-ship against the neighboring trees, as I foretold. I had not time to rise above them before reaching them, so powerful was the impulse given by my motor. After this deny, if you can, the existence of a fulcrum in the air.

This accident at least served to show the effectiveness of the petroleum motor in the air to those who doubted it before. I did not waste time in regrets. My only idea was to repair the damage as soon as possible and to start again, this time under conditions that pleased me.

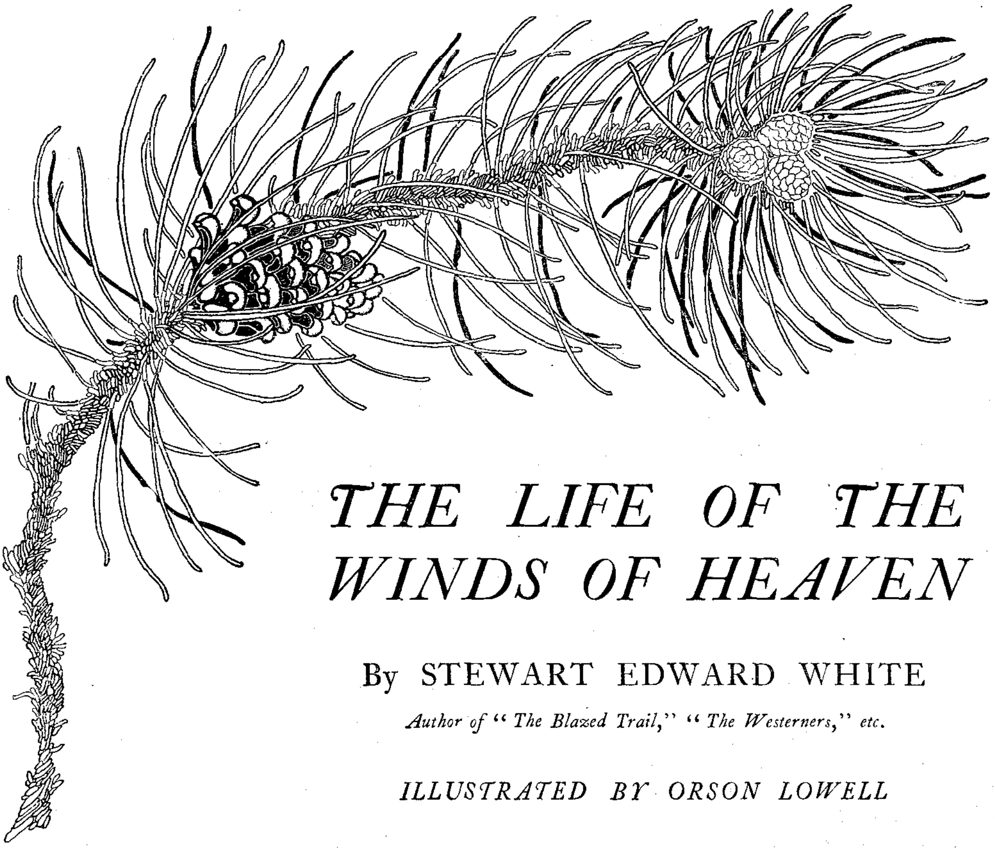
Two days later, on September 20th, I actually started from the same open space—this time, against the wind. I passed over the tops of the trees without mishap, and at once began sailing around them, to give on the spot a first demonstration of my principles to the great crowd of Parisians that had assembled in the beautiful park-like enclosure. I had their sympathy and applause then, as I have ever had since: the Parisian public has always been a kind and enthusiastic witness of my efforts.

Under the combined action of the propeller-impulse, of steering-rudder, of the displacement of the guide-rope, and of the two sacks of ballast sliding back and forward as I willed, I had the satisfaction of making my evolutions in every direction—to right and left, and up and down. Such a result encouraged me; and I mounted up to 400 meters (just a quarter of a mile). At this height I commanded a view of all the monuments of Paris, and I continued my evolutions in the direction of the Longchamps race-course, which from that day I chose as the scene of my aërial experiments.

So long as I continued to ascend, the hydrogen increased in volume as a consequence of the atmospheric depression; so, by its tension, the balloon was kept taut, and everything went well. It was not the same when I began descending. The air-pump, which was intended to compensate the contraction of the hydrogen, was of insufficient capacity. The balloon—a long cylinder—all at once began to fold in the middle like a portfolio, the tension of the cords became unequal, and the balloon envelope was on the point of being torn by them. At that moment I thought that all was over, the more so as the descent which had already become rapid could no longer be checked by any of the usual means on board, where nothing worked.

The descent became a rapid fall. Luckily I was falling in the neighborhood of the soft grassy *pélouse* of the Longchamps race-course, where some big boys were flying kites. A sudden idea struck me. I cried to them to grasp the end of my 100-meter guide-rope, which had already touched the ground, and to run as fast as they could with it *against the wind!* They were bright young fellows, and they grasped the idea and the guide-rope at the same lucky instant. The effect of this help *in extremis* was immediate, and such as I had expected. By this manœuver we lessened the velocity of the fall, and so avoided what would otherwise have been a terribly rough shaking up, to say the least. I was saved for the first time. Thanking the brave boys, who continued to aid me to pack everything into the air-ship's basket, I finally secured a cab and took the relic back to Paris.

[*To be concluded in September*]



THE LIFE OF THE WINDS OF HEAVEN

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "The Westerners," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ORSON LOWELL

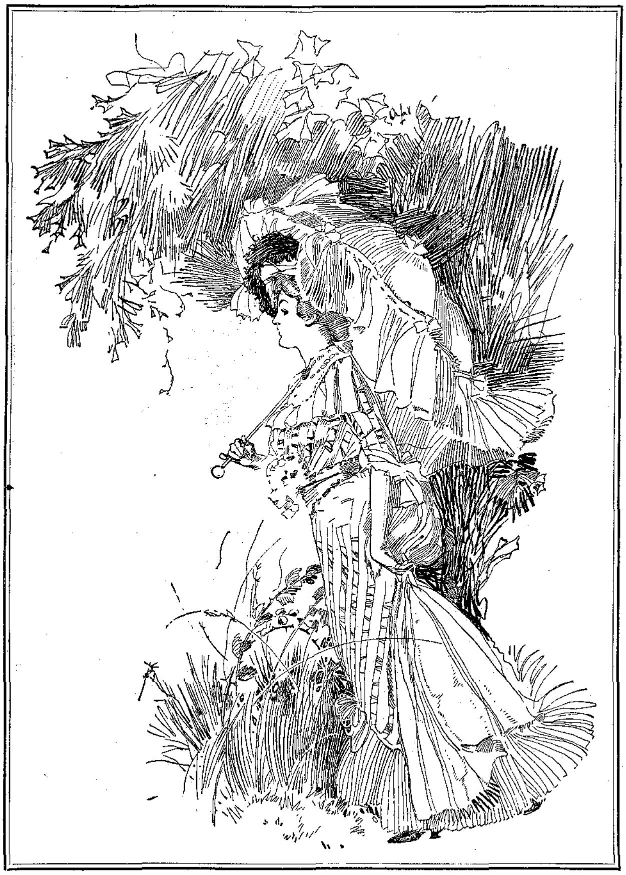
BARBARA hesitated long between the open-work stockings and the plain silk, but finally determined on the former. Then she vouchsafed a pleased little smile to her pleased little image in the mirror, and stepped through the door into the presence of her aunt. The aunt was appropriately astonished. This was the first time Barbara had spread her dainty chiffon wings in the air of the great north woods. Strangely, daintily incongruous she looked now against the rough walls of the cabin, against the dark fringe of the forest beyond the door.

Barbara was a petite little body with petite little airs of babylike decision. She knew that her greatest attraction lay in the strange backward poise of her head, bringing her chin, pointed and adorable, to the tilt of maddening charm. She was perfectly aware, too, of her very red, full lips, the color of cherries, but with the satiny finish of the peach; and she could not remain blind to the fact that her light hair and her violet-black eyes were in rare and delicious contrast. All these things, and more, Barbara knew, because a dozen times a day her mirror swore them true. That she was elusively, teasingly, judicially, calmly distracting she knew, because, ever since she could remember, men had told her so with varying degrees of despair or bitter humor. She accepted the fact, and carried herself in all circumstances as a queen surrounded by an indefinite number of rights matured to her selection.

After her plain old backwoods aunt had admired and exclaimed over the butterfly so unexpectedly developed from the brown tailor-made chrysalis, Barbara determined to take a walk. She knew that through that cool, fascinating forest, only a half mile away, dwelt the Adams. The Adams, too, were only of the woods people, but they were human, and chiffon is chiffon, in the wilderness as in the towns. So Barbara announced her intention, and stepped into the open sunlight.

The parasol completed her sense of happiness. She raised it, and slanted it over her shoulder, and drew one of its round tips across her face, playing out to herself a pretty little comedy as she sauntered deliberately down the trail between the stumps and tangled blackberry vines of the clearing. She tilted her chin, and glanced shyly from beneath the brim of her big hat at the solemn stumps, and looked just as pretty as she possibly could, for the benefit of the bold, noisy finches. With her light summer dress, and her big hat, and her beautiful open-work stockings, and her absurd little high-heeled silver-buckled shoes, she had somehow regained the feminine self-confidence which her thick boots and sober brown woods dress had filched from her. For the first time in this whimsical visit to a new environment she was completely happy. Dear little Barbara—she was only eighteen.

Pretty soon the trail entered the great, cool, green forest. Barbara closed her parasol and carried it under one arm, while with the same hand she swept her skirt clear of the ground. She was now a grande marquise in the forest of Fontainebleau. Through little round holes in the undergrowth she could see away down between the trees to dashes of sunlight and green shadows. Always Barbara conducted herself as though, in the vista, a cavalier was about to appear, who would sweep off his plumed hat in a bow of knightly admiration. She practised the curtsey in return, sinking on one little high-pointed heel with a downward droop of her pretty head and an upward cast of her pretty eyes.



"The parasol completed her sense of happiness"

"*Oui, c'est un rêve, un rêve doux d'amour,*" she hummed.

"Phew!" came a most terrible, dreadful sound from the thicket close at hand.

Barbara dropped her parasol, and clasped her heart with both hands, and screamed. From the thicket two slender ears pointed inquiringly toward her, two wide brown eyes stared frightened into hers, a delicate nose dilated with terror. "Phew!" snorted the deer again, and vanished in a series of elastic stiff-legged springs.

"Oh!" cried Barbara, "you horrid thing! How you frightened me!"

She picked up her parasol and resumed her journey in some perturbation of mind, reflecting on the utter rudeness of the deer. Gradually the trail seemed to become more difficult. After a time it was obstructed by the top of a fallen basswood. Barbara looked about her. She was not on the trail at all.

This was distinctly annoying. Barbara felt a little resentful on account of it. She gathered her skirts closely about her ankles and tried to pick her way through the undergrowth to the right. The brush was exceedingly difficult to avoid, and a little patch of briers was worse. Finally an ugly stub ripped a hole in the chiffon skirt. This was unbearable. Barbara stamped her foot in vexation. She wanted to cry, and fully made up her mind to do so as soon as she should have regained the trail. In a little while the high beech ridge over which she had been traveling ended in a narrow cedar swamp. Then Barbara did a foolish thing. She tried to cross the swamp.

At first she proceeded circumspectly, with an eye to the chiffon. It was torn in a dozen places. Then she thrust one dear little slipper through the moss into black water. Three times the stiff straight rods of the tamarack whipped her smartly across the face. When finally she emerged on the other side of the hundred feet of that miserable cedar swamp, she had ceased to hold up the chiffon skirt, and was most vexed.

"I think you're just *mean!*" she cried pettishly to the still forest, and then caught her breath in the silence of awe.

The forest had become suddenly unfriendly: its kindliness had somehow vanished. In all directions it looked the same—straight towering trunks, saplings, undergrowth. It had shut her in with a wall of green, and hurry in whatever direction she would, Barbara was always enclosed in apparently the same little cell of leaves.

Frightened, but with determination, she commenced to walk rapidly in the direction she believed would lead her out. The bushes now caught at her unheeded. She tore through briers, popples, moose maples, alike. The chiffon was sadly marred, the picture hat stained and awry, the brave little shoes, with their silver buckles and their pointed high heels, were dull with wet. And suddenly, as the sun shadows began to lift in the late afternoon, her determined stock of fortitude quite ran out. She stopped short. All about her were the same straight towering trunks, the saplings, the undergrowth. Nothing had changed. It was useless.

She dropped to the ground and gave way to her wild terror, weeping with the gulping sobs of a frightened child, but even in extremity dabbing her eyes from time to time with an absurd tiny handkerchief of drawn-work border.

Poor little Barbara; she was lost.

II

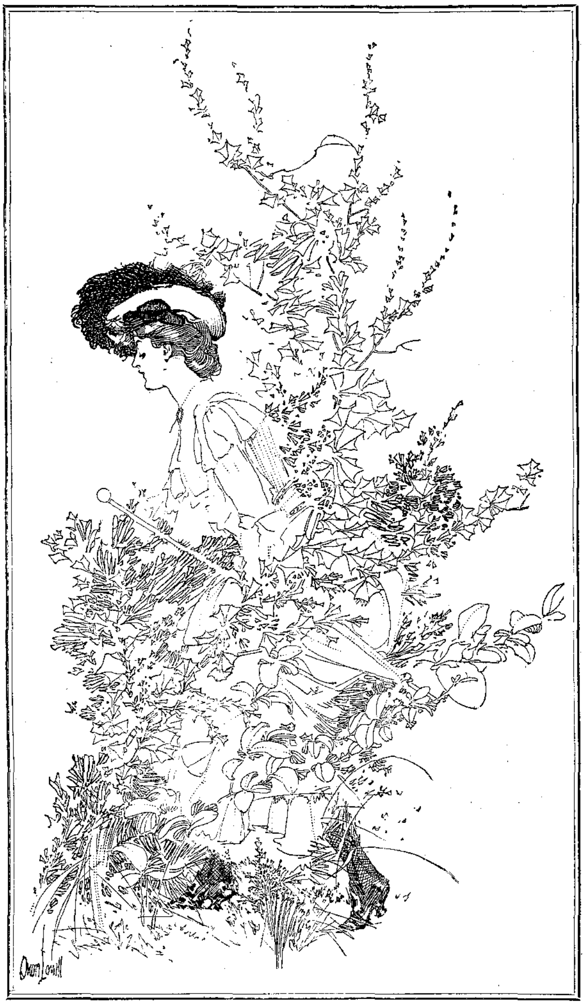
AFTER a while, subtly, she felt that some one was standing near her. She looked up.

The somebody was a man. He was young. Barbara saw three things—that he had kindly gray eyes, which just now were twinkling at her amusedly; that the handkerchief about his neck was clean; and that the line of his jaw was unusually clear-cut and fine. An observant person would have noticed, further, that the young man carried a rifle and a pack; that he wore a heavily laden belt about the waist, and moccasins on his feet; that his blue flannel shirt, though clean, was faded; that his skin was brown as pine bark. Barbara had no use for such details. The eye was kindly; the jaw was strong; neatness indicated the gentleman. And a strong, kindly gentleman was just what poor little lost Barbara needed the most. Unconsciously she tilted her pointed chin forward adorably, and smiled.

"Oh! now it's all right; isn't it?" said she.

"I am glad," he replied, the look of amusement deepening in his gray eyes; "and a moment ago it was all wrong. What was the matter?"

"I am lost," answered Barbara contentedly, as one would say "My shoes are a little dusty."



"The brush was exceedingly difficult to avoid"

"That's bad," sympathized the other. "Where are you lost from?"

"The Adams, or the Maxwells. I don't know which. I started to go from one to the other. Then there was a deer, and so I got lost."

"I see," he agreed, with entire assurance. "And now what are you going to do?"

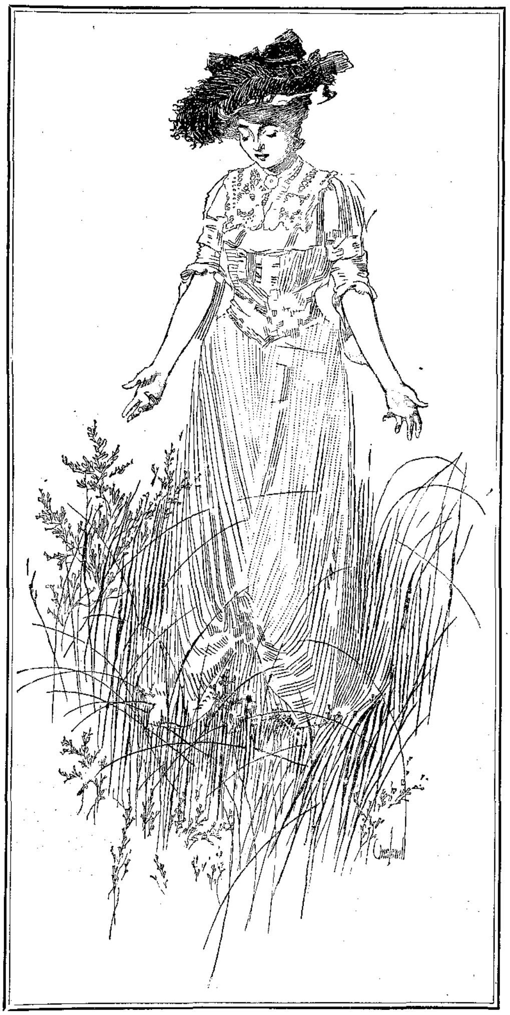
"I am not going to do anything. You are to take me home."

"To the Adams or the Maxwells?"

"To whichever is nearest."

The young man seemed to be debating. Barbara glanced at his thoughtful, strong face from under the edge of her picture hat, which slyly she had rearranged. She liked his face. It was so good-humored.

"It is almost sunset," replied the youth at length. "You can see the shadows are low. How do you hope to push through the woods after dark? There are wild animals—wolves!" he added maliciously.



"She wanted to cry"

Barbara looked up again with sudden alarm.

"But what shall we do?" she cried, less composedly. "You *must* take me home."

"I can try," said he, with the resignation of a man who can but die.

The tone had its effect.

"What do you advise?" she asked.

"That we camp here," he proposed calmly, with an air of finality.

"*Oh!*" dissented Barbara in alarm. "Never! I am afraid of the woods! It will be wet and cold. I am hungry. My feet are just sopping!"

"I will watch all night with my rifle," he told her. "I will fix you a tent, and will cook you a supper, and your feet shall not be wet and cold one moment longer than you will."

"Isn't your home nearer?" she asked.

"My home is where night finds me," he replied.

Barbara meditated. It was going to be dreadful. She knew she would catch her death of cold. But what could she do about it?

"You may do the wet feet part," she assented at last.

"All right," agreed the young man with alacrity. He unslung the pack from his back, and removed from the straps a little axe. "Now I am not going to be gone a moment," he assured her, "and while I am away, you must take off your shoes and stockings, and put these on." He had been fumbling in his pack, and now produced a pair of thick woolen lumberman's socks.

Barbara held one at arm's length in each hand, and looked at them. Then she looked up at the young man. Then they both laughed.

While her new protector was away, Barbara not only made the suggested changes, but she also did marvels with the chiffon. Really, it did not look so bad, considering.

When the young man returned with an armful of hemlock bark and the slivers of a pine stump, he found her sitting bolt upright on a log, her feet tucked under her. Before the fire he shortly hung the two webs of gossamer and the two dear little, ridiculous little high-heeled shoes, with their silver buckles. Then, in a most business-like fashion, he pitched a diminutive shelter tent. With equal expedition he built a second fire, between two butternut logs, produced a frying pan and kettle, and set about supper.

The twilight was just falling. Somehow the forest had lost its air of unfriendliness. The birds were singing in exactly the same way they used to sing in the tiny woods of the picnic grounds. It was difficult to believe in the wilderness. The young man moved here and there with accustomed ease, tending his pot and pan, feeding the fire. Barbara watched him interestedly. Gradually the conviction overcame her that he was worth while, and that he had not once glanced in her direction since he had begun his preparations. At the moment he was engaged in turning over sizzly things in the pan.

"If you please," said Barbara with her small air of decision, "I am very thirsty."

"You will have to wait till I go to the spring," replied the newcomer, without stirring.

Barbara elevated her small nose in righteous indignation. After a long time she just peeped in his direction. He was laughing to himself. She hastily elevated her nose again. After all, it was very lonely in the woods.

"Supper is ready," he said, after a time.

"I do not think I care for any," she replied with dignity. She was very tired and hungry and cross, and her eyes were hot.

"Oh, yes, you do," he insisted carelessly. "Come now, before it gets cold."

"I tell you I do not care for any," she returned haughtily.

For answer he picked her up bodily, carried her ten feet, and deposited her on another log. Beside her lay a clean bit of bark containing a broiled deer steak, toasted bread, and a cup of tea. She struggled angrily.

"Don't be a fool," the man commanded sternly. "You need food. You will eat supper, now."

Barbara looked up at him with wide eyes. Then she began to eat the venison. By and by she remarked, "You *are* rather nice," and after she had drained the last drop of tea, she even smiled, a trifle humbly. "Thank you," said she.

It was now dark, and the night had stolen down through the sentry trees to the very outposts of the fire. The man arranged the rubber blanket before it. Barbara sat upon the blanket and leaned back against the log. He perched above her, producing a pipe.

"'May I?'" he asked.

Then, when he had puffed a few moments in quiet content, he inquired:

"How did you come to get lost?"

She told him.

"That was very foolish." He scolded severely. "Don't you know any better than to go into the woods without your bearings? It was idiotic."

"Thank you," Barbara replied meekly.

"Well, it was," he insisted, the bronze on his cheek deepening a little.

She watched him for some time, while he watched the flames. She liked to see the light defining boldly the clean-shaven outline of his jaw; she liked to guess at the fire of his gray eyes beneath the shadow of his brow. Not once did he look toward her. Meekly she told herself that this was just. He was dreaming of larger things, seeing in the coals pictures of that romantic, strenuous, mysterious life of which he was a part. He had no room in the fulness of his existence for such as she—she, silly little Barbara, whose only charm was a maddening fashion of pointing outwards her adorable chin. She asked him about it, this life of the winds of heaven.

"Are you always in the woods," she inquired.

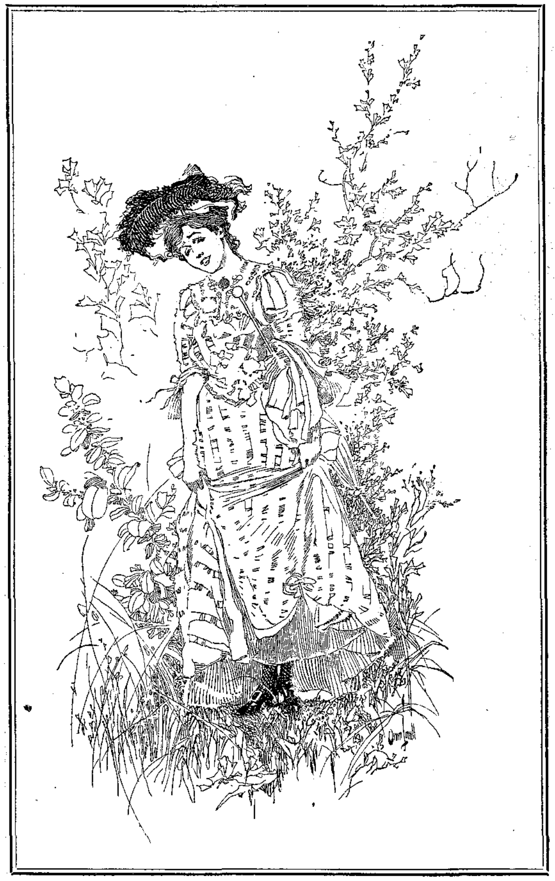
"Not always," said he.

"But you live in them a great deal?"

"Yes."

"You must have a great many exciting adventures."

"Not many."



"'I think you're just mean'"

"Where did you come from just now?"

"South."

"Where are you going?"

"Northwest."

"What are you going to do there?"

There ensued a slight pause before the stranger's reply. "Walk through the woods," said he.

"In other words, it's none of my business," retorted Barbara a little tartly.

"Ah, but you see it is not entirely mine," he explained.

This offered a new field. "Then you are on a mission?"

"Yes."

"Is it important?"

"Yes."

"How long is it going to take you?"

"Many years."

"What is your name?"

"Garrett Stanton."

"You are a gentleman, aren't you?"

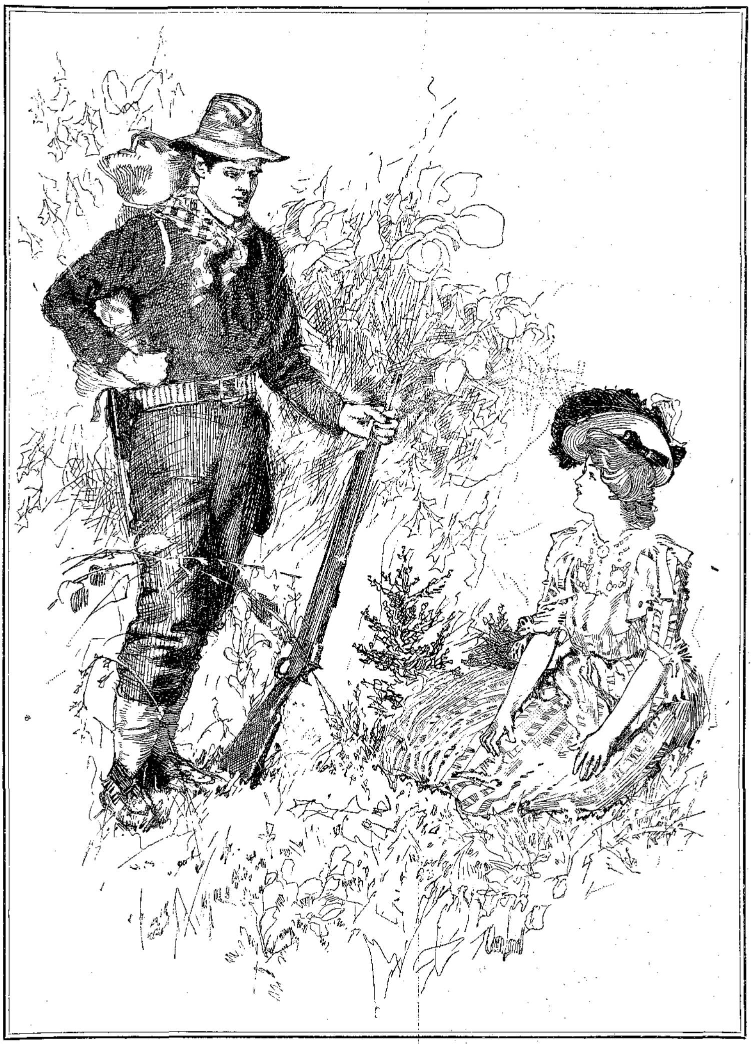
A flicker of amusement twinkled subtly in the corner of his eye. "I suppose you mean gently bred, college educated? Do you think it's of vast importance?"

Barbara examined him reflectively, her chin in her hand, her elbow on her knee. She looked at his wavy hair, his kindly, humorous gray eyes, the straight line of his fine-cut nose, his firm lips with the quaint upward twist of the corners, the fine contour of the jaw.

"No-o-o," she agreed; "I suppose it doesn't. Only I know you *are* a gentleman," she added with delightful inconsistence. Stanton bowed gravely to the fire in ironic acknowledgment.

"Why don't you ever look at me?" burst out Barbara, vexed. "Why do you stare at that horrid fire?"

He turned and looked her full in the face.



"'Oh! now it's all right; isn't it?'"

In a moment her eyes dropped before his frank scrutiny. She felt the glow rising across her forehead. When she raised her head again he was staring calmly at the fire as before, one hand clasped under his arm, the other holding the bowl of the brier pipe.

"Now," said he, "I will ask a few questions. Won't this all-night absence alarm your relatives?"

"Oh no. I often spend the night at the Adams. They will think I am there."

"Parents are apt to be anxious."

"But mine are not here, you see."

"What is your name?"

"Barbara Lowe."

He fell silent. Barbara was distinctly piqued. He might have exhibited a more flattering interest.

"Is that all you want to know about me?" she cried in an injured tone.

"I know all about you now. Listen. Your name is Barbara Lowe; you are visiting the Maxwells, your relatives, for a few weeks; you came from Detroit, where you are not yet 'out'; you are an only child, and eighteen or nineteen years of age."

"Why, who has been telling you about me?" cried Barbara, astonished.

Stanton smiled. "Nobody," he replied. "Don't you know that we woodsmen live by our observation. Do you see anything peculiar about that tree?"

Barbara examined the vegetable in question attentively. "No," she confessed at last.

"There is an animal in it. Look again."

"I can see nothing," repeated Barbara, after a second scrutiny.

Stanton arose. Seizing a brand from the fire, he rapped sharply on the trunk. Then, slowly, what had appeared to be a portion of the bole began to disintegrate, and in a moment a drowsy porcupine climbed rattling to a place of safety.

"That is how I knew about you," explained the woodsman, returning to the fire. "Your remark about staying overnight told me that you were visiting the Maxwells rather than the Adams. I knew the latter must be relatives, because a girl who wears pretty summer dresses would not visit mere friends in the wilderness; you would get tired of this life at the end of a few weeks, and so would not care to stay longer. The maker's name in your parasol caused me to guess you from Detroit."

"And how about my being an only child?"

"Well," replied Stanton, "you see, you have a little the manner of one who has been a trifle——"

"Spoiled," finished Barbara with wicked emphasis.

Stanton merely laughed.

"That is not nice," she reproved with vast dignity.

Barbara was furious at herself for blushing. A cry, inexpressibly mournful, quivered from the woods, close at hand.

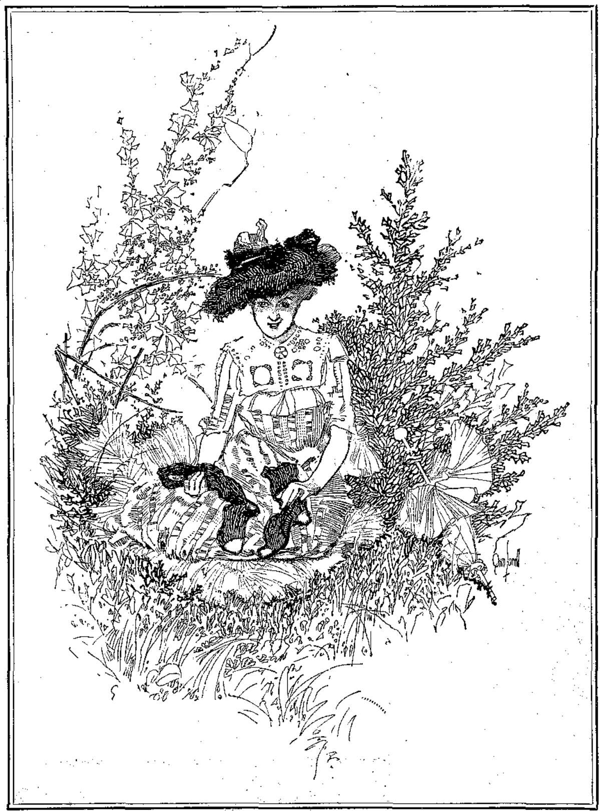
"Oh! what is that?" she exclaimed.

"Our friend the porcupine. Don't be frightened."

Down through the trees sighed a little wind. "*Whoo! whoo! whoo!*" droned an owl monotonously. The sparks from the fire shot up and eddied. A chill was in the air. Barbara's eyes grew heavier and heavier. The fire penetrated her through. She tucked her feet under her, and expanded in the warmth like a fireside kitten in purring content. Then, had she known it, the man was looking at her—looking at her with a strange, wistful tenderness in his gray eyes. Dear, harmless, innocent little Barbara, who had so confidingly trusted in his goodness.

"Come, little girl," he said softly at last.

He arose and held out his hand. Awakened from her abstraction, she looked at him with a faint smile, and eyes from which the coquetry had gone, leaving only the child.



"*She looked up at the young man*"

"Come," he repeated. "Time to turn in."

She arose dutifully. The little tent really looked inviting. The balsam bed proved luxurious, soft as feathers.

"When you are ready," he told her, "let me know. I want to open the tent flap for the sake of warmth."

The soft woolen blanket was very grateful. When the flap was open Barbara found that a second fire had been built, with a backing of green logs so arranged as to reflect the heat directly into her shelter.

She was very sleepy, yet for a long time she lay awake. The noises of the woods approached mysteriously, and drew about the little camp their mystic circle. Some of them were exceeding terrifying, but Barbara did not mind them, for he sat there, his strong, graceful figure silhouetted against the light, smoking his pipe in contemplation. Barbara watched him for a long time, until finally the firelight blurred, and the solemn shadows stopped dancing across the forest, and she dozed.

Hours later, as it seemed, some trifling sound awakened her. The heat still streamed gratefully into the tiny shelter; the solemn shadows still danced across the forest; the contemplative figure still stared into the embers, strongly silhouetted by the firelight. A tender compunction stole into Barbara's tender little heart.

"The poor dear," said she; "he has no place to sleep. He is guarding me from the dangers of the forest," which was quite ridiculous, as any woodsman will know.

Her drowsy eyes watched him wistfully—her mystery, her hero of romance. Again the fire blurred, again the solemn shadows paused. A last thought shaped itself in Barbara's consciousness.

"Why, he must be very old," she said to herself. "He must be twenty-six."

So she fell asleep.

III

BARBARA awoke to the sun and the crisp morning air, and a delightful feeling that she had slept well, and had not been uncomfortable at all. The flap of her tent was discreetly closed. When ready she peeped through the crack and saw Stanton bending over the fire.

In a moment he straightened and approached the tent. When within a few feet he paused. Through the hollow of his hands he cried out the long musical morning call of the woodsman.

"Ro-o-oll out!" he cried. The forest took up the sound in dying modulations.

For answer Barbara threw aside the tent flap and stepped into the sun.

"Good morning," said she.

"*Salut!*" he replied. "Come, and I will show you the spring."

"I am sorry I cannot offer you a better variety for your breakfast. It is only the supper over again," he explained, after she had returned and had perched like a fluffy bird of paradise on the log. Her cheeks were very pink from the cold water, and her eyes were very beautiful from the dregs of dreams, and her hair very glittering from the kissing of the early sun. And, wonderful to say, she forgot to thrust out her pointed chin in the fashion so entirely adorable.

She ate with relish, for the woods hunger was hers. Stanton said nothing. The time was pregnant with unspoken things. All the charming elements of the little episode were crystallizing for them, and instinctively Barbara felt that in a few moments she would be compelled to read their meaning.

At last the man said without stirring:

"Well, I suppose we'd better be going?"

"I suppose so," she replied.

They sat there some time longer, staring abstractedly at the kindly green forest; then Stanton abruptly rose and began to construct his pack. The girl did not move.

"Come," he said at last.

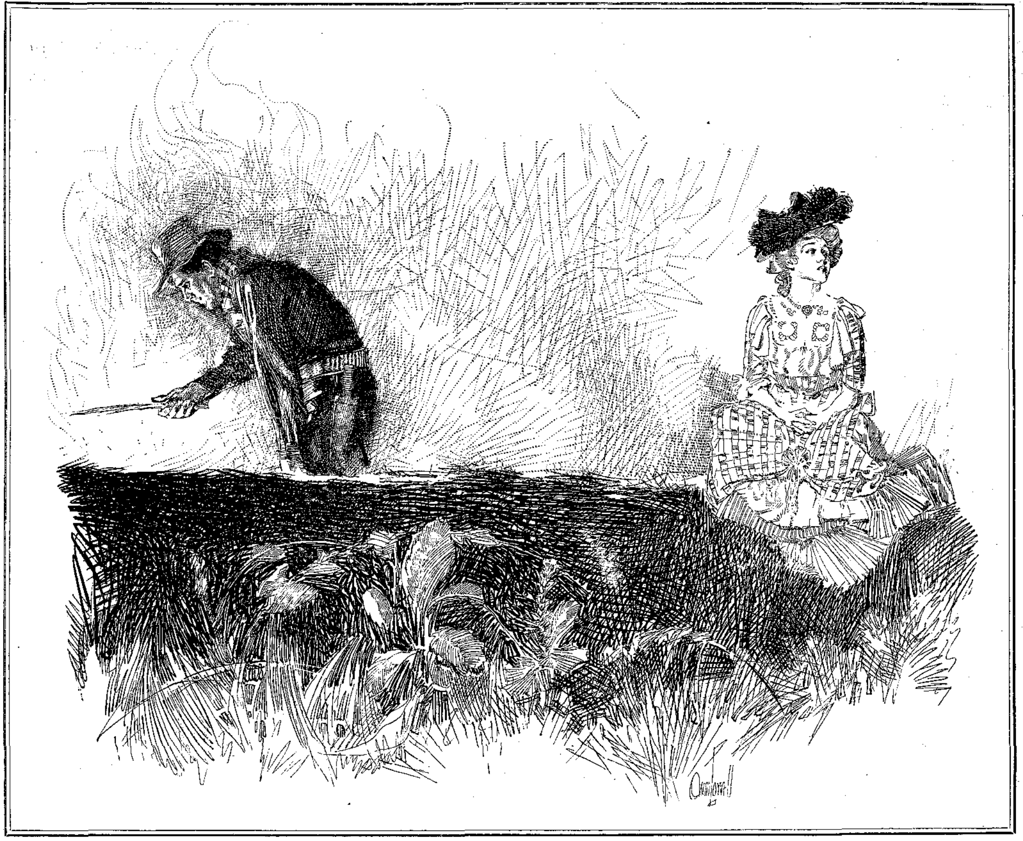
She arose obediently.

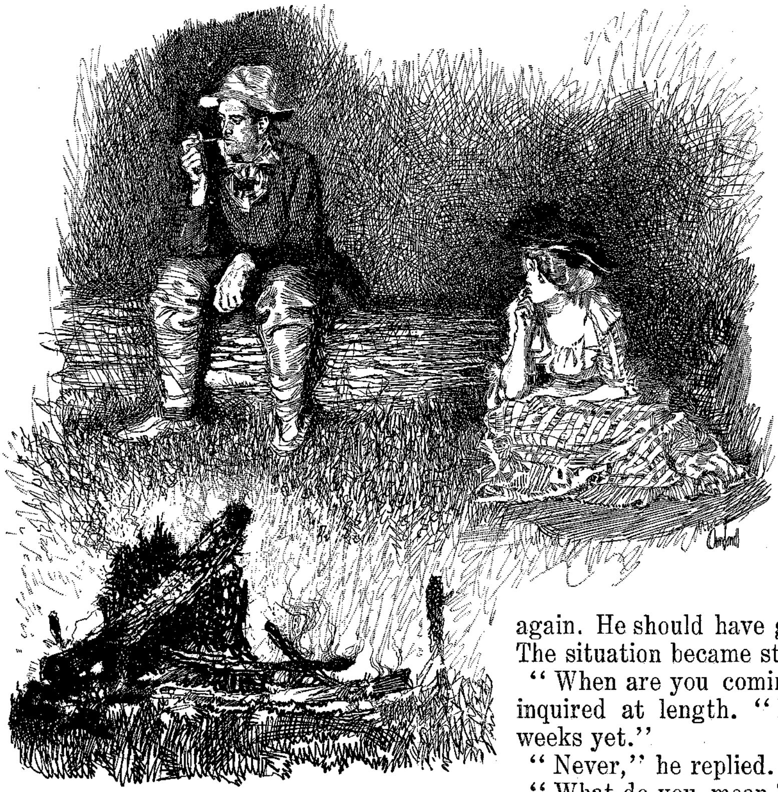
"Follow close behind me," he advised.

"Yes," said she.

They set off through the greenery. It opened silently before them. Barbara looked back.

"*After all it was very lonely*"





" *Barbara examined him reflectively* "

It had already closed silently behind them, shutting out the episode forever. The little camp had ceased to exist; the great, ruthless, calm forest had reclaimed its own. Nothing was left.

Nothing was left but the memory and the dream—yes, and the Beginning. Barbara knew it must be that—the Beginning. He would come to see her. She would wear the chiffon, another chiffon, altogether glorious. She would sit on the highest root of the old elm, and he would lie at her feet. Then he could tell her of the enchanted land, of the life of the winds of heaven. He would be her knight, to plunge into the wilderness on the Quest, returning always to her. The picture became at once inexpressibly dear to her.

Then she noticed that he had stopped, and was looking at her in deprecation, and was holding aside the screen of moose maples. Beyond she could see the familiar clearing, and the smoke from the Maxwell cabin.

She had slept almost within sight of her own doorstep.

"Please forgive me," he was saying. "I meant it only as an interesting little adventure. It has been harmless enough, surely,—to you."

His eyes were hungry. Barbara could not find words.

" Good-bye," he concluded. " Good-bye. You will forgive me in time—or forget, which is much the same. Believe me, if I have offended you my punishment is going to be severe. Good-bye."

" Good-bye," said Barbara a little breathlessly. She had already forgotten the trick. She could think only that the forest, the unfriendly forest, was about to recall her son. " Good-bye," he repeated again. He should have gone, but he did not. The situation became strained.

" When are you coming to see me ? " she inquired at length. " I shall be here two weeks yet."

" Never," he replied.

" What do you mean ? " she asked after a moment.

" After Painted Rock, the wilderness," he explained almost bitterly, " the wilderness and solitude for many years—forever ! "

" Don't go until to-morrow," she urged.

" I must."

" Why ? "

" Because I must be at Painted Rock by Friday, and to reach it I must travel fast and long."

" And if you do not ? "

" My mission fails," he replied.

They stood there silent. Barbara dug tiny holes with the tip of her parasol.

" And that is ruin ? " she asked softly, without looking up.

" I have struggled hard for many years. The result is this chance."

" I see," she replied, bending her head lower. " It would be a very foolish thing for you to stay, then, wouldn't it ? "

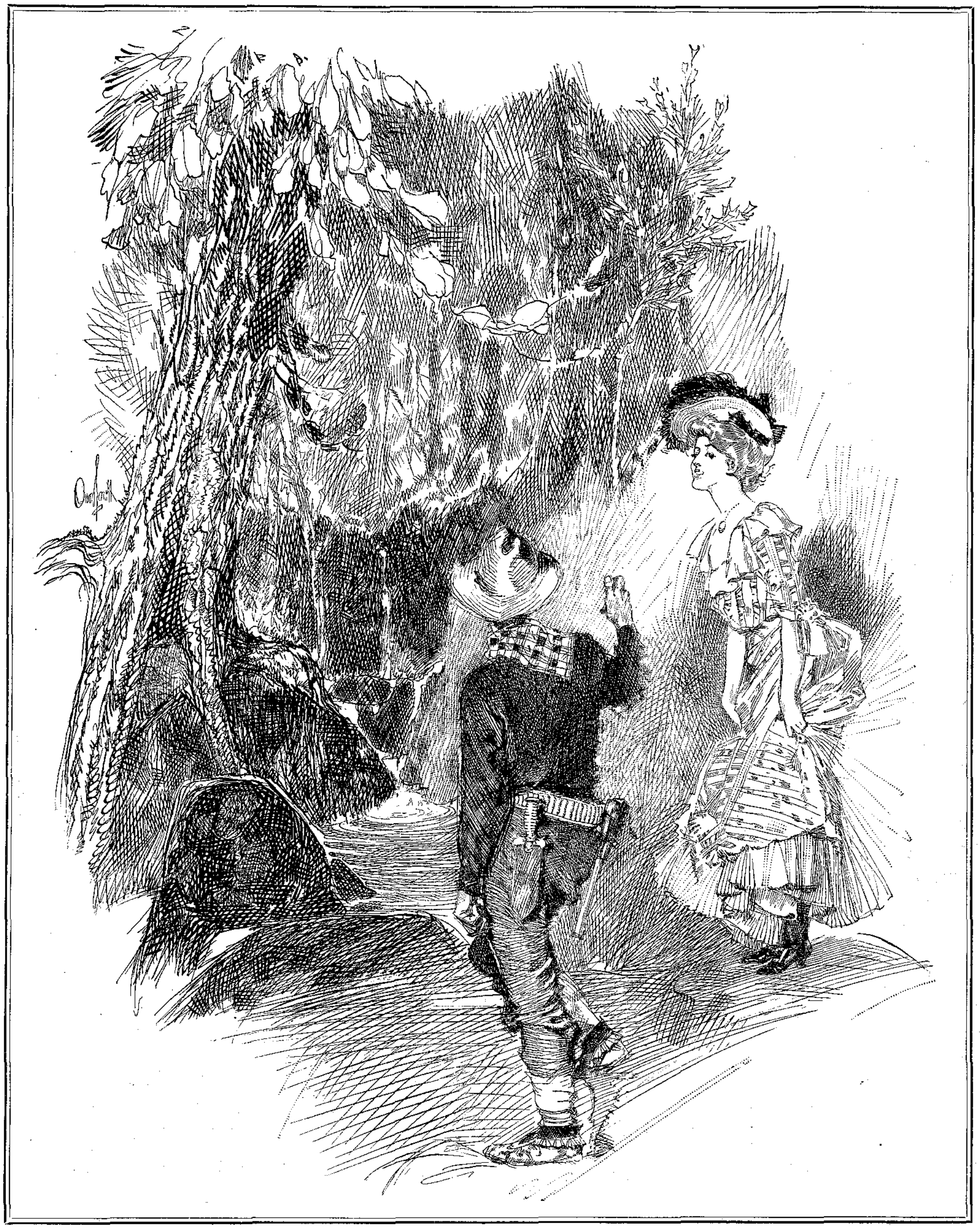
He did not reply.

" But you are going to, aren't you ? " she went on, in a voice almost inaudible. " You must not go like that. I ask you to stay."

Again the pause.

" I cannot," he replied.

She looked up. He was standing erect and tall, his face set in the bronze lines of a resolution, his gray eyes leveled, straight and



"'Come and I will show you the spring'"

steady, beyond her head. Instantly her own spirit flashed.

"I think now you'd better go," she said superbly.

They faced each other for a moment. Then Barbara dropped her head again, extending her hand.

"You do not know," she whispered. "I have much to forgive."

He hesitated, then touched the tips of her fingers with his lips. She did not look up. With a gesture which she did not see, he stooped to his pack, and swung into the woods.

Barbara stood motionless. Not a line of her figure stirred. Only the chiffon parasol dropped suddenly to the ground.

IV

AFTER a time she lifted her head and blinked bravely at the sky. She raised the parasol and slanted it over her shoulder, and drew one of its tiny beadlike rib-ends across her face. Then she began elaborately to saunter through the clearing, playing out to herself and to the solemn stumps a brave little tragedy that she was happy.

The fringe of the primeval forest watched her through its inscrutability. Barbara dared not look toward it. Instead, she examined attentively the familiar clearing, taking intimate note of trifles that she might postpone the encounter with greater things. At the big elm she seated herself with exaggerated nonchalance, spreading the abused chiffon in a cloud about her. She hummed a little song.

"*Oui, c'est un rêve!*—" she sang, and broke off with a tiny gulping sob. This brought her to the reckoning.

"He might have stayed," she parried the question. "It would only have been polite, after tricking me so. I do not think it was very nice of him."

She was hurt, as a child is hurt at an unkindness which it does not comprehend. Events had always treated her well. She could not understand the mistake which somewhere must have been made, for affairs were intended to run smoothly and pleasantly in this bright, pretty world.

A porcupine trundled out from the edge of the forest, and paused to reconnoitre. She did not notice him. She was trying to see.

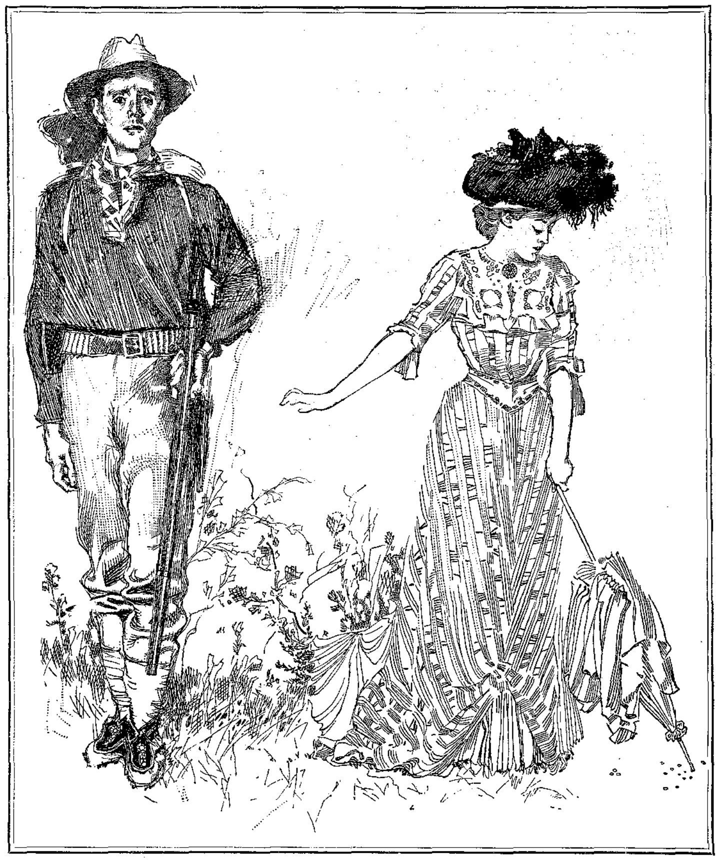
"I suppose I am unreasonable to expect him to ruin his chances," Barbara conceded thoughtfully. "But he might have seemed a little sorrier about it."

No, it was not his fault. She could not make it so. He had treated her well, and if he had not seemed to notice appropriately his companion, it was because his eyes were filled with stars. Barbara's own eyes were filled with something wistfully pathetic.

The porcupine, concluding thus that the coast was clear, ambled, after the phlegmatic manner of porcupines, in the direction of possible barrels.

"I wonder if he really cared to see me again," pursued Barbara. "I don't suppose he thought much about it. Most men would have. But he is different from most men." She threw up her head proudly at the comparison. "He has big things to think of; big things to do. He is strong and brave." Her eyes shone with the splendor of her idea. She was seeing far into the land of mystery and light and romance. Then the exaltation died. "No," she confessed humbly, "he would not think of me. I am not worth his thoughts. I am silly, and a little fool. Oh, I *am* a little fool. I am ashamed of myself."

The summer day had already begun to lay its silence on the morning. A wild bee hummed musingly over a flower. Far in the woods, clear as a cameo, the crash of a breaking limb sounded. The porcupine, who had just turned over the parasol with his nose, cocked his head inquiringly. From time to time he glanced uneasily back, as other sounds engraved the stillness.



"'*I have much to forgive*'"

Barbara gazed at nothing with sad eyes. "I wish I had died in the woods," she said slowly. "I wouldn't despise myself so."

The porcupine had found the varnish good, and had commenced to gnaw with his sharp front teeth, but uneasily, as one not sure of uninterrupted leisure. The sounds from the forest were stringing themselves rapidly on a single thread of approach, and the thread seemed to be unrolling in his direction. This was annoying to the porcupine.

"I must have looked perfectly horrid with my gown all torn," contemplated Barbara. The round tears trembled on her lashes, and finally splashed to the ground. "I shall never see him again," she ended brokenly. "Never! Oh, I can't help it. I *want* to see him again! I *want* to! I *want* to!"

The tears flowed unrestrained now. Poor dear little child Barbara, with her tender heart, and her quaint, tantalizing, small face, and her eighteen years, was suddenly face to face with the great terrible Life which men and women live. And Life was being very harsh with her.

She covered her face and gave herself frankly to her misery. She cared. Nothing else mattered. But the porcupine, crafty and wary animal, long since beyond mere emotion, ceased gnawing the altogether delightful varnish, and prepared to roll into an unassailable ball. He was rather a stupid porcupine, as porcupines run, but he knew better than to omit the ordinary precautions when something reckless and hasty was tearing through the forest, exactly in his direction. In a moment he did coil, congratulating himself on his chances for a green old age. The dim, mystic symbolism of approach through the invisibility of the forest had suddenly materialized. Barbara did not know it; grief is even stupider than porcupines.

Then suddenly, subtly, she knew. Life, great and mysterious, had relented. She threw her arms out to him, her face transfigured, her eyes streaming. What did she care for torn chiffons and blurred vision, for the gossamer web of convention? Life had turned kind. She, dear little Barbara, whose tender heart was never meant to be denied, knew now that the sun of happiness had not been really blotted out from the heavens; that the cloud had passed.

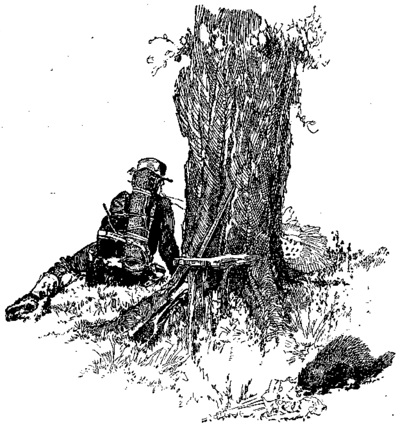
"Oh!" she cried; "Oh! Oh!"

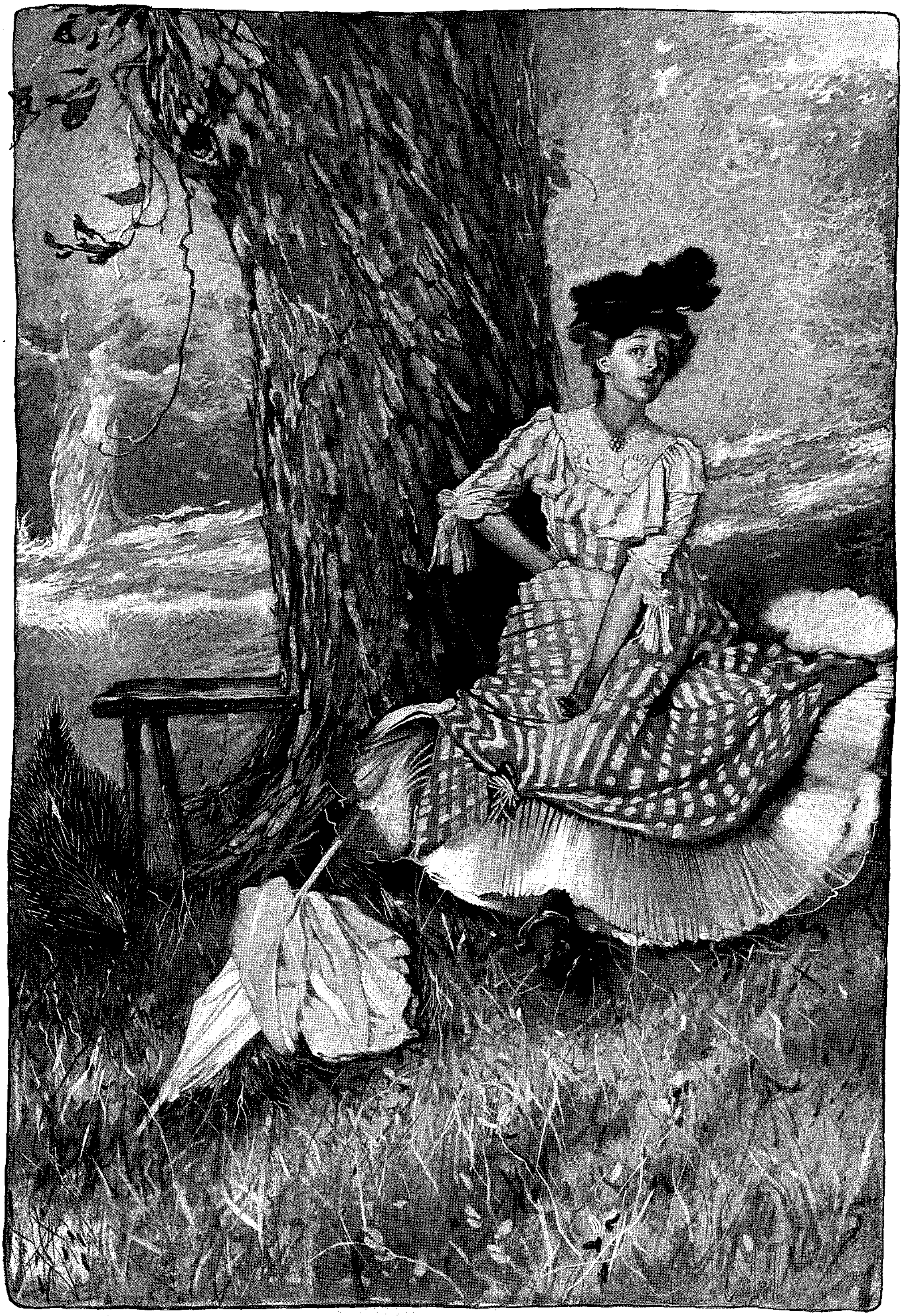
He dropped beside her on the grass and took her hands. His impassive bronze face had become boyish in its joy and relief. "I could not go!" he kept repeating. "I could not! I could not! I tried! I got as far as the Crossing. But I had to come back to you. I thought I was strong. It was stronger than I. Dear little girl, look up at me. Let me see you. Let me be sure it is you. Oh, it can't be true! Dear little girl; dear little Barbara! All the way to the Crossing I saw you sitting there on the log in the firelight. I could not go. I love you! I love you! I have always loved you. I have always known that you must be. I have always felt that some day I should see you, that I should see your eyes, and your hair, and your red lips, and your dear pointed chin — always, always, since I began to dream!"

The porcupine cast one beady eye on his two neighbors, and promptly uncoiled. He was a stupid porcupine, as porcupines run; but he was not so stupid as all that.

They talked, perhaps; perhaps not. They could not have told. Life moved on in cadences. The great life of the winds of heaven had commanded her children; and unthinking, like children, they had obeyed her. That was all.

So the porcupine leisurely ate his unnoticed way from one end of the parasol to the other.





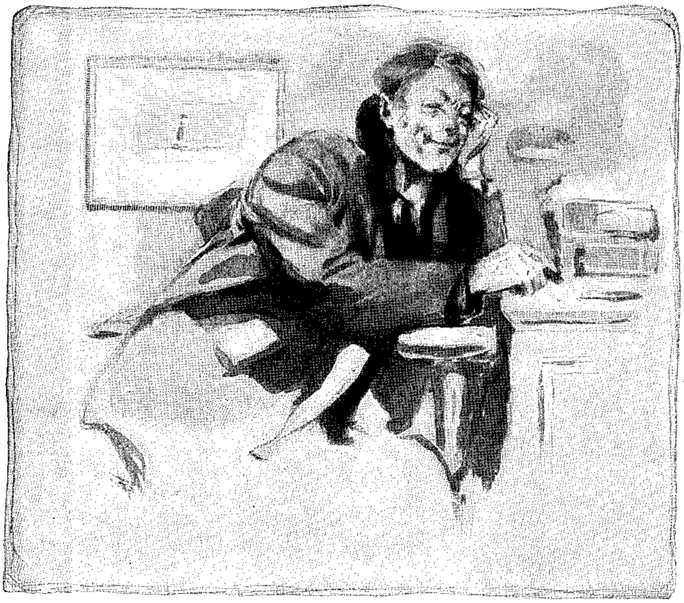
Drawn by Orson Lowell

"'I wonder if he really cared to see me again'"

CAP'N BOB OF THE "SCREAMER"

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty



CAPTAIN BOB BRANDT

CAPTAIN Bob Brandt dropped in to-day, looking brown and ruddy, and filling my office with a breeze and freshness that seemed to have followed him all the way in from the sea.

"Just in, Captain ?" I cried, springing to my feet, my fingers closing around his—no more welcome visitor than Captain Bob ever pushes open my office door.

"Yes—'Teutonic.'"

"Where did you pick her up—Fire Island ?"

"No; 'bout hundred miles off Montauk."

Captain Bob has been a Sandy Hook pilot for some years back.

"How was the weather ?" I had a chair ready for him now and was lifting the lid of my desk in search of a box of cigars.

"Pretty dirty. Nasty swell on, and so thick you could hack holes in it. Come pretty nigh missin' her"—and the Captain opened his big storm-coat, hooked his cloth cap with its ear-tabs on one prong of the back of one office chair, stretched his length in another, and, bending forward, reached out his long, brawny arm for the cigar I was extending toward him.

I have described this sea-dog before—as a younger sea-dog—twenty years younger, in fact. He was in my employ then—he and his sloop "Screamer." Every big foundation stone in Shark Ledge Light—the one off Keyport harbor—can tell you about them both.

In those lighthouse days this Captain Bob was "a tall, straight, blue-eyed young fellow of twenty-two, with a face like an open book—one of those perfectly simple, absolutely fearless, alert men found so often on the New England coast, with legs and arms of steel, body of hickory, and hands of whalebone: cabin boy at twelve, common sailor at sixteen, first mate at twenty, and full captain the year he voted."

He is precisely the same kind of man to-day, plus twenty years of experience. The figure is still the figure of his youth, the hickory a little better seasoned, perhaps, and the steel and whalebone a little harder, but they have lost none of their spring and vitality The ratio of promotion has also been kept up. That he should now rank as the most expert pilot on the station was quite to be expected. He could have filled as well a commander's place on the bridge, had he chosen to work along those lines.

And the modesty of the man!

Nothing that he has done, or can still do, has ever stretched his hat measure or swelled any part of his thinking apparatus. The old pilot cap is still number seven, and the sensible head beneath it is number seven, too. It could be number eight, or nine, or even ten, if it had expanded in proportion to the heroic quality of many of his deeds. During the lighthouse days, for instance, when some sudden shift of wind would churn the long rollers into bobbles and then into frenzied seas that smothered the ledge in white suds, if a lifeboat was to be launched in the boiling surf, the last man to jump aboard after a mighty push with his long hindmost leg, was sure to be this same bundle of whalebone and hickory. And should this boat, a few minutes later, go whirling along in the "Race," bottom side up, with every worker safe astride her keel, principally because of Captain Bob's coolness and skill in hauling them out of the water, again the last man to crawl beside the rescued crew would be this same long-legged, long-armed skipper.

Or should a guy-rope snap with a sound like a pistol shot, and a great stone swung to a boom and weighing tons should begin running amuck through piles of cement, machinery, and men, and some one of the working gang, seeing the danger, should, with the quickness and sureness of a mountain goat, spring straight for the stone, clutching the end of the guy and bounding off again, twisting the bight round some improvised snubbing-post, thus checking its mad career, you would not have had to ask his name twice.

"Cap'n Bob stopped it, sir," was sure to have been the proffered reply.

So, too, in his present occupation of Pilot.

It was only a few years ago that I stood on the deck of an incoming steamer, straining my eyes across a heaving sea, the horizon lost in the dull haze of countless froth-caps. We had slowed for a pilot, so the word came down the deck. Suddenly, against the murky skyline, with mainsail double-reefed and jib close-hauled, loomed a light craft plunging bows under at every lurch. Then a chip the size of your hand broke away from the frail vessel, and a big wave lying around for such prey, sprang upon it with wide open mouth. The tiny bit dodged and slipped out of sight into a mighty ravine, then mounted high in air, upborne in the teeth of another great monster, and again was lost to view. Soon the chip became a bit of driftwood manned by two toy men working two toy oars like mad and bearing at one end a yellow dot.

Then the first officer walked down the deck to where I stood, followed by a huddle of seamen who began unrolling a rope ladder.

"You're right," I heard an officer answer a passenger. "It's no fit weather to take a pilot. Captain wouldn't have stopped for any other boat but No. 11. But those fellows out there don't know what weather is."

The bit of driftwood now developed into a yawl. The yellow dot broadened and lengthened to the semblance of a man standing erect and unbuttoning his oilskins as he looked straight at the steamer rolling portholes under, the rope ladder flopping against her side. Then came a quick twist of the oars, a sudden lull as the yawl shot within a boat's length of the rope ladder, and with the spring of a cat the man in oilskins landed with both feet on its lower rung, and the next instant he was over the steamer's rail and on her deck beside me.

I thought I knew that spring, even before I saw his face or got hold of his hand.

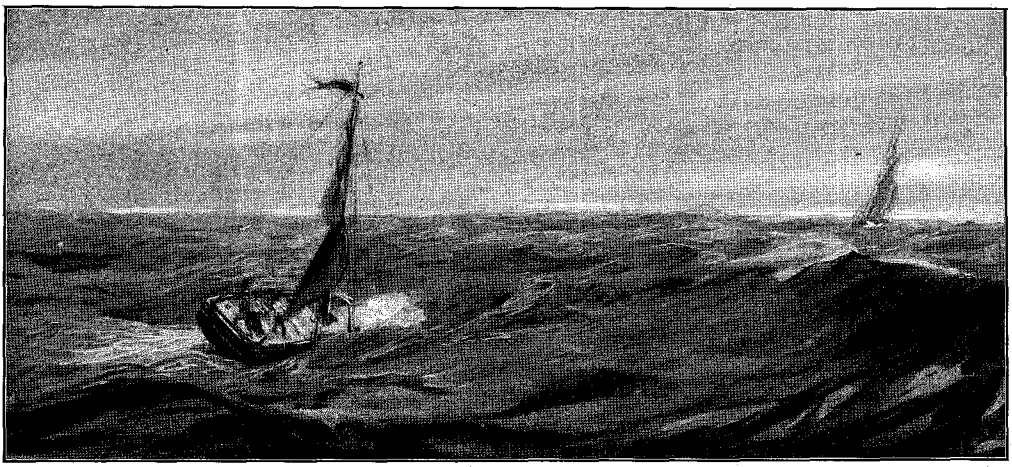
It was Captain Bob.

As I look at him now, sitting in my office chair, the smoke of the cigar curling about his bronzed, weather-tanned face, my eye taking in his slim waist, slender thighs, and long, sinewy arms and hands that have served him so well all his life, I can hardly believe that twenty years have passed over his head since we worked together on Shark Ledge. But for the marks chalked on his temples by the Old Man with the Hour-glass and the few tally-scores of hard work crossing the corners of his mouth and eyes, he has the same external appearance as in the old days. Even these indexes of advancing years are lost when he throws his head up and laughs one of his spontaneous, ringing laughs that fills my office full of sunshine, illumining it for hours after he has gone.

"This pilotin' 's pretty rough sometimes," Captain Bob continued between the puffs of smoke, "but it ain't nothin' to the old days. When I look back on it all, seems to me as if we was out o' our heads most o' the time. I didn't know it then, but 't was true all the same. Think now o' layin' the 'Screamer' broadside on that stone pile at Shark Ledge, unloadin' them stone with nothin' but a couple o' spar buoys to keep 'er off. Wonder I didn't leave 'er bones there. Would if I hadn't knowed every stick o' timber in 'er and jest what she could stagger under."

"But she was a good sea-boat," I interpolated. "The 'Screamer' was always the pride of the work."

"None better. You'd a-thought so if you'd been with us that night off Hatteras; we layin' to, hatches battened down. I never see it blow wuss. It came out o' the nor'west 'bout dark, and 'fore mornin' I tell ye it was a-humpin'


"'She see us a-wallowin' in the trough'"

things. We started with a pretty decent set o' sails, new eyelets rove in and new clew lines, but, Lord love ye, we hadn't taken old Hatteras into consideration. Bill Nevins, my engineer, and a landsman who was to work the h'istin' engine, looked kind 'er peaked when what was left of the jib come rattlin' down on his fo'c's'le hatch, but I says to him, 'the "Screamer" 's all right, Billy, so she don't strike nothin' and so long 's we can keep the water out 'er. Can't sink 'er any more'n an empty five-gallon ker'sene can with the cork in. We'll lay 'round here till mornin' and then set a signal. Something 'll come along pretty soon.' Sure 'nough, 'long come a coaler bound for Charleston. She see us a-wallowin' in the trough and our mast thrashin' for all it was worth.

"'What d'ye want?' the skipper says, when he got within hail.

"'Some sail needles and a ball o' twine,' I hollered back; 'we got everything else.' You should just a-heard him cuss—" and one of Captain Bob's laughs rang through the room. "Them's two things I'd forgot—didn't think o' them in fact till the mainsheet give 'way.

"Well, he chucked 'em aboard with another cuss. I hadn't no money to pay no salvage. All we wanted was them needles and a little elbow grease and gumption. So we started in, and 'fore night, she still a' thrashing, I'd fixed up the sails, patched the eyelets with a pair o' boot legs, and was off again."

"What were you doing off Hatteras, Captain Bob?" I asked. I was leading him on, professing ignorance of minor details, so that I could again enjoy the delight of hearing him tell it.

"Oh that was another one o' them crazy jobs I used to take when I didn't know no better. Why, I guess you remember 'bout that wreckin' job off Hamilton, Bermuda?"

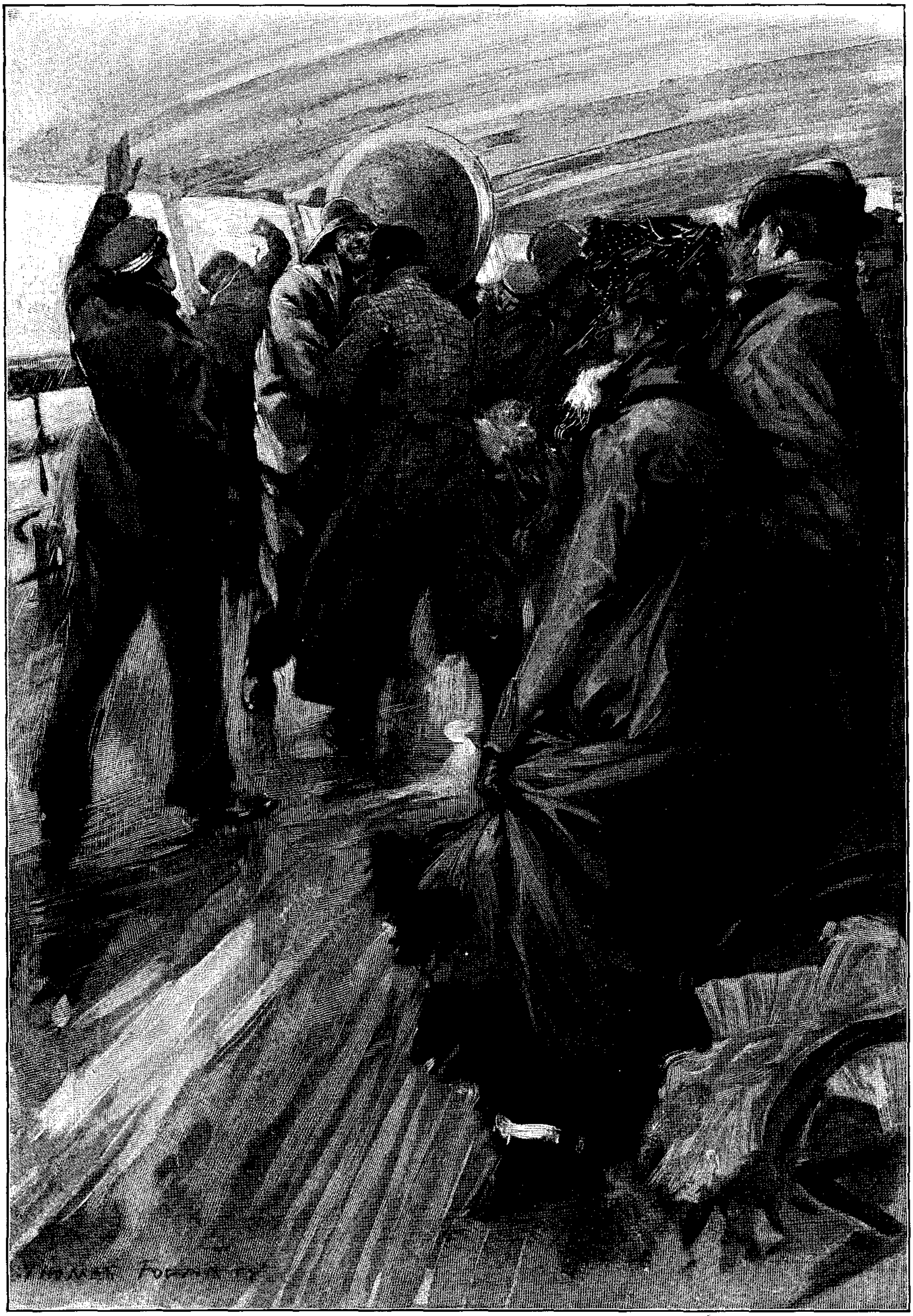
He was settled in his chair now, his legs crossed, his head down between his shoulders.

"You see, after I quit work on the 'ledge,' I was put to 't for a job, and there come along a feller by the name of Lamson—the agent of an insurance company, who wanted me to go to Bermuda and git up some forty-two pieces o' white I-talian marble that had been wrecked three years before off the harbor of Hamilton. They ran from three to twenty-one tons each, he said. So off I started with the 'Screamer.' He didn't say, though, that the wreck lay on a coral reef eight miles from land, or I'd stayed to home in New Bedford.

"When I got to where the wreck lay you couldn't see a thing 'bove water. So I got into an old divin' dress we had aboard—one we used on the ledge—oiled up the pump, and went down to look her over, and by Jiminy Criminy, not a scrap o' that wreck was left 'cept the rusty iron work and that part o' the bottom plankin' of the vessel that lay under the stones! Everything else was eat up with the worms! Funniest lookin' place you ever see. The water was just as clear as air, and I could see every one o' them stone plain as daylight—looked like so many big lumps o' white sugar scattered 'round—and they *were* big! One of 'em weighed twenty-one tons and none on 'em weighed less'n five. Of course I knew how big they were 'fore I started, and I'd fitted up the 'Screamer' special to h'ist 'em, but I didn't know I'd have to handle 'em twice; once from where they laid on that coral reef in twenty-eight feet o' water and then unload 'em on the Navy Yard dock, above Hamilton, and then pick 'em up agin, load 'em 'board the 'Screamer' and unload 'em once more 'board a Boston brig they'd sent down for 'em—one o' them high-waisted things 'bout sixteen feet from the water-line to the rail. That was the worst part of it."

Captain Bob stopped, felt in his pocket for a match, found it empty, rose from his chair, picked one from a match safe on my desk, lighted his cigar, and resumed his seat again.

"*It was Captain Bob*"



I have found it wisest to let him have his own way in times like these. If I interrupt the flow of his talk it may stop for the day and I lose the best part of the enjoyment of having him with me.

"Pretty decent chaps, them Englishmen"—puff-puff—the volume of smoke was all right once more. "One Monday morning I ran out of the Navy Yard dock within sight of the wreck. I had been layin' up over Sunday to get out of the way of a norther, when I luffed a little too soon, and bang went my bowsprit and scraped off about three feet of red paint from the end of the dock. One of the watchmen was on the string-piece, and saw the whole thing. 'Come ashore,' he says, 'and go and see the admiral; you can't scrape no paint off this dock with *my* permission.'

"Well, I waited four hours for his nibs. When he come to his office quarters he was 'bout up to my arms, red as a can-buoy, and white hair stickin' up straight as a shoebrush on his head. He looked cross enough to bite a tenpenny nail in two.

"'Ran into the dock, did ye—ran into Her Majesty's dock, and ye had room enough to turn a fleet in! Do you think we paint these docks for the fun of havin' you lubbers scrape it off? You'll pay for paintin' it over, sir—that's what you'll do, or I'll libel your boat, and send a file of marines down and tie her up,' and away he went up the dock to his office again.

"'Gosh!' I said to myself. 'Guess I'm in a fix.' The boys stood around and heard every word, and I tell ye it warn't no joke. As to money, there warn't a ten-dollar bill in the crew. I'd spent every cent I could rake and scrape to fit the 'Screamer' out, and the boys were workin' on shares, and nobody was to get any money until the last stone—that big twenty-one-ton feller—was 'board the brig. Then I could go to the agents in Hamilton and draw two-thirds of my contract. That twenty-one-ton chunk, I forgot to tell ye, I had picked up the day before, and it was then aboard the 'Screamer,' and we was on our way down to Hamilton, where the brig lay, when her nose scraped off the admiral's paint.

"It did look kind o' nasty for us, and no mistake. One day more, and we'd 'a been through and had our money.

"'Go up and see him,' said the watchman. 'He gits cool sometimes as sudden as he gits hot.' So Bill Nevins, my engineer, who was workin' the h'ister, and I went up. The old feller was sittin' on the piazza in a big rattan chair.

"'Come aboard,' he hollered, soon's he see Bill and me a-standin' in the garden path with our hats off, lookin' like two jailbirds about to be sentenced. Well, we got up on the porch, and he looked us all over, and said:

"'Have you got that money with you?' 'No,' I said, 'I haven't,' and I ups and tells him just how we was fixed, and how we had worked, and how short we was of grub and clothes and money, and then I said, 'an' now I come to tell ye that I hit the dock fair and square, and it was all my fault, and that I'll pay whatever you say is right when I put this stone 'board and get my pay.'

"He looked me all over—I tell you I was pretty ragged; nothin' but a shirt and pants on, and they was almighty tore up, especially where most everybody wants to be covered—and Bill was no better. We'd 'bout used up our clo'es so that sail needles nor nothin' else wouldn't a-done us no good, and we had no time nor no spare cash to go ashore and get others.

"While I was a-talking, the old feller's eyes was a-borin' into mine—then he roared out, 'No sir; you won't!—you won't pay one d—d shillin', sir. You'll go back to your work, and if there's anything you want in the way of grub or supplies send here for it and you shall have it. Good day.' I tell ye he was a rum one."

"Was that the last time you saw him?" I asked.

"Not much. When we got 'longside the brig the next day, her cap'n see that twenty-one-ton stone settin' up on the deck of the 'Screamer,' lookin' like a big white church, and he got so scared he went ashore and started a yarn that we couldn't lift that stone sixteen feet in the air, and over her rail and down into the hold, and that we'd smash his brig, and it got to the admiral's ears, and down come two English engineers, in cork helmets and white jackets and gold buttons, spic' an span as if they'd stepped out of the chart-room of a yacht. One was a colonel and the other was a major. They were both just back from India, as natty-lookin' chaps as you ever saw. And clear stuff all the way through—you could tell that before they opened their mouths.

"I was on the deck of the 'Screamer,' overhaulin' the fall, surrounded by most of the crew, gettin' ready to h'ist the stone, when I first saw 'em. They and the cap'n were away up above me, leanin' over the rail, lookin' at the stone church that some o' the boys was puttin' the chains 'round. Bill Nevins was down in the fo'c's'le, firin' up, with the safety-valve set at 125 pounds. He had half a keg o' rosin and a can o' kerosene to help out with in case we wanted a few pounds extry in the middle of the tea party. Pretty soon I heard one of 'em holler:

"'Ahoy! Is the captain aboard?'

"'He is,' I said, steppin' out. 'Who wants him?'

"'Colonel Throckmorton,' he says, 'and Major Severn.'

"'Come aboard, gentlemen,' I says.

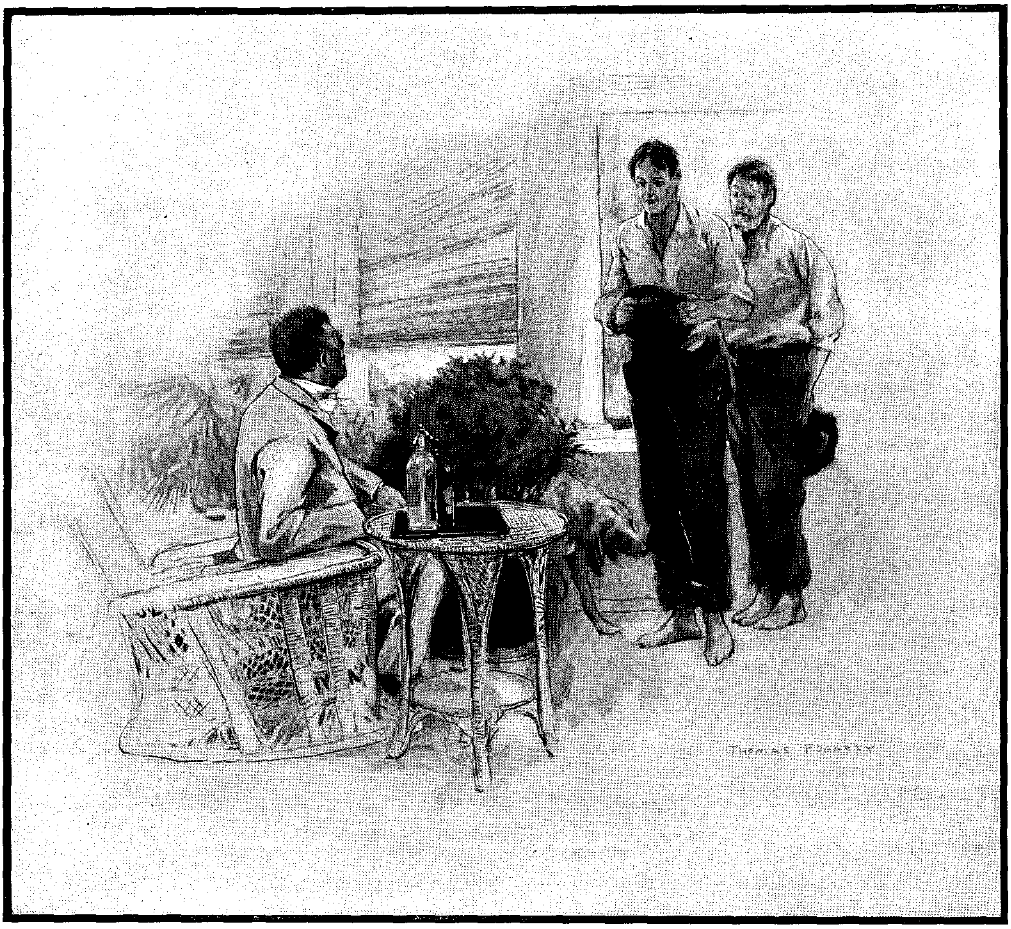
"So down they come, the colonel first, one foot at a time touchin' the ladder, the major following. When he reached the deck and wheeled around to look at me you just ought to have seen his face.

"'Are you the captain?' he says, and he looked me over 'bout as the admiral had done.

"'I be,' I said, 'Captain Robert Brandt of Pigeon Cove, Cape Ann, master and owner of the sloop "Screamer," at your service'—I kep' front side to him. 'What can I do for you?'

"'Well, Captain,' he began, 'perhaps it is none of our business, but the captain of the brig here,' and he pointed up above him, 'has asked us to look over your tackle and see whether it is safe enough to lift this stone. He's afraid you'll drop it and smash his deck in. Since I've seen it, and what you propose to lift it with, I've told him there's no danger, for you'll never get it off the deck. We are both officers of the Engineer Corps, and it is our business to know about such things.'

"'What makes you think the "Screamer" won't lift it?' I asked.



"'Have you got that money with you?'"

"'Well,' says the colonel, looking aloft, 'her boom ain't big enough, and that Manila rope is too light. I should think it wasn't over three and three-quarter-inch rope. We all know fifteen tons is enough weight for that size rope, even with a fourfold purchase, and we understand you say this stone weighs twenty-one.'

"'I'm sorry, gentlemen,' I said, 'and if you are worried about it you'd better go 'board the brig, for I'm now about ready to pick the stone up and land her.'

"Well, the major said he guessed he would, if I was determined to pull the mast out of my sloop, but the colonel said he'd stay by and see it out.

"Just then Bill Nevins stuck his head out of the fo'c's'le. He was blacker than I was; all smeared with grease and stripped to his waist. It was hot enough anywhere, but it was sizzlin' down where he was.

"'All ready, Cap'n,' he says. 'She's got every pound she can carry.'

"I looked everything over—saw the butt of the boom was playin' free in the wooden socket, chucked in a lot of tallow so it could move easy, give an extra twist to the end o' the guy, and hollered to Bill to go ahead. She went chuckety-chuck, chuckety-chuck for half a dozen turns; then she slowed down soon as she struck the full weight, and began to pant like an old horse climbin' a hill. All this time the colonel was callin' out from where he stood near the tiller: 'She'll never lift it, Captain—she'll never lift it.'

"Next thing come a scrapin' 'long the deck, and the big stone swung clear with a foot o' daylight 'tween it and the deck. Then up she went, crawlin' slowly inch by inch, till she reached the height of the brig's rail.

"Now come the worst part. I knew that when I gave orders to slack away the guy-rope so as to swing the stone aboard the brig, the 'Screamer' would list over and dip her rail in the water. So I made a jump for the rope ladder and shinned up the brig's side so as to take a hand in landin' the stone properly on the brig's deck. I had two big yellow pine sticks laid on the brig's deck so as to save her beams and break the jar when I lowered the stone down. I had one eye now on the stone and the other on the water which was curling over the 'Screamer's' rail and makin' for the fo'c's'le hatch. Should the water pour down this hatch out would go my fires and maybe up would come her b'iler.

"'Ease away on that guy and lower away easy,' I hollered to Bill. The stone dropped within two feet of the brig's deck and swung back and for'ards. Then I heard Bill yell. I was expectin' it.

"'Water's comin' in!'

"I leaned over the brig's rail and could see the slop of the sea combin' over the 'Screamer's' fo'c's'le hatch. Bill's fires *would* be out the next minute. There was just two feet now 'tween the stone and the deck where I stood—too much to drop; but there was nothin' else to do, and I hollered:

"'All gone.'

"Down she come with a run, struck the big timbers on the deck, and by Jiminy! ye could a-heard that old brig groan from stem to stern.

"I jumped on top of the stone and threw off the shackles, and the 'Screamer' came up on an even keel as easy as a duck ridin' the water.

"You just oughter seen the colonel when the old boat righted herself, and he had climbed up and stood 'longside the major a-talkin' it over.

"Pretty soon he came up to where I was a-gettin' the tackle ready to lower the stone in the hold, and he says:

"'Well, you made your word good, Cap'n, but I want to tell you that nobody but an American could a-done it. It would cost me my commission if I should try to do what you have done.'

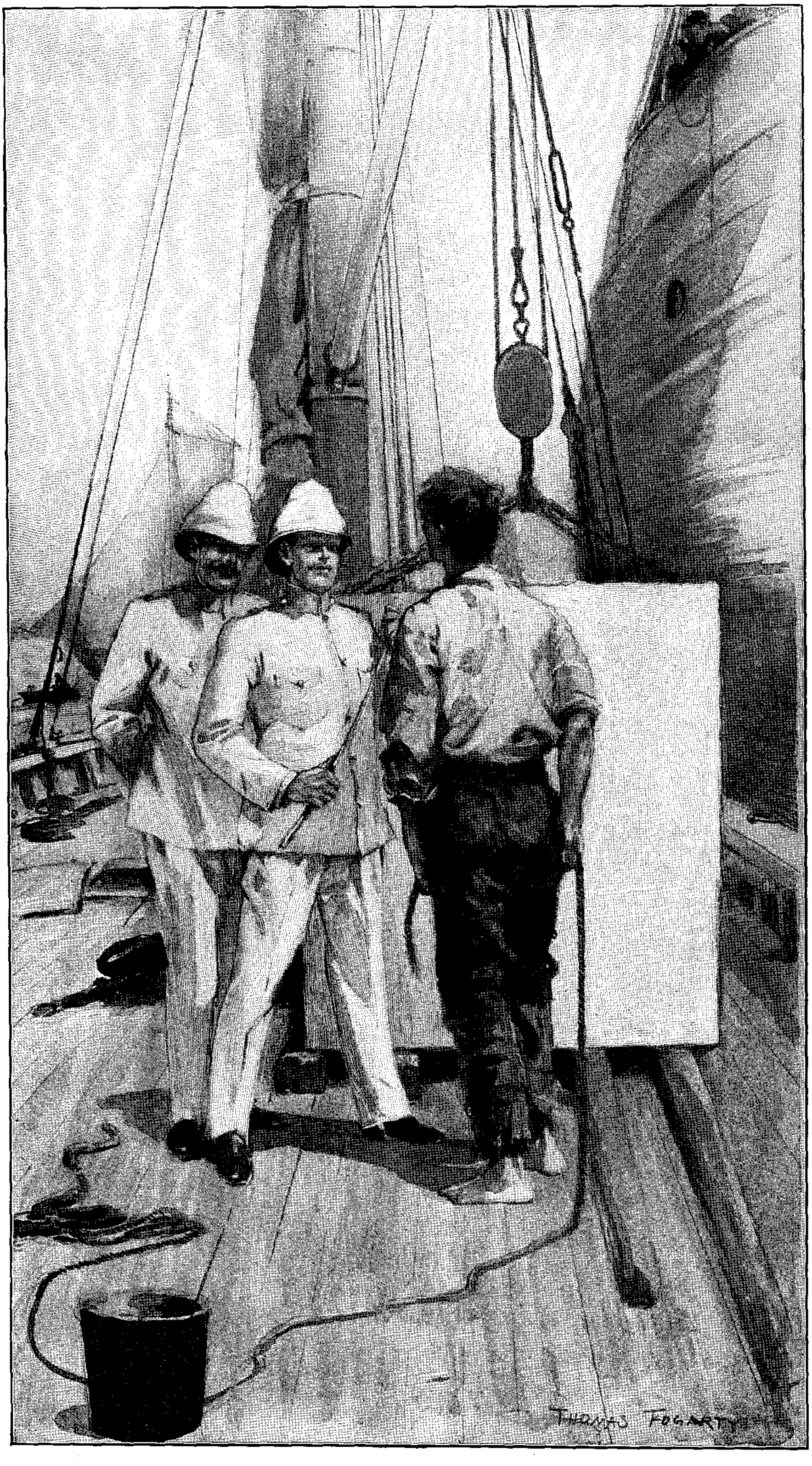
"'Well, gentlemen,' I says, 'what was wrong about it? What's the matter with the "Screamer's" rig?'

"'Well, the size of the rope for one thing,' says the colonel, 'and the boom.'

"'Well, p'haps you ain't looked it over,' I says, and I began unraveling an end that stuck out near the shackle. 'If you'll look close here'—and I held the end of the rope up—'you'll see that every stran' of that rope is made of the best Manila yarn, and laid as smooth as silk. I stood over that rope myself when it was put together. Old Sam Hanson of New Bedford laid up that rope, and there ain't none better nowhere. I knew what it had to do, and I warn't goin' to take no chances of its not doin' it right. As to that boom, I want to tell ye that I picked that boom out o' about two hundred sticks in Tom Carlin's shipyard, in Stonington, and had it scraped and ironed just to please me. There ain't a rotten knot in it from butt to finish, and mighty few of any other kind. That stick's *growed right*—that's what's the matter with it; and it bellies out in the middle, just where it ought to be thickest.'

"Well, they didn't say nothin' for a while, 'cept to walk round the stone once or twice and slap it with their hands, as if they wanted to make sure it was all there. My men were all over it now, and we was gettin' things in shape to finish up. I tell ye the boys were mighty glad, and so was I. It had been a long pull of six months' work, and we were out of most everything, and as soon as the big stone was down in the brig's hold, and warped back and stowed with the others—and that wouldn't take but a day or two more—we would clean up, get our money, and clear out for home.

"All this time the colonel and the major were buzzin' each other off by the other rail. Pretty soon they both come over to where I stood, and the colonel reached out his hand.


THOMAS FOGARTY

"'ARE YOU THE CAPTAIN . . .'"

"'Cap'n Brandt,' he says—and he had a look in his face as if he meant it—and he did, every word of it—'it would give Major Severn and myself great pleasure if you would dine with us to-night at the Canteen. The admiral is coming, and some brother officers who would be pleased to know you.'

"Well, I was struck all of a heap for a minute, knowing what kind of clo'es I had to go in, and so I says:

"'Well, gentlemen, that's very nice of you, and I see you mean it, and if I had anything fittin' to wear there's nothin' I would like better; but ye see how I'm fixed,' and I lifted my arms so he could see a few holes that he might a-missed before, and I motioned to some other parts of my get-up that needed repairs.

"'That don't make no difference, Cap'n, what kind of clo'es ye come in. We dine at eight o'clock.'

"Of course I knew I couldn't go, and I didn't want 'em to think I intended to go when I didn't, so I says, rather positive-like:

"'Very much obliged, gentlemen, but I guess I'll have to get you to count me out this time.' I knowed I warn't fittin' to sit at anybody's table, especially if that old admiral was comin'.

"The colonel see I was in earnest, and he stepped up, quick-like, and laid his hand on my shoulder.

"'Captain Brandt,' he says, 'we ain't worryin' 'bout your clo'es, and don't you worry. You can come in your shirt; you can come in your socks, or you can come without one damned rag—only come!'"

The captain stopped, shook the ashes from his cigar, slowly raised himself to his feet, and reached for his hat.

"Did you go, Captain?" I asked.

The captain looked at me for a moment with one of those quizzical glances which so often light up his face when something amuses him, and said, as he blew a cloud of smoke to the ceiling:

"Well, I didn't forget my manners. When it got dark—dark, mind ye—I went up and sat on the piazza and had a smoke with 'em—admiral and all. But I didn't go to dinner—not in them pants."

ALLUREMENT

BY MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON

FROM yonder hedge, from yonder spray,
He calls me onward and away.
Broad lies the world and fair to see;
The cuckoo calls—is calling me.

I have not seen nor heard of Care,
Who used my very bed to share,
Since that first morn, when airily
The cuckoo, calling, called to me.

My sweetheart's face? I have forgot.
My mother? But she calls me not.
From that sweet bank, from that dim lea,
The cuckoo calls—is calling me.

And I must go—I may not choose;
No gain there is, nor aught to lose;
And soon—nay, now—on some wild tree,
The bird sits long and waits for me.

THE TWO VANREVELS

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

Author of "The Gentleman from Indiana," and "Monsieur Beaucaire"

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY HUTT

SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS I-VI — The first gentleman for Miss Betty Carewe to meet, after her home-coming to Rouen, Indiana, from the Convent school, is young Tom Vanrevel, already sorely smitten from a glimpse he had caught of her as she drove into town the evening before. An introduction is, however, averted by the gentleman's companion, Miss Fanchon Bareaud, the affianced of Mr. Crailey Gray, wit, poet, and scapegrace, and Vanrevel's law partner. The cause of Miss Bareaud's parting of the two is her recollection of old Mr. Carewe's public threat to shoot Vanrevel should he ever be caught trespassing on Carewe property. Between the rich old widower and the young lawyer there has been a long-standing quarrel, mainly on account of differences of opinion concerning Mexico and Abolition.

Mr. Gray's first meeting with Miss Betty takes place by chance in the garden one evening as he is on his way to a masquerade; but he fares no better than Vanrevel, for she cuts off his ardent declarations by a prompt and indignant retreat.

At Miss Betty's début (the grand ball given by her father) neither Mr. Vanrevel nor Mr. Crailey Gray is present. From her father's curt account of these gentlemen, and from her own recollection of Miss Bareaud's apparently jealous behavior in Mr. Vanrevel's company, Miss Betty draws her own conclusions, and it is plain that Mr. Crailey Gray figures in her thought as Tom Vanrevel, and Tom Vanrevel as Crailey Gray.

Shortly afterwards occurs the great fire, at which the flower of the Rouen Volunteer Fire Department (including Vanrevel and Crailey Gray) are caught on the blazing roof of old Carewe's great granary. Just as they are about to give up hope, Miss Betty appears among them. She has entered through a trap in the roof, of which simple exit she alone had the presence of mind to take advantage, and now pleasantly invites the captives to descend.

CHAPTER VII

The Comedian

NOT savage Hun, not "barbarous Vandyke," nor demon Apache, could wish to dwell upon the state of mind of the Chief of the Rouen Volunteer Fire Department; therefore, let the curtain of mercy descend. Without a word he turned and dragged the nozzle to the eastern eaves, whence, after a warning gesture to those below, he dropped it to the ground. And, out of compassion, it should be little more than hinted that the gesture of warning was very slight.

When the rescued band reached the foot of the last flight of stairs, they beheld the open doorway as a frame for a great press of intent and contorted faces, every eye still strained to watch the roof, none of the harrowed spectators comprehending the appearance of the girl's figure there, nor able to see whither she had led the five young men, until Tappingham Marsh raised a shout as he leaped out of the door and danced upon the solid earth again.

Then, indeed, there was a mighty uproar; cheer after cheer ascended to the red vault of heaven; women wept, men whooped, and the people rushed for the heroes with wide-open, welcoming arms. Jefferson Bareaud and Frank Chenoweth and General Trumble dashed at Tom Vanrevel with incoherent cries of joy and thanksgiving, shaking his hands and beating him hysterically upon the back. He greeted them with bitter laughter.

"Help get the water into the next warehouse; this one is beyond control, but we can save the other two. Take the lines in—*through the door!*" He brushed the rejoicing friends off abruptly, and went on in a queer, hollow voice: "There are stairs—and I'm so sorry I didn't think of it until a moment ago, because you could have brought the water up that way."

A remarkable case of desertion had occurred, the previous instant, under his eyes. As the party emerged from the warehouse into the street, Tom heard Crailey say hurriedly to Miss Carewe: "Let me get you away;

come quickly,'' saw him suddenly seize her hand, and, eluding the onrushing crowd, run with her round the corner of the building. And somehow, through what intuition or through what knowledge of his partner's "temperament" heaven knows, the prophetic soul of the Chief was unhappily assured that Crailey would offer himself as escort to her home, and find acceptance. And why not? It was not Crailey who had publicly called his fellow-man fool, idiot, imbecile, at the top of his lungs, only to find himself the proven numbskull of the universe! Tom stood for a moment and looked after the vanishing pair, while over his face stole the strangest expression that ever man saw there; then, with meekly bowed shoulders, he turned again to his work.

At the corner of the warehouse Miss Carewe detached her hand from Crailey's, yet still followed him as he made a quick detour round the next building. A minute or two later they found themselves, undetected, upon Main Street in the rear of the crowd. There Crailey paused.

"Forgive me," he said breathlessly, "for taking your hand. I thought you would like to get away."

She regarded him gravely, so that he found it difficult to read her look, except that it was seriously questioning; but whether the interrogation was addressed to him or to herself he could not determine. After a silence she said:

"I don't know why I followed you. I believe it must have been because you didn't give me time to think."

This, of course, made him even quicker with her than before. "It's all over," he said briskly. "The first warehouse is gone, and the second will go, but they'll save the others easily enough, now that you have pointed out that the lines may be utilized otherwise than as adjuncts of performances on the high trapese."

They were standing by a picket fence, and he leaned against it, overcome by mirth in which she did not join. Her gravity reacted upon him at once, and his laughter was stopped short. "Will you not accept me as an escort to your home?" he said formally.

"I do not know," she returned simply, and with the sort of honest trouble in her glance that is seen only in very young eyes.

"What reason in the world?" he returned, with a crafty sharpness of astonishment.

She continued to gaze upon him thoughtfully, while he tried to look into her eyes, but was baffled because the radiant beams from the lady's orbs (as the elder Chenoweth might have said) rested somewhere dangerously near his chin, which worried him, for, though his chin made no retreat, and was far from ill-looking, it was, nevertheless, that feature which he most distrusted. "Won't you tell me why not?" he repeated uneasily.

"Because," she answered at last, speaking hesitatingly; "because it isn't so easy a matter for me as you seem to think. You have not been introduced to me, and I know you never will be, and that what you told me was true."

"Which part of what I told you?" The question escaped from him instanter.

"That the others might come when they liked, but that you could not."

"Oh yes, yes." His expression altered to a sincere dejection; his shoulders drooped, and his voice indicated supreme annoyance. "I might have known some one would tell you! Who was it? Did they say why I——"

"On account of your quarrel with my father."

"My quarrel with your father!" he exclaimed; and his face lit with an elate surprise; his shoulders straightened. He took a step nearer her and asked eagerly, "Who told you that?"

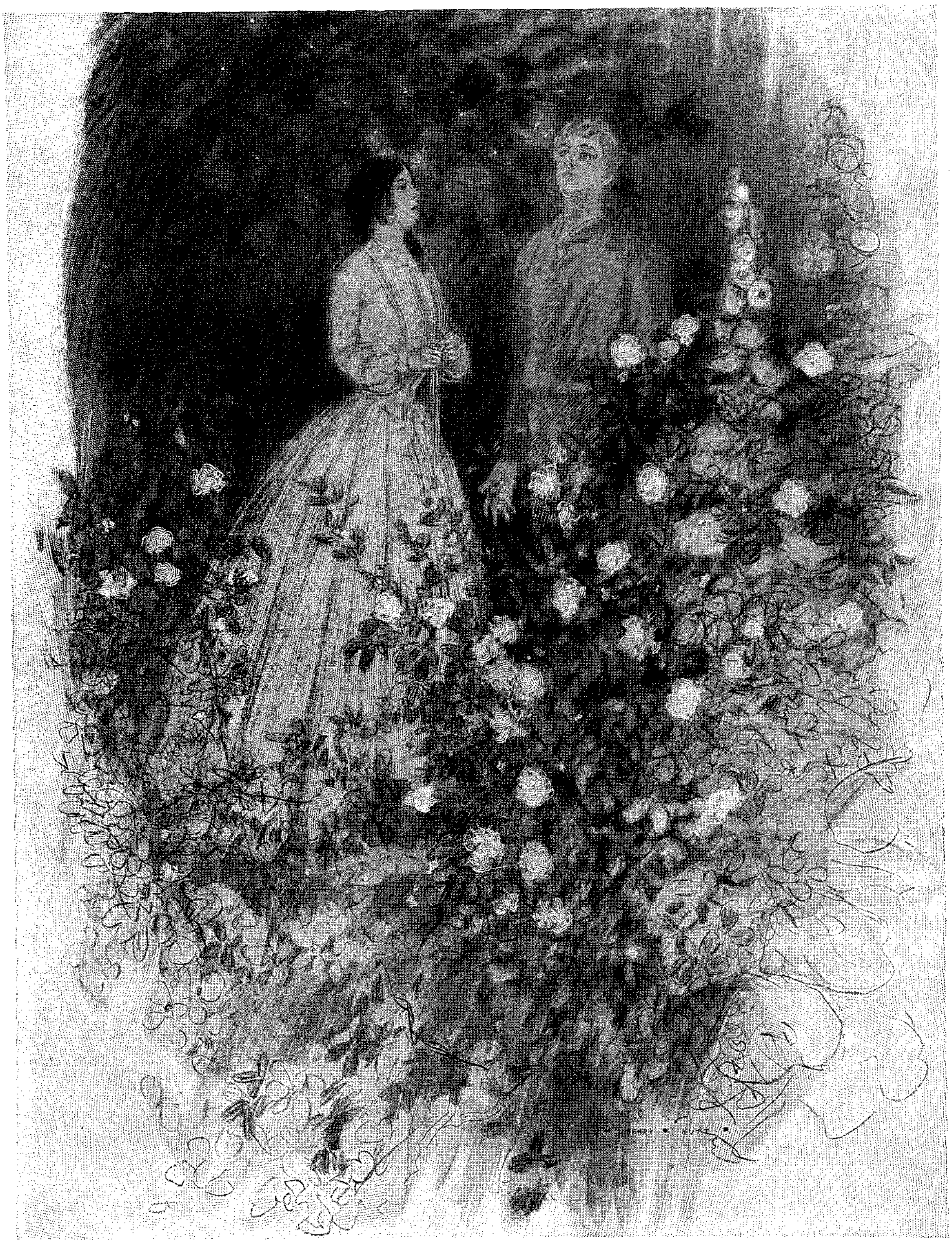
"My father himself. He spoke of a Mr. Vanrevel whom he—disliked, and whom I must not meet; and, remembering what you had said, of course I knew that you were he."

"Oh!" Crailey's lips began to form a smile of such appealing and inimitable sweetness that Voltaire would have trusted him; a smile altogether rose-leaves. "Then I lose you," he said, "for my only chance to know you was in keeping it hidden from you. And now you understand!"

"No," she answered gravely, "I don't understand; that is what troubles me. If I did, and believed you had the right of the difference, I could believe it no sin that you should speak to me, should take me home now. I think it is wrong—about anything—not to act from your own understanding of things."

The young man set his expression as one indomitably fixed upon the course of honor, cost what it might; and, in the very action, his lurking pleasure in doing it hopped out in the flicker of a twinkle in his eyes, and as instantly sought cover again—the flea in the rose-jar.

"Then you must ask some other," he said firmly. "A disinterested person should tell you. The difference was political in the beginning, but became personal afterward, and it is now a quarrel which can never be patched up, though, for my part, I wish that it could



"He threw back his head, and his face, uplifted to the jeweled sky, . . . was beatific in its peacefulness"

(See page 343)

Drawn by HENRY HUTT

be. I can say no more, because a party to it should not speak."

She met his level look squarely at last; and no man ever had a more truthful pair of eyes than Crailey Gray, for it was his great accomplishment that he could adjust his emotion, his reason, and something that might be called his faith, to fit any situation in any character.

"You may take me home," she answered. "I may be wrong, and even disloyal; but I do not feel it so now. You did a very brave thing to-night, to save him from loss, and I think that what you have said was just what you should have said."

And so they went down the street, the hubbub and confusion of the fire growing more and more indistinct behind them. They walked slowly, and, for a time, neither spoke; yet the silence was of a kind which the adept rejoiced to have produced thus soon—their second meeting. For he believed there were more strange things in heaven and earth than Horatio wot, and one of the strangest was that whenever he was near an attractive woman during a silence such as this, something not to be defined, but as effective as it was indefinite, always went out from him to her. It was like a word of tenderness, a word too gentle, too compelling, too sweet, to be part of any tongue, spoken or written. And more: this ineffable word had an echo, and came back to him from the woman.

As his partner had in dress, so Crailey had with women, some color of the beau; but it was not in what experience had given him to recognize as a fact—that they were apt to fall in love with him. (That they were apt to remain in love with *him*—he understood perfectly—was another matter.) And he knew when they were doing it; could have told them accurately, at each step, what they were feeling, thinking, dreaming, during the process, because he was usually exhibiting the same symptoms to himself at the same time.

Thus, his own breast occupied with that dizzy elation which followed its reception of the insane young god's arrows, and his heart warm with the rise of the old emotion that he knew so well, he was, nevertheless, able to walk with his finger on the pulse of the exquisite moment, counting her heart-beats and his own.

So, to his fancy, as they walked, the little space between them was hung with brilliant strands, like gossamer chains of gold, already linking them together; every second fixing another slender, precious fetter, binding them closer, drawing them nearer. He waited until they passed into the shadows of the deserted Carewe Street before he spoke. There he stopped abruptly; at which she turned, astonished.

"Now that you have saved my life," he said in a low, tremulous tone, "what are you going to do with it?"

Her eyes opened almost as widely as they had at her first sight of him in her garden. There was a long pause before she replied, and when she did, it was to his considerable surprise.

"I have never seen a play, except the funny little ones we acted at the convent," she said; "but isn't that the way they speak on the stage?"

Crailey realized that his judgment of the silence had been mistaken, and yet it was with a thrill of delight that he recognized her clear reading of him. He had been too florid again.

"Let us go." His voice was soft with restrained forgiveness. "You mocked me once before."

"Mocked you?" she repeated, as they went on.

"Mocked me," he said firmly. "Mocked me for seeming theatrical; and yet you have learned that what I said was true, as you will again."

She mused upon this; then, as in whimsical indulgence to an importunate child: "Well, tell me what you mean when you say I saved your life."

"You came alone," he began hastily, "alone to that burning roof——"

"Whence all but him had fled!" Her laughter rang out, interrupting him. "My room was on the fourth floor at St. Mary's, and I didn't mind climbing three flights this evening."

Crailey's good nature was always perfect. "You mock me and you mock me!" he cried, and made her laughter but part of a gay duet. "I know I have gone too fast, have said things I should have waited to say; but, ah! remember the small chance I have against the others who can see you when they like. Don't flout me because I try to make the most of a rare, stolen moment with you."

"Do!" she exclaimed, grave upon the instant. "Do make the most of it. I have nothing but inexperience. Make the most by treating me seriously, won't you? I know you can, and I—I—" She faltered to a full stop. She was earnest and quiet, and there had been something in her tone, too—as very often there was—that showed how young she was. "Oh," she began again, turning to him impulsively, "I have thought about you since that evening in the garden, and I have wished

I could know you. I can't be quite clear how it happened, but even those few minutes left a number of strong impressions about you. And the strongest was that you were one with whom I could talk of a great many things, if you would only be *real* with me. I believe—though I'm not sure why I do—that it is very difficult for you to be real, perhaps because you are so different at different times that you aren't sure, yourself, which the real you is. But the person that you are beginning to be for my benefit must be the most trifling of all your selves, lighter and easier to put on than the little mask you carried the other night. If there were nothing better underneath the mask, I might play, too."

"Did you learn this at the convent?" gasped Crailey.

"There was a world there in miniature," she answered, speaking very quickly. "I think all people are made of the same materials, only in such different proportions. I think a little world might hold as much as the largest, if you thought it all out hard enough, and your experience might be just as broad and deep in a small corner of the earth as anywhere else. But I don't *know!* I want to understand—I want to understand everything! I read books, and there are people—but no one who tells me what I want—I——"

"Stop." He lifted his hand. "I won't act; I shall never 'play' for you again." He was breathless; the witching silence was nothing to what stirred him now. A singular exaltation rose in him, together with the reckless impulse to speak from the mood her vehement confidence had inspired. He gave way to it.

"I know, I know," he said huskily. "I understand all you mean, all you feel, all you wish. It is all echoing *here,* and *here,* and *here!*" He touched his breast, his eyes, and his forehead with the fingers of his long and slender hand. "We sigh and strain our eyes and stretch out our arms in the dark, groping always for the strange blessing that is just beyond our grasp, seeking for the precious unknown that lies just over the horizon! It's what they meant by the pot of gold where the rainbow ends—only, it may be there, after all!"

They stopped unconsciously, and remained standing at the lower end of the Carewe hedge. The western glow had faded, and she was gazing at him intently through the darkness, leaning forward, never dreaming her tight grasp had broken the sticks of the little pink fan.

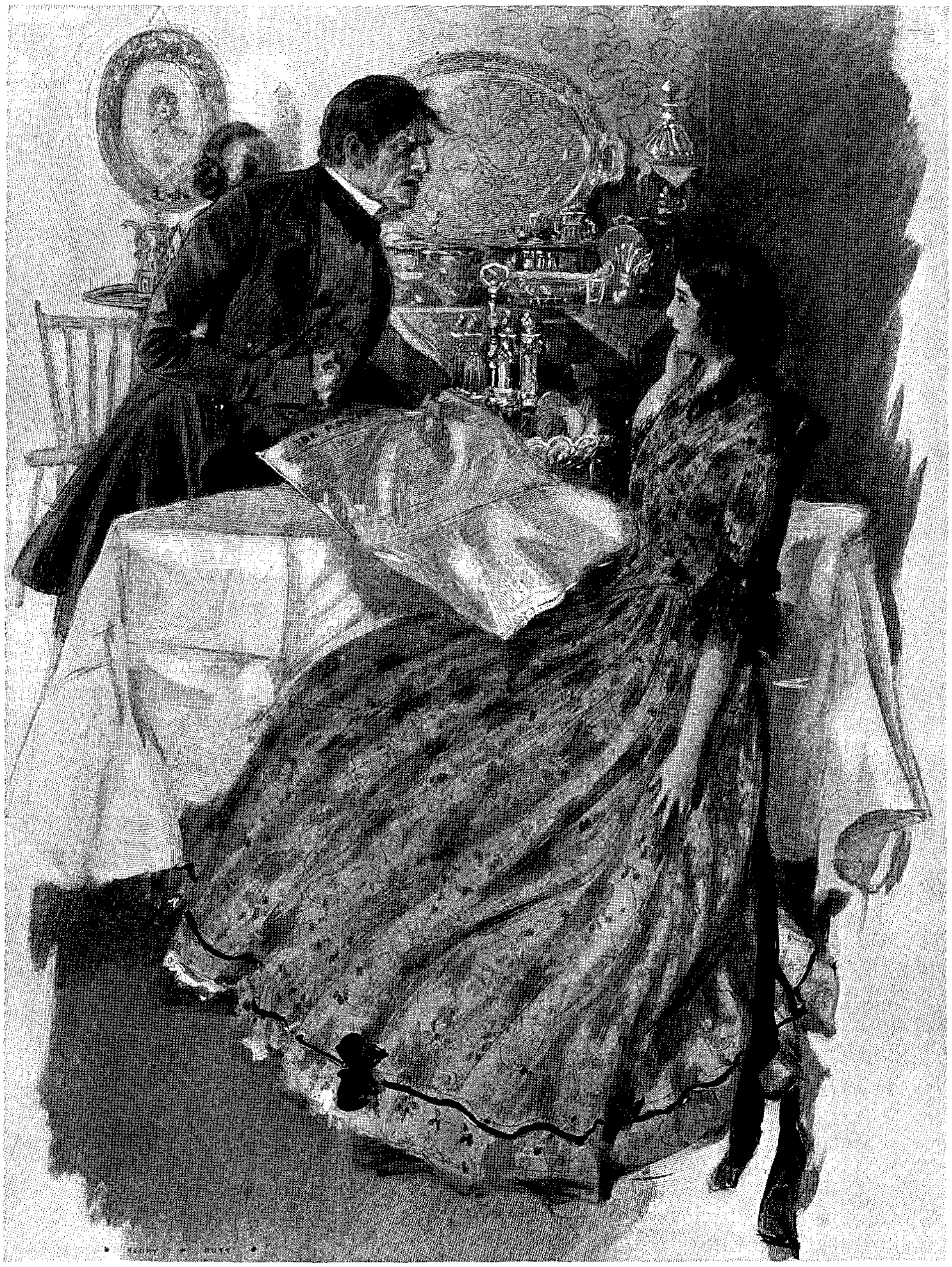
"Yes," she whispered eagerly. "You are right; you understand."

He went on, the words coming faster and faster: "We are haunted—you and I—by the wish to know all things, and by the question that lies under every thought we have—the agonizing Whither. Isn't it like that? It is really death that makes us think. You are a good Catholic—you go to mass; but you wish to *know!* Does God reign, or did it all happen? Sometimes it seems so deadly probable that the universe just *was*—no God to plan it; nothing but things—that we die as sparrows die, and the brain is all the soul we have, a thing that becomes clogged and stops some day. And is that all?"

She shivered slightly, but her steadfast eyes did not shift from him. He threw back his head, and his face, uplifted to the jeweled sky of the moonless night, was beatific in its peacefulness, as he continued in an altered tone, gentle and low:

"I think all questions are answered there. The stars tell it all. When you look at them you *know!* They have put them on our flag. There are times when this seems but a poor nation—boastful, corrupt, violent, and preparing, as it is now, to steal another country by fraud and war; yet the stars on the flag always make me happy and confident. Do you see the constellations swinging above us, such unimaginable vastnesses, not roving or crashing through the illimitable at haphazard, but moving in more excellent measure, and to a finer rhythm than the most delicate clockwork man ever made? The great ocean lines mark our seas with their paths through the water; the best brains on earth are behind the ships that sail from port to port, yet how awry the system goes! When does a ship come to her harbor at an hour determined when she sailed? What is a ship beside the smallest moon of the smallest world? But, there above us, moons, worlds, suns, all the infinite cluster of colossi, move into place to the exactness of a hair, at the precise instant. That instant has been planned, you see; it is part of a system; and can a system exist that no mind made? Think of the Mind that made this one! Do you believe so inconceivably majestic an Intelligence as that could be anything but good? Ah, when you wonder, look above you; look above you in the night, I say," he cried, his hand upraised like his transfigured face. "Look above you, and you will never fear that a sparrow's fall can go unmarked!"

It was not to the stars that she looked, but to the orator, as long as he held that pose, which lasted until a hard-ridden horse came galloping down the street. As it dashed by, though the rider glanced neither to right nor



"'READ THAT!'"

Drawn by **HENRY HUTT**

left, Miss Betty unconsciously made a feverish clutch at her companion's sleeve, drawing him closer to the hedge.

"It is my father," she said hurriedly in a low voice. "He must not see you. You must never come here. Perhaps—" She paused, then quickly whispered: "You have been very kind to me. Good-night."

He looked at her intently, and through the dimness saw that her face was shining with excitement. He did not speak again, but, taking a step backward, smiled faintly, bent his head in humble acquiescence, and made a slight gesture of his hand for her to leave him. She set her eyes upon his once more, then turned swiftly and almost ran along the hedge to the gate; but there she stopped and looked back. He was standing where she had left him, his face again uplifted to the sky.

She waved him an uncertain farewell with trembling fingers, and ran into the garden, both palms against her burning cheeks.

Night is the great necromancer, and strange are the fabrics he weaves; he lays queer spells, breathes so eerie an intoxication through the dusk; he can cast such glamours about a voice. He is the very king of fairyland.

Miss Betty began to walk rapidly up and down the garden paths, her head bent and her hands still pressed to her cheeks; now and then an unconscious exclamation burst from her, incoherent, more like a gasp than a word. A long time she paced the vigil with her stirring heart, her skirts sweeping the dew from the leaning flowers. Her lips moved often, but only the confused, vehement "*Oh, oh!*" came from them, until at last she paused in the middle of the garden, away from the trees, where all was open to the sparkling firmament, and extended her arms over her head.

"O, strange teacher," she said aloud, "I *take* your beautiful stars. I shall know how to learn from them."

She gazed steadily upward, enrapt, her eyes resplendent with their own starlight.

"O, stars, stars, stars!" she whispered.

In the teeth of all wizardry, Night's spells do pass at sunrise; marvelous poems sink to doggerel; mighty dreams to blown ashes, and solids regain weight. Miss Betty, waking at daybreak, saw the motes dancing in the sun at her window, and watched them with a placid, unremembering eye. She began to stare at them in a puzzled way, while a look of wonder slowly spread over her face. Suddenly she sat upright, as though something had startled her. She clenched her fingers tightly.

"Ah, if that *was* playing!"

CHAPTER VIII

A Tale of a Political Difference

Mr. Carewe was already at the breakfast table, but the light of his countenance, hidden behind the "Rouen Journal," was not vouchsafed to his daughter when she took her place opposite him, nor did he see fit to answer her morning greeting, from which she generously concluded that the burning of the two warehouses had meant a severe loss to him.

"I am so sorry, father," she said gently. (She had not called him "papa" since the morning after her ball.) "I hope it isn't to be a great trouble to you." There was no response, and, after waiting for some time, she spoke again, rather tremulously, yet not timidly: "Father?"

He rose, and upon his brow were marked the blackest lines of anger she had ever seen, so that she leaned back from him, startled; but he threw down the open paper before her on the table, and struck it with his clenched fist.

"Read that!" he said. And he stood over her while she read.

There were some grandiloquent headlines: "Miss Elizabeth Carewe an Angel of Mercy! Charming Belle Saves the Lives of Five Prominent Citizens! Her Presence of Mind Prevents Conflagration from Wiping Out the City!" It may be noted that Will Cummings, editor and proprietor of the "Journal," had written these tributes, as well as the whole account of the evening's transactions, and Miss Betty loomed as large in Will's descriptions as in his good and lovelorn heart. There was very little concerning the fire in Will's narrative; it was nearly all about Betty. That is one of the misfortunes which pursue a lady who allows an editor to fall in love with her.

However, there was a scant mention of the arrival of the Volunteers "upon the scene" (though none at all of the cause of their delay); and a short, eloquent tribute was paid to their handsome appearance, Mr. Cummings having been one of those who insisted that the new uniforms should be worn. "Soon," said the "Journal," "through the daring of the Chief of the Department and the Captain of the Hook-and-Ladder Company, one of whom placed and mounted the grappling ladder, over which he was immediately followed by the other, carrying the hose, a stream was sent to play upon the devouring element, a feat of derring-do personally witnessed by a majority of our readers. Mr. Vanrevel and Mr. Gray were joined by Eugene Madrillon, Tappingham Marsh, and the editor of this paper, after which occurred the unfortunate accident to the long ladder, leaving the five named gentlemen in their terrible predicament, face to face with death in its most awful form. At this frightful moment"—and all the rest was about Miss Carewe. As Will himself admitted, he had "laid himself out on that description." One paragraph was composed of short sentences, each beginning with the word "alone." "Alone she entered the shattered door. Alone she set foot upon the first flight of stairs. Alone she ascended the second. Alone she mounted the third. Alone she lifted her hand to the trap. Alone she opened it." And she was declared to have made her appearance to the unfortunate prisoners on the roof, even as "the palm-laden dove to the despairing Noah." Will also asserted repeatedly that she was the "heroine of the hour."

Miss Betty blushed to see her name so blazoned forth in print; but she lacked one kind of vanity, and failed to find just reason for more than amusement, the writer's purpose was so manifestly kind in spite of the bizarre result.

"Oh, I wish Mr. Cummings hadn't!" she exclaimed. "It would have been better not to speak of me at all, of course; but I can't see that there is anything to resent—it is so funny."

"Funny!" Mr. Carewe repeated the word in a cracked falsetto, with the evident intention of mocking her, and at the same time hideously contorted his face into a grotesque idiocy of expression, pursing his lips so extremely and setting his brows so awry, that his other features were carried out of all familiar likeness, effecting an alteration as shocking to behold, in a man of his severe cast of countenance, as was his falsetto mimicry to hear. She rose in a kind of terror, perceiving that this contortion was produced in burlesque of her own expression, and, as he pressed nearer her, stepped back, overturning her chair. She had little recollection of her father during her childhood; and as long as she could remember, no one had spoken to her angrily, or even roughly.

As she retreated from him he leaned forward, thrusting the hideous mask he had made of his visage closer to her white and horror-stricken face. "You can't see anything to resent in that!" he gibbered. "It's so funny, is it? Funny! Funny! Funny! I'll show you whether it's funny or not; I'll show you!" His voice rose almost to a shriek. "You hang around fires, do you, on the public streets at night? You're a nice one for me to leave in charge of my house while I'm away, you trollop! What did you mean by going up on that roof? You knew that damned Vanrevel was there! You did, I say; you knew it!"

She ran toward the door with a frightened cry; but he got between it and her, menacing her with his upraised open hands, shaking them over her.

"You're a lovely daughter, aren't you?" he shouted hoarsely. "You knew perfectly well who was on that roof, and you went! Didn't you go? Answer me that! If I'd had arms about me, when I got there I'd have shot that man dead! He was on my property, giving *orders*, the black hound! And when I ordered him out, he told me if I interfered with his work before it was finished he'd have *me* thrown out—*me* that owned the whole place! And there wasn't a man that would lend me a pistol! 'Rescue!' You'd better rescue him from me, you palm-laden dove, for I'll shoot him, I will! I'll kill that dog; and he knows it. He can bluster in a crowd, but he'll hide now! He's a coward, and——"

"He came home with me; he brought me home last night." Her voice rang out in the room suddenly, like that of some other person, and she hardly knew that it was herself who spoke.

"You lie!" he screamed, and fell back from her, his face working as though under the dominance of some physical disorder, the flesh of it plastic beyond conception, so that she cried out and covered her face with her arm. "You lie! I saw you at the hedge with Crailey Gray, though you thought I didn't. What do you want to lie like that for? Vanrevel didn't even speak to you. I asked Madrillon. You lie!"

He choked upon the words, a racking cough shook him from head to foot; and he staggered back and dropped upon her overturned chair, his arms beating the table in front of him, and his head jerking spasmodically backward and forward as he gasped for breath.

"Ring the bell," he panted thickly, with an incoherent gesture. "Nelson knows. Over—few minutes. Ring!"

Nelson evidently knew. He brought brandy and water from the sideboard with no stinting hand, and within ten minutes Mr. Carewe was in his accustomed seat, competent to finish his breakfast. In solitude, however, he sat, and no one guessed what his thoughts were.

For Miss Betty had fled to her own room, and had bolted the door. She lay upon the bed, shuddering and shivering with nausea and cold, though the day was warm. Then, like a hot pain in her breast, came a homesickness for St. Mary's, and the flood-tide of tears, as she thought of the quiet convent in the sunshine over to the west—the peace of it, and the *goodness* of everybody there.

"Sister Cecilia!" Her shoulders shook with the great sob that followed this name, dearest to her in the world, convulsively whispered to the pillow. "Dear Sister Cecilia!" She patted the white pillow with her hand, as though it were the cool cheek against which she yearned to lay her own. "Ah, *you* would know; you would know!" And with the thought of the serene face of the good sister, and of the kind arms that would have gone round her in her trouble, her sobbing grew loud and uncontrollable. But she would not have her father hear it, and buried her face deep in the pillow. After a time she began to grow quieter, turned, and lay with wet eyes staring unseeingly at the wall, her under lip quivering with the deep intake of each broken sigh.

"O, stars, stars, stars!" she whispered.

⁂

"Missy?" There came a soft knock upon the door and the clink of silver upon china. "Missy?"

"What is it?" So quick was Miss Betty that although she answered almost at once, the tears were washed away and she was passing a cool, wet towel over her eyes at the moment she spoke.

"Jass me. I brung yo' breakfas', honey."

Old Nelson's voice was always low and gentle, with a quaver and hesitancy in the utterance; now it was tender and comforting, with the comprehension of one in suffering, the extraordinary tact which the old of his race nearly all come to possess. "Li'l chicken wing on piece brown toast, honey."

When she opened the door he came in, bending attentively over his tray, and, without a glance toward his young mistress, made some show of fuss and bustle as he placed it upon a table near the window and drew up a chair for her, so that she could sit with her back to the light.

"Dah now!" he exclaimed softly, removing the white napkin and displaying other dainties beside the chicken wing. "Dass de way! Dat ole Mamie in de kitchen, she got her failin's an' her grievin' sins; but de way she do han'le chicken an' biscuit sutney hain't none on 'em. She plead fo' me to ax you hain't you like dem biscuit." He kept his head bent low over the table, setting a fork closer to Betty's hand, arranging the plates, then re-arranging them; but never turning his eyes in her direction.

"Dat ole Mamie mighty vain, yessuh!" He suffered a very quiet chuckle to escape him. "She did most sutney 'sist dat I ax you how you like dem biscuit. She de ve'y vaines' woman in dis State, dat ole Mamie; yessuh!" And now he cast one quick glance out of the corner of his eye at Miss Betty before venturing a louder chuckle. "She reckon dem biscuit goin' git her by Sain' Petuh when she 'proach de hevumly gates. Uhuh! I tell her she got git redemption fer de aigs she done ruin dese many yeahs; 'case she as useless wid an ommelick as a two-day calf on de slick ice." Here he laughed loud and long. "You jass go and talk wid dat Mamie, some day, Missy; you'll see how vain dat woman is."

"Has father gone out, Nelson?" asked Betty in a low voice.

"Yes'm; he up town." The old man's tone sank at once to the level of her own; became confidential, as one speaks to another in a room where somebody is ill. "He mekkin' perpetration go down de rivuh dis aft'noon. He say he done broke de news tuh you dat he goin' 'way. Dey goin' buil' dem wa'house right up, an' yo' pa he necistate go 'way 'count de contrack. He be gone two week, honey," Nelson finished, without too much the air of imparting cheery tidings, but with just enough.

"I am to stay here alone?"

"La, no, Missy!" Dat big Miz Tanberry, dass de bes' frien' we-all got, she home ag'in, an' yo' pa goin' invite her visit at de house, whiles he away, an' tuh stay a mont' aftuh he git back, too, soze she kin go tuh all de doin's an' junketin's wid you, and talk wid de young mens dat you don' like, whiles you talk wid dem you does like."

"What time will father come home?"

"Home? He be gone two week, honey."

"No; I mean to-day."

"La! He ain' comin' back. Bid me pack de trunk an ca'y um down tuh de boat at noon. Den he bid me say far'-ye-well an' a kine good-bye fer him, honey. 'Say he think you hain't feelin' too well, soze he won't 'sturb ye hisself, an' dat he unestly do hope you goin' have splen'id time whiles he trabblin'." (Nelson's imagination supplied many deficits in his master's courtesy.) "'Say he reckon you an' ole Miz Tanberry goin' git 'long mighty nice wid one'nurr. An' dass what me an' Mamie reckon 'spechually boun' tuh take place, 'case dat a mighty nice lady, dat big Miz Tanberry, an' an ole frien' 'er owah fambly. She 'uz a frien' er yo' ma's, honey."

Miss Betty had begun by making a pretence to eat, only to please the old man; but the vain woman's cookery had not been unduly extolled, and Nelson laughed with pleasure to see the fluffy biscuits and the chicken wing not nibbled at, but actually eaten. This was a healthy young lady, he thought; one who would do the household credit and justify the extravagant pride which kitchen and stable already had in her. He was an old house-servant; therefore he had seen many young ladies go through unhappy hours, and he admired Miss Betty the more because she was the first who had indulged in strong weeping and did not snuffle at intervals afterward. He understood perfectly everything that had passed between father and daughter that morning.

When her breakfast was finished, she turned slowly to the window, and while her eyes did not refill, a slight twitching of the upper lids made him believe that she was going over the whole scene again in her mind; whereupon he began to move briskly about the room with a busy air, picking up her napkin, dusting a chair with his hand, exchanging the position of the andirons in the fireplace; and, apparently, discovering that the portrait of Georges Meilhac was out of line, he set it awry, then straight again, the while he hummed an old "spiritual" of which only the words "Chain de Lion Down" were allowed to be quite audible. They were repeated often, and at each repetition of them he seemed profoundly, though decorously, amused, in a way which might have led to a conjecture that the refrain bore some distant reference to his master's eccentricity of temper. At first he chuckled softly, but at the final iteration of "Chain de Lion Down" burst into outright laughter.

"Honey, my La!" he exclaimed, "but yo' pa de 'ceivin'dest man. He mighty proud er you."

"Proud of me!" She turned to him in astonishment.

Nelson's laughter increased. "Hain't he jass de 'ceivin'dest man! Yassuh, he de sotuppest man in dis town 'count what you done last night. What he say dis mawn', dat jass his *way!*"

"Ah, no!" said Miss Betty sadly.

"Yas'm. He proud er *you*, but he teahbul mad at dat *man*. He hain't mad at you, but he gotter cuss *somebody!* Jass reach out fer de nighes' he kin lay han's on, an' dis mawn it happen soze it were you, honey. Uhuh! You oughter hearn him las' night when he come home. Den it were *me*. Bless God, I hain't keerin'. He weren't mad at me, no mo'n' he were at you. He jass *mad!*"

Miss Betty looked at the old fellow keenly. He remained, however, apparently unconscious of her scrutiny, and occupied himself with preparations for removing the tray.

"Nelson, what is the quarrel between my father and Mr. Vanrevel?"

He had lifted the tray, but set it down precipitately, turning toward her a surprised and sobered countenance.

"Missy," he said gravely, "dey big trouble 'twix' dem two."

"I know," she returned quietly; "but what is it?"

"Wha'fo' you ax me, Missy?"

"Because you're the only one I can ask. I don't know any one here well enough, except you."

Nelson's lips puckered solemnly. "Mist' Vanrevel vote Whig; but he agin' Texas."

"Well, what if he is?"

"Yo' pa mighty strong fer Texas."

"Is that all?"

"No'm'; dat hain't hardly de beginnin'. Mist' Vanrevel he a Ab'litionist."

"Well?"

"Honey, folks roun' heah mos' on 'em like Mist' Vanrevel so well dey hain't hole it up agin' him—but, Missy, ef dey one thing topper de God's wull yo' pa do desp'itly and contestably despise, hate, cuss, an' outrageously 'bominate wuss'n' a yaller August spiduh, it are a Ab'litionist! He want trample 'em eve'y las' one under he boot-heel, 'cep'n' dat one Mist' Crailey Gray. Dey's a considabul sprinklin' er dem Ab'litionists 'bout de kentry, honey; dey's mo' dat don' know w'ich dey is; an' dey's mo' still dat don' keer. Soze dat why dey go git up a quo'l 'twix' yo' pa an' dat man, an' 'range tuh have 'er on a platfawm, de yeah 'fo' de las' campaign; w'ich dey call de quo'l a *de*-bate; an' all de folks come in f'um de kentry, an' all de folks in town come, too. De whole possetucky of 'em sit an' listen.

"Fus' yo' pa talk; den Mist' Vanrevel; bofe on 'em mighty cole an' suvvige. Den yo' pa git wo'm up, Missy, like he do, 'case he so useter have his own way; 'taint his fault, he jass cain't *help* hollerin' an' cussin' if anybody 'pose him; but Mist' Vanrevel he jass as suvvige, but he stay cole, w'ich make yo' pa all de hotter. He holler fer sho', Missy, an' some de back ranks 'gun snickerin' at him. Uhuh! He fa'r hop, he did; an' den bimeby

Mist' Vanrevel he say dat no man oughter be given de pilverige tuh sell another, ner tuh wallop him wid a black-snake, whether he 'buse dat pilverige er not. ' My honabul 'ponent,' s's he, ' Mist' Carewe, rep'sent in hisself de 'ristocratic slave-ownin' class er de Souf, do' he live in de Nawf an' 'ploy free labor; yit it sca'sely tuh be believe dat any er you would willin'ly trus' him wid de powah er life an' death ovah yo' own chillun, w'ich is virchously what de slave-ownah p'sess.'

" Missy, you jass ughter see yo' pa den! He blue in de face an' dance de quadrille on de boa'ds. He leave his cha'h, git up, an' run 'cross tuh de odder side de platfawm, an' shake he fis' ovah dat man's head, an' screech out how it all lies dat de slaves evah 'ceive sich a treatments. ' Dat all lies, you pu'juh!' he holler. ' All lies, you misabul thief,' he holler; ' all lies, an' yo know it, yo low-bawn slandah' an' scoun'le!'

" An' wid dat Mist' Vanrevel, he laff in yo' pa face, an' tuhn to de crowd, he did, an' say: ' You reckon dat if dish yuh man a slave-ownah, an' a slave had anguhed him as I have anguhed him to-night, does any er you b'lieve dat dat slave wouldn' be tied up an' whipped tell de blood run, an' den sole down de rivuh to-morrer?'

" Well, suh, 'cose mos' on 'em *b'lieve* same as yo' pa; but dat sutney fotch 'em, an' win de *de*-bate, 'case dey jass natchully lay back an' roah, dey did, Missy; dey laff an' stomp an' holler tell you could a hearn 'em a mild away. An', honey, yo' pa'd a millyum times druther Mist' Vanrevel'd a kilt him dan tuhn de laff on him. He'd shoot a man, honey, ef he jass s'picion him tuh grin out de cornder his eye at him; an' tuh stan' up dah wid de whole county fa'r roahin' at him—it's de God's mussy he didn' have no ahms wid him, dat night! Ole Mist' Chen'eth done brung him home, an' yo' pa reach out an' kick me squah' out'n de liberry winder soon's he ketch sight er me!" The old man's gravity gave way to his enjoyment of the recollection, and he threw back his head to laugh. " He sho' did, honey! Uhuh! Ho, ho, ho! He sho' did, honey; he sho' did!"

Nevertheless, as he lifted the tray again, and crossed the room to go, his solemnity returned. " Missy," he said earnestly, " ef dat young gelmun fall in love wid you, w'ich I knows he will ef he ketch sight er you, lemme say dis, an' please fo' tuh ba'h in mine—better have nuttin' do wid him 'tall, fo' he own sake, an' 'bove all, keep him fur 'way f'um dese p'emises. Don' let him come in a mild er dis house."

" Nelson, was that all the quarrel between them?"

" Blessed mussy, ain' dat 'nough? Ef dey's any mo' I ain' heah what dat part were," he answered quickly, but with a dogged tightening of the lips which convinced Miss Betty that he knew very well.

" Nelson, what was the rest of it?"

" Please, Missy, I got pack yo' pa trunk; an' it time, long ago, fer me tuh be at my wu'k." He was half out of the door.

" What was the rest of it?" she repeated quietly.

" Now, honey," he returned with a deprecatory shake of his head, " I got my own wu'k 'tend tuh, an' I hain't nevah ax nobody what 'twas, an' I hain't goin' ax 'em. An' lemme jass beg you foller de ole man's advice; you do de same, 'case nobody hain't goin' tell you. All I know is dat it come later an' were somep'n' 'bout dat riprarin' Crailey Gray. Yo' pa he sent a channelge tuh Mist' Vanrevel; and Mist' Vanrevel 'fuse tuh fight him 'case he say he don' b'lieve shootin' yo' pa goin' do yo' pa any good, an' he still got hope mekkin' good citizen outer him. Dat brung de laff on yo' pa agin; an' he 'clare tuh God ef he cotch Vanrevel on any groun' er hisn he shoot him like a mad dog. 'Pon my livin' soul he mean dem wuds, Missy! Dey had hard 'nough time las' night keepin' him fum teahin' dat man tuh pieces at de fiah. You mus' keep dat young gelmun 'way fum heah."

" He came home with me last night, Nelson; I told father so."

" Yas'm. Yo' pa tole me you say dat, but he reckon you done it fo' tuh mek him madder, 'case you mad, too. He say he done see dat Crailey Gray comin' long de hedge wid you."

" He was mistaken; it was Mr. Vanrevel."

Nelson rolled his eyes fervently to heaven. " Den dat young man run pintedly on he death. Ef you want keep us all dis side er de Jawdan Rivuh, don' let him set foot in dis neighbo'hood when yo' pa come back. An', honey—" his voice sank to a penetrating whisper—" 'fo' I do a lick er wu'k I goin' out in de stable an' git down on my knees an' retu'n thanksgiving tuh de good God 'case he hole Carewe Street in de dahkness las' night."

After he had reached the hall, he opened the door again, and said cheerfully:

" Soon's I git de trunk fix fer yo' pa, I bring 'roun' dat bay colt wid de side-saddle. You bettuh set 'bout gittin' on yo' ridin'-habit, Missy. De roads is mighty good dis sunshiny wedduh."

" Nelson?"

"Yas'm."

"Do you think such an attack as father had this morning—is—dangerous?"

He had hoped for another chance to laugh violently before he left her, and this completely fitted his desire. "Ho, ho, ho!" he shouted. "No'm, no, no, honey. He jass git so mad it mek him sick. You couldn't kill dat man wid a broadax, Missy."

And he went down the hall leaving sonorous reverberations behind him. The purpose of his visit had been effected, for, when Miss Betty appeared upon the horse-block in her green habit and gauntlets, she was smiling; so that only a woman—or a wise old man—could have guessed that she had wept bitterly that morning.

She cantered out to the flat, open country to the east, where she found soft dirt roads that were good for the bay colt's feet, and she had reached a cross-road several miles from town before she was overcome by the conviction that she was a wicked and ungrateful girl. She could not place the exact spot of her guilt, but she knew it was there, somewhere, since she felt herself a guilty thing.

For the picture which Nelson had drawn rose before her: the one man standing alone in his rage on the platform, beaten and overwhelmed by his calm young adversary, and made the butt of laughter for a thousand. Her father had been in the wrong in that quarrel; and somehow she was sure, too, he must have been wrong in the "personal" one, as well: the mysterious difficulty over Fanchon's Mr. Gray who had looked so ashamed last night. What feud could they make over him, of all people in the world? He looked strong enough to take care of his own quarrels, even if he was so rigorously bound by Fanchon's apron-string, when it came to a word with another girl. But the conclusion that her father had been in error did not lessen the pathetic appeal of the solitary figure facing the ridicule of the crowd. She felt that her father always honestly believed himself in the right; she knew that he was vain, that he had an almost monstrous conception of his dignity; and, realizing the bitterness of that public humiliation which he had undergone, she understood the wrath, the unspeakable pain and sense of outrage which must have possessed him.

And now she was letting him go forth upon a journey—his way beset with the chances of illness and accident—whence he might never return; she was letting him go without seeing him again; letting him go with no word of farewell from his daughter. In brief, she was a wicked girl. She turned the colt's head abruptly to the west and touched his flanks with her whip.

So it fell out, that, as the packet foamed its passage backward from Carewe's wharf into the current, the owner of the boat, standing upon the hurricane-deck, heard a cry from the shore, and turned to behold his daughter dash down to the very end of the wharf on the well-lathered colt. Miss Betty's hair was blown about her face; her cheeks were rosy, and her eager eyes sparkling from more than the hard riding.

"Papa!" she cried, "I'm *sorry!*" She leaned forward out of the saddle, extending her arms to him appealingly in a charming gesture; and, absolutely ignoring the idlers on the wharf and the passengers on the steamer, was singly intent upon the tall figure on the hurricane-deck. "Papa—good-by. Please forgive me!"

"By the Almighty, but that's a fine woman!" said the captain of the boat to a passenger from Rouen. "Is she *his* daughter?"

"Please forgive me!" the clear voice came again with its quaver of entreaty across the widening water; and then, as Mr. Carewe made no sign, by word or movement, of hearing her, and stood without the slightest alteration of his attitude, she cried to him once more:

"Good-by."

The paddle-wheels reversed; the boat swung down the river, Mr. Carewe still standing immovable on the hurricane-deck; while, to the gaze of those on the steamer, the figure on the bay colt at the end of the wharf began to grow smaller and smaller. She was waving her handkerchief in farewell, and they could see the little white speck in the distance, dimmer and dimmer, yet fluttering still, as they passed out of sight round the bend nearly three-quarters of a mile below.

CHAPTER IX

The Rule of the Regent

Betty never forgot her first sight of the old friend of her family. Returning with a sad heart, she was walking the colt slowly through the carriage gates, when an extravagantly stout lady, in green muslin illustrated with huge red flowers, came out upon the porch and waved a fat arm to the girl. The visitor wore a dark green turban and a cashmere shawl, while the expanse of her skirts was nothing short of magnificent; some cathedral dome seemed to have been misplaced, and the lady dropped into it. Her outstretched hand terrified Betty! How was she to approach near enough to take it?

Mrs. Tanberry was about sixty, looked forty; and at first you might have guessed she weighed nearly three hundred, but the lightness of her smile and the actual buoyancy which she somehow imparted to her whole dominion lessened that by at least a hundredweight. She ballooned out to the horse-block with a billowy rush somewhere between bounding and soaring; and Miss Betty slid down from the colt, who shied violently, to find herself enveloped, in spite of the dome, in a vasty surf of green and red muslin. "My charming girl!" exclaimed the lady vehemently, in a voice of such husky richness, of such merriment and unction of delight, that it fell upon Miss Betty's ear with more of the quality of sheer gaiety than any she had ever heard. "Beautiful woman, what a beautiful woman you are!"

She kissed the girl resoundingly on both cheeks; stepped back from her and laughed, and clapped her fat hands, which were covered with flashing rings. "Oh, but you are a true blue Beauty! You're a Princess! I am Mrs. Tanberry—Jane Tanberry—young Janie Tanberry! And I haven't seen you since you were a baby, and your pretty mother was a girl like us!"

"You are so kind to come," said Betty hesitatingly, the long lashes veiling her eyes. "I shall try to be very obedient."

"Obedient!" Mrs. Tanberry uttered the word with a shriek. "You'll be nothing of the kind. I am the light-mindedest woman in the universe, and any one who obeyed me would be embroiled in everlasting trouble every second in the day. You'll find that *I* am the one who needs looking after, my beautiful." She tapped Miss Betty's cheek with her jeweled fingers as the two mounted the veranda steps. "It will be worry enough for you to obey yourself; a body sees that at the first blush. You have conscience in your forehead and rebellion in your chin. Ha, ha, ha!" Here Mrs. Tanberry sat upon, and obliterated, a large chair, Miss Carewe taking a stool at her knee.

"People of our age, Princess, oughtn't to be bothered with obeying; there'll be time enough for that when we get old and can't enjoy *anything*. Ha, ha!" Mrs. Tanberry punctuated her observations with short volleys of husky laughter, so abrupt in both discharge and cessation that, until Miss Betty became accustomed to the habit, she was apt to start slightly at each salvo. "I had a husband—once," the lady resumed, "but only once, my friend! He had ideas like your father's—your father is such an imbecile!—and he thought that wives, sisters, and daughters and such like ought to be obedient; that is:—the rest of the world was wrong unless it was right; and *right* was just his own little, teeny-squeeny prejudices and emotions dressed up for a crazy masquerade as facts. Poor man! He only lasted about a year!" And Mrs. Tanberry laughed heartily.

"They've been at me time and again to take another." She lowered her voice and leaned toward Betty confidentially. "Not I! I'd be willing to engage myself to Crailey Gray (though Crailey hasn't got round to me yet), for I don't mind just being engaged, my dear; but they'll have to invent something better than a man before I *marry* any of 'em again! But I love 'em, I do! And you'll see how they follow me!" She patted the girl's shoulder, her small eyes beaming quizzically. "We'll have the gayest house in Rouen, ladybird! The young men all go to the Bareaud's; but they'll come here now, and we'll have the Bareauds along with 'em. I've been away a long time, just finished unpacking yesterday night when your father came in after the fire—whoo! what a state he was in with that devilish temper of his! Didn't I snap him up when he asked me to come and stay with you! Ha, ha! I'd have come, even if you hadn't been a beautiful woman; but I was wild to be your playmate; for I'd heard nothing but 'Miss Betty Carewe, Miss Betty Carewe' from everybody I saw, since the minute my stage came in. You set 'em all mad at your ball, Princess, and I knew we'd make a glorious housefull, you and I! Some of the vagabonds will turn up this evening; you'll see if they don't. Ha, ha! The way they follow me!"

Mrs. Tanberry was irresistible: she filled the whole place otherwise than by the mere material voluminousness of her, bubbling over with froth of nonsense which flew through the house, driven by her energy, like sea-foam on a spring gale; and the day, so discordantly begun for Miss Betty, grew musical with her low contralto laughter, answering the husky staccato of the vivacious newcomer. Nelson waited upon them at table, radiant, his smile like the keyboard of any ebony piano; and his disappearances into the kitchen, when he changed the courses, were accomplished by means of a surreptitious double-shuffle, and followed by the cacchinating echoes of the vain Mamie's reception of the visitor's sallies, which Nelson hastily retailed in passing.

Nor was Mrs. Tanberry's prediction allowed to go unfulfilled regarding the advent of those persons whom she had designated as vagabonds. It may have been out of deference to Mr. Carewe's sense of decorum (or from a cautious regard of what he was liable to do when he considered that sense outraged) that the gallants of Rouen had placed themselves under the severe restraint of allowing three days to elapse after their introduction to Miss Carewe before they "paid their respects at the house"; but, be that as it may, the dictator was now safely under way, down the Rouen River, and Mrs. Tanberry reigned in his stead. Thus, at about eight o'clock that evening, the two ladies sat in the library engaged in conversation—though, for the sake of accuracy, it should be said that Mrs. Tanberry was engaged in conversation, Miss Betty in giving ear—when their attention was arrested by sounds of a somewhat musical nature from the lawn, which sounds were immediately identified as emanating from a flute and a violin.

Mrs. Tanberry bounded across the room like a public building caught by a cyclone, and, dashing at the candles, "Blow 'em out, blow 'em out!" she exclaimed, suiting the action to the word in a fluster of excitement.

"Why?" asked Miss Carewe, startled, as she rose to her feet. The candles were out before the question.

"Why!" repeated the merry, husky voice in the darkness. "My goodness, child precious, those vagabonds are here! To think of your never having been serenaded before!" She drew the girl to the window and pointed to a group of dim figures near the lilac bushes. "The dear, delightful vagabonds!" she chuckled. "I knew they'd come! It's the beautiful Tappingham Marsh with his fiddle, and young Jeff Bareaud with his flute, and 'Gene Madrillon and little Frank Chenoweth, and thin Will Cummings to sing. Hark to the rascals!"

It is perfectly truthful to say that the violin and flute executed the prelude; and then the trio sounded full on the evening air, the more effective chords obligingly drawn out as long as the breath in the singers could hold them, in order to allow the two fair auditors complete benefit of the harmony. They sang "The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls," and followed it with "Long, Long Ago."

"*That*," Mrs. Tanberry whispered, between stifled gusts of almost uncontrollable laughter, "is meant for just me!"

"Tell me the tales that to me were so dear," entreated the trio.

"I told 'em plenty!" gurgled the enlivening widow. "And I expect between us we can get up some more."

"Now you are come my grief is removed," they sang.

"They mean your father is on his way to St. Louis," remarked Mrs. Tanberry.

"Let me forget that so long you have roved,
Let me believe that you love as you loved,
Long, long ago, long ago."

"Applaud, applaud!" whispered Mrs. Tanberry, encouraging the minstrels by a hearty clapping of hands.

Hereupon dissension arose among the quintette, evidently a dispute in regard to their next selection; one of the gentlemen appearing to insist upon a solo by himself, while the others too frankly expressed adverse opinions upon the value of the offering. The argument became heated, and in spite of many a "Sh!" and "Not so loud!" the ill-suppressed voice of the intending soloist, Mr. Chenoweth, could be heard vehemently to exclaim: "I will! I learned it especially for this occasion. I will sing it!"

His determination, patently, was not to be balked without physical encounter; consequently, he was permitted to advance some paces from the lilac bushes, where he delivered himself, in an earnest and plaintive tenor, of the following morbid instructions; to which the violin played an obligato in tremolo, so execrable and so excruciatingly discordant, that Mr. Chenoweth's subsequent charge that it was done with a deliberately evil intention could never be successfully opposed.

"Go, forget me! why should Sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling?
Go, forget me, and to-morrow,
Brightly smile and sweetly sing!

Smile! tho' I may not be near thee;
Smile! tho' I may never see thee;
May thy soul with pleasure shine
Lasting as this gloom of mine!"

Miss Carewe complied at once with the request; while her companion, unable to stop with the slight expression of pleasure demanded by the songster, threw herself upon a sofa and gave way to the mirth that consumed her.

Then the candles were re-lit, the serenaders invited within; Nelson came bearing cake and wine, and the house was made merry. Presently, the romp, Virginia Bareaud, making her appearance on the arm of General Trumble, Mrs. Tanberry led them all in a hearty game of Blind-man's Buff, followed by as hearty a dancing of Dan Tucker. After that, a quadrille being proposed, Mrs. Tanberry suggested that Jefferson should run home and bring Fanchon for the fourth lady.

However, Virginia explained that she had endeavored to persuade both her sister and Mr. Gray to accompany the General and herself, but that Mr. Gray had complained of indisposition, having suffered from headache on account of inhaling so much smoke at the warehouse fire; and, of course, Fanchon would not leave him. (Miss Carewe permitted herself the slightest shrug of the shoulders.)

So they danced the quadrille, with Jefferson at the piano, and Mr. March performing in the character of a lady, a proceeding most unacceptable to the General, whom Mrs. Tanberry forced to be his partner. And thus the evening passed gaily away, and but too quickly, to join the ghosts of all the other evenings since time began; and each of the little company had added a cheerful sprite to the long rows of those varied shades that the after years bring to revisit us, so many with pathetic reproach, so many bearing a tragic burden of faces that we cannot even make to weep again, and so few with simple merriment and lightheartedness. Tappingham Marsh spoke the truth, indeed, when he exclaimed in parting: "O rare Mrs. Tanberry!"

But the house had not done with serenades that night. The guests had long since departed; the windows were still and dark under the wan old moon, which had risen lamely, looking unfamiliar and not half itself; the air bore an odor of lateness, and nothing moved; when a delicate harmony stole out of the shadows beyond the misty garden. Low but resonant chords sounded on the heavier strings of a guitar, while above them, upon the lighter wires, rippled a slender, tinkling melody that wooed the slumberer to a delicious half-wakefulness, as dreamily, as tenderly, as the young mother's lullaby soothes her babe to sleep. Under the artist's cunning touch the instrument was both the accompaniment and the song; and Miss Betty, at first taking the music to be a wandering thread in the fabric of her own bright dreams, drifted gradually to consciousness, to find herself smiling. Her eyes opened wide, but half closed again with the ineffable sweetness of the sound.

Then a voice was heard, eerily low, yet gallant and clear, a vibrant baritone, singing to the guitar.

"My lady's hair,
That dark delight,
Is both as fair
And dusk as night.
I know some lovelorn hearts that beat
In time to moonbeam twinklings fleet,
That dance and glance like jewels there,
Emblazoning the raven hair!

"Ah, raven hair!
So dark and bright,
What love lies there
Enmeshed, to-night?
I know some sighing lads that say
Their hearts were snared and torn away;
And now as pearls one fate they share,
Entangled in the raven hair.

"Ah, raven hair,
From hapless plight
Could you not spare
One acolyte?
I know a broken heart that went
To serve you but as ornament.
Alas! a ruby now you wear,
Ensanguining the raven hair!"

The song had grown fainter and fainter, the singer moving away as he sang; and the last lines were almost inaudible in the distance. The guitar could be heard for a moment or two longer; then silence came again. It was broken by a rustling in the room next to Miss Betty's, and Mrs. Tanberry called softly through the open door:

"Princess, are you awake? Did you hear *that* serenade?"

After a pause the answer came hesitatingly in a small, faltering voice. "Yes—if it was one. I thought perhaps he was only singing as he passed along the street."

"Aha!" said Mrs. Tanberry abruptly, as though she had made an unexpected discovery. "You knew better; and this was a serenade that you did not laugh at. Beautiful woman, I wouldn't let it go any further, even while your father is away. Something might occur that would bring him home without warning—such things have happened. Tom Vanrevel ought to be kept far from this house."

"Oh, it was not he," returned Miss Betty quickly. "It was Mr. Gray. Didn't you——"

"My dear," interrupted the other, "Crailey Gray's specialty is talking. Most of the vagabonds can sing and play a bit, and so can Crailey, particularly when he's had a few bowls of punch; but when Tom Vanrevel touches the guitar and lifts up his voice to sing, there isn't an angel in heaven that wouldn't quit the place and come to hear him! Crailey wrote those words to Virginia Bareaud. (Her hair is even darker than yours, you know.) That was when he was being engaged to her; and Tom must have set the music to 'em lately, and now comes here to sing 'em to you; and well enough they fit you. But you must keep him away, Princess."

Nevertheless, Betty knew the voice was not that which had bid her look to the stars, and she remained convinced that it belonged to

Mr. Crailey Gray, who had been too ill, a few hours earlier, to leave the Bareaud house, and now, with Fanchon's kisses on his lips, came stealing into her garden and sang to her a song he had made for another girl. And the angels would leave heaven to listen when he sang, would they? Poor Fanchon! No wonder she held him so tightly in leading-strings! He might risk his life all he wished at the end of a grappling-ladder, dangling in a fiery cloud above nothing; but when it came to—ah, well, poor Fanchon! Did she invent the headaches for him, or did she make him invent them for himself?

If there was one person in the world whom Miss Betty held in bitter contempt and scorn, it was the owner of that voice and that guitar.

(*To be continued*)

LONG LIVE THE KING!

BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD

LONG live the King! Though dungeons foul and chains
Wait on the word; though all the damning pains
Of hell encompass us—each burning town
A hideous brightness as our star goes down!—
Long live the King!

Long live the King! who hath our faith hath all,
By bridal wreath or by dark funeral pall
Thou shalt not care to linger! strength and speed,—
Those are the words whene'er the King hath need!
Long live the King!

Long live the King! why look, 'tis growing dark.
Ah Christ, that last quick bullet found its mark!
Would my dead body in your trench could lie
And bridge the space, for those who must pass by
To serve the King!

Good-night! pause not! keep ever at his rein,
For he is overventuresome. The pain
Is nothing! See thou guard him through the press.
Let no thought curse thee into carelessness!
Long—live—the—King!

A LABOR LEADER OF TO-DAY

JOHN MITCHELL AND WHAT HE STANDS FOR

By Lincoln Steffens

IT is convenient to group all labor leaders under one head and call them demagogues; it is convenient and stupid. In the beginning they all were orators. Now there are business men among them. When labor knew only its emotions, when the workingmen only felt that something—they knew not what—was wrong, the expression of that feeling carried the natural reward of leadership. Eloquence, in competition with eloquence, aroused passions which begot violence. The orators could not control the force they set in motion. Hence public opinion, which decides strikes, was outraged by riots and bloodshed; capital would not treat seriously with men who had no knowledge, power, or tact; labor itself became disgusted with leaders who could not win. Thus it came about that the workingmen turned from the orators to men who talked little and worked hard; who commanded them, and knew how to compromise with their employers.

Such a leader John Mitchell, the young president of the United Mine Workers, is trying to prove himself. He is a small, spare man, with black eyes steady in a white, smooth face, which, with his habitual clerical garb and sober mien, gives him the appearance of a priest. The breaker boys find him kind; their elders approach him easily, but only on business, which they talk while he listens coldly, giving answers that are soft but short, cast in the form of advice or a direction, with the reason for it. He is never dictatorial, only patient and reasonable. He has no vanity, no fear for his dignity. It is said he is brave. Once during a strike in Pana, Illinois, his men set out to attack some non-union men at work behind a stockade with guards who shot to kill. The strikers seized two of their employers, and putting them in front, made them lead the attack. Mitchell heard of it, and running to the scene, rescued the "bosses." His men turned on him in wrath, but he explained, and led off the captives from the furious crowd.

But it is no one trait, however conspicuous, that will win success for Mitchell, if he wins (and that is a question which may be answered before this article is printed). At present he stands not quite midway between Wall Street and the mines. He has the personal respect of both. When President McKinley was shot, and the news spread to the coal region, the workmen gathered into a mob, crying, "Who shot our President?" They dispersed when they learned that it wasn't President Mitchell who was shot. When Mitchell went to New York in 1900 to see J. P. Morgan, the financial head of the coal business, he was not received. This year an associate of Mr. Morgan happened to meet him socially; and when he reported what manner of labor leader Mitchell was, Mr. Morgan received him at his downtown office.

For Mitchell knows his business; he handles it like a business; and business men and miners alike respect in him the conservative manager of large affairs. Best of all, however, he stands for something definite and intelligent. Where the old-fashioned leader had theories to dazzle ignorance and disgust common sense, this small man in black and white has a policy, which the employers understand much better than their employees.

Labor is a commodity. It can be traded in like gold, or wheat, or coal. The success of the labor union, like that of the trust, depends largely upon the completeness of its control of the output. Unlike a trust, however, a labor organization is not incorporated and has no property. Its promises to deliver cannot be enforced. Contracts with labor organizations rest upon honor; they have no demonstrated legal validity.

Right or wrong, win or lose, the policy which Mitchell represents is so to conduct the business of organized labor that its leaders will have credit with any business man and their contracts a certain value. In other words, he would put himself in a position to sell mining labor just as Mr. Rockefeller would sell oil, Mr. Havemeyer sugar, or a political boss public franchises or legislative privileges.

Now capital, which has found it advantageous to buy everything else wholesale, fights for the retail trade in labor. Mitchell, however, in something less than six years, has won over the bituminous coal mine owners to his system; they meet with him and his committee each year, fix rates and conditions of labor, and sign contracts. The soft coal operators express themselves well satisfied so far with the results. But they trust John Mitchell, not the union. The hard coal operators are skeptical and shy. Mitchell entered that field only a year and a half ago. The hard-coalers also are respectful of Mitchell, but they distrust the scheme, and they doubt his control. They did "confer" with him in 1900, and settled with him the strike of that year. They refused to meet him this year to renew the agreement. All things considered, however, for the time he has been at them, his progress with the operators has been great.

With the workers his achievement is not so clear. The hardest fight of a conservative labor leader is always within the union, and Mitchell's finest work has been done there. The passions and the ignorance of the men, who are mostly foreigners from the backlands of Europe; the vanity and the envy of the orators, and the cunning politics of his associates in the councils of the organization—all working for immediate results, higher pay, shorter hours, and their leader's place—these try the soul of the leader. But Mitchell keeps still, meets plot with openness, passion with reason, eloquence with dry statements of hard facts, and against impulse he plants a patience which is wonderful to see.

"A little at a time," he says. "Anything is better than nothing. And the big thing is the main thing—honor. That is all a union has."

For that he has made many a secret stand, both within and without his organization.

When the great steel strike was on, and the issue seemed to depend upon the decision of the men of the South Chicago mills to join the strike or stand to their machines, Mitchell went to Theo. J. Shaffer, an old-fashioned leader, ex-clergyman, and orator, who had called out some steel workers who were under contract.

"Put them back, Shaffer," said Mitchell. "Your organization can't afford to violate its contracts. If you break your agreement, the cause of organized labor will be put back farther than any victory you may gain will advance it."

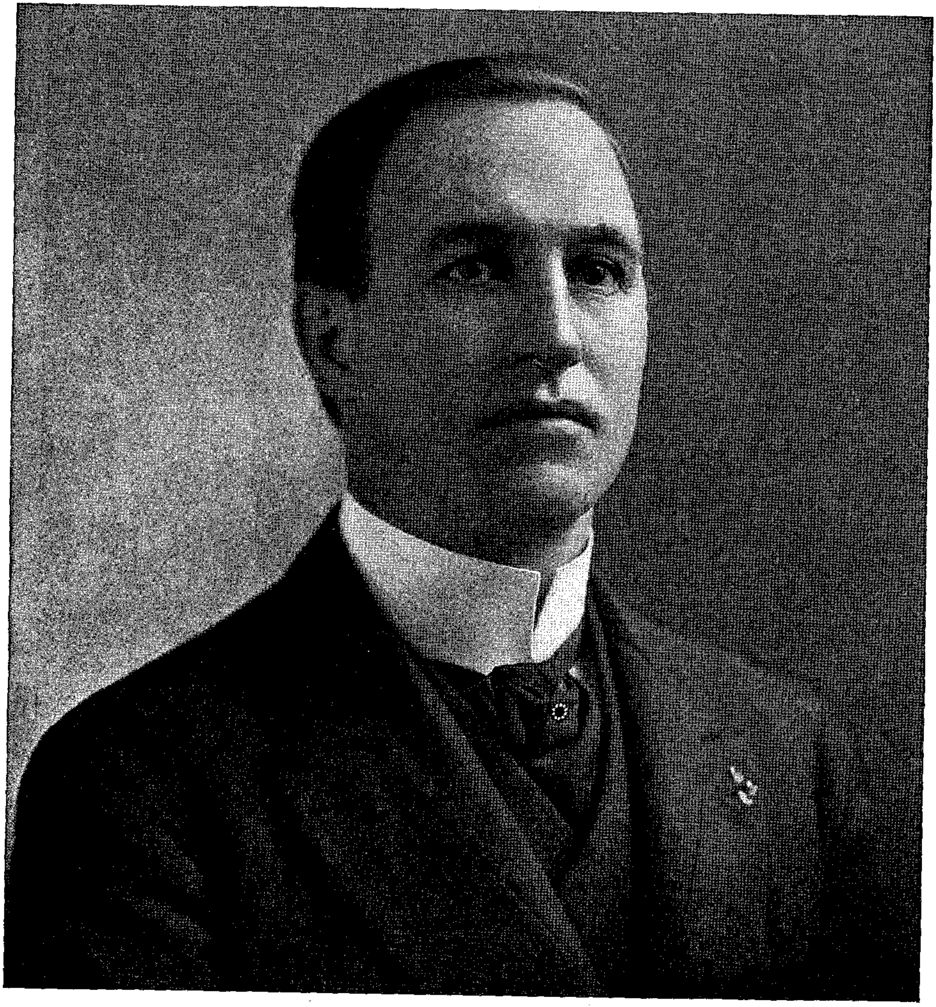
Shaffer would not listen to Mitchell. He kept out the contract breakers, and tried to force out the South Chicago men, who had learned the idea of the honor involved in a labor contract, and had refused to obey Shaffer's call. They were jeered at and threatened; their women wept with shame for them; their children hung their heads, and they themselves groaned under the taunts flung at them by the strikers. But they gritted their teeth and worked. The steel strike was lost, but men like Mitchell count it a victory.

And it was. At this writing (June 21st) Mitchell is fighting the same battle himself. The anthracite coal strike is at its height. The beginning of it was a defeat for the leader. He did not want a strike then. His reasoning was that the hard coal miners' organization was new, and that it was composed largely of men who were foreigners and had not yet learned their lesson of self-restraint and sound principles. They had, indeed, won the strike of 1900, but only under exceptional circumstances (the intercession of a political influence to save the election of a President). This was luck, and the men had profited in wages, and the union (though unrecognized) in prestige. To ask more so soon was to teach the mine owners that concessions would cause only endless discontent among their employees and extravagant demands. But the men did not heed him; they listened to the orators and went out. Mitchell, the leader, had to lead them or give way to the politicians, eager for his place.

Beaten at the beginning, he was beaten at the middle, too. The strike was slow. The operators were firm, and the workers impatient. The organization had in reserve a force which the strikers clamored to have it apply—a general strike. The United Mine Workers is made up of two great divisions, the hard-coalers and the soft. It was the hard-coalers who had struck; the soft-coalers were contented, and remained at work. Mitchell, the leader of all, had in his pocket a call for a convention to consider the question of making common cause of the anthracite demands. That surely would settle the difficulty one way or another. Business could go on without hard coal; the railroads and factories unable to get anthracite could use bituminous. If all the mines were closed, industry would stop.

But most of the soft coal workers were under contract. Therefore Mitchell, who had told Shaffer it was better to lose a strike than to break a business contract, kept that convention call six weeks in his pocket. The constitution of the organization, however, required him to issue it upon the demand of six district unions. These came, and Mitchell had to yield. But he fixed the date of the convention one month ahead, on July 17th.

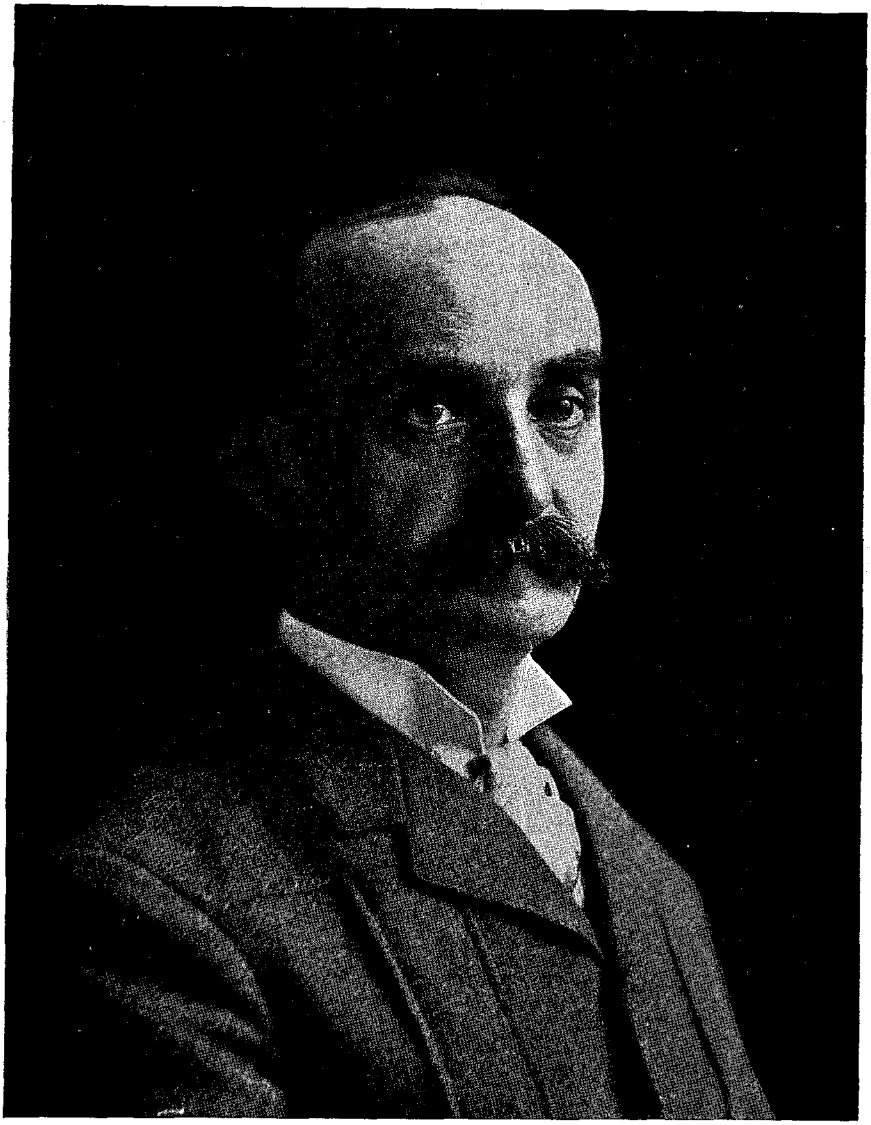
His hope, of course, was that a settlement could be negotiated in the interval. If that failed, then—well, then the great question of the inviolability of a union contract for the labor of coal miners could be answered in the open with all the world to see. Mitchell says it all is a matter of honor. Wall Street



From a photograph by Marceau

JOHN MITCHELL

says it is a matter of his control over his organization. If Mitchell, appealing, as I think he will, privately or publicly, to the men's sense of honor, can keep them from voting to repudiate the soft coal unions' contracts, then he will have triumphed the greater for his defeats and his patience, and organized labor the world over will have scored a most conspicuous victory. This whether the coal strike of 1902 is won or lost. Or, should the men leave it all to Mitchell, as they well may, and he can resist the temptation to play the demagogue in order to keep his place and his power, then he will have proved that he is what he has seemed, a sound, conservative manager of labor. The temptation to surrender his principles will be almost irresistible. But whether he wins or loses this victory over himself he already has pointed the way for unionism and union leadership.



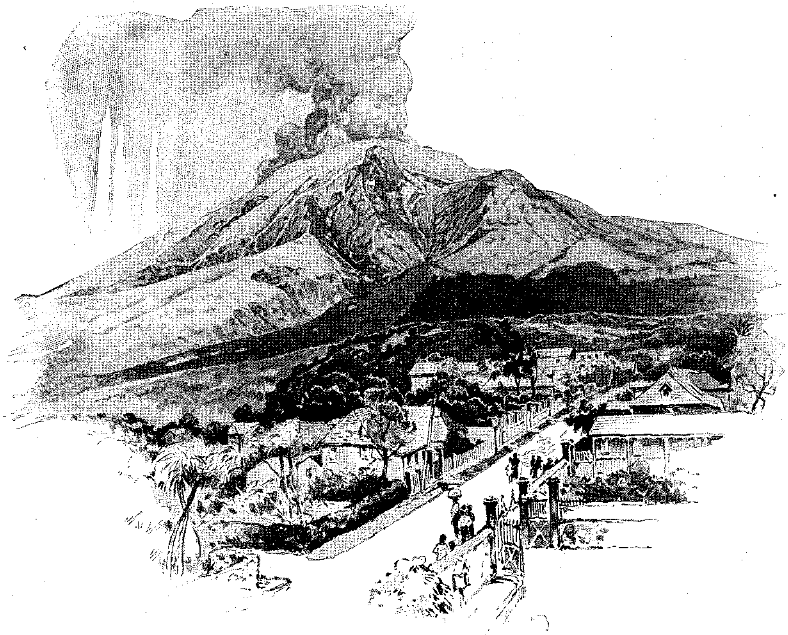
From a photograph taken specially for McClure's, by Falk, N. Y.

PROFESSOR ANGELO HEILPRIN

For twenty years Professor Heilprin has been identified with the scientific institutions of Philadelphia. His early studies in England, under Huxley, Etheridge, and Judd (the vulcanologist), and in Geneva, under Carl Vogt, made him an enthusiastic field-worker, and his researches in geology and geography have taken him well over the earth's surface. He has worked in the Bermudas, Yucatan, Mexico, Northwestern Greenland, Alaska, Northern Africa, and all over the United States. As a mountain-climber his record among American men of science is unique: Orizaba, Popocatepetl, Toluca, Jorullo are among the American volcanoes he has ascended and studied.

He was, therefore, the ideal man to investigate Pelée, rising as he did from a fresh reading of the reports of early investigators, from Humboldt down to the French reports of the eruption in 1851. His eye, drilled in field-work, was the eye to see, his trained scientific mind the mind to understand. It is of secondary importance that he happened also to be the first man to reach the top of the mountain. His article, outside of the interest of a personal narrative, will be regarded by competent men all over the world as the authoritative account of what science can tell at the present moment of the Martinique catastrophe.

Mont Pelée as seen from the church tower of Morne Rouge on May 29th



MONT PELÉE IN ITS MIGHT

A Scientific Study of the Volcano's Activity, from Data Gathered at the Crater's Mouth

BY PROFESSOR ANGELO HEILPRIN

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE VARIAN

The pictures illustrating this article are by my artist-companion, Mr. George Varian. Their faithfulness to the scenes they portray adds to their artistic merit great scientific and historical value.—Note by the Author.

As we first saw Mont Pelée from the Caribbean sea, its crown was buried in deep folds of cloud and ash, while from its lower flank issued a tempest of curdling vapor and mud. The eye fell upon a barren landscape, scarred and made ragged by floods of water and boiling mud. Scattered skeletons of trees remained, sole vestiges of the verdant forest that had been the feature of the mountain. The cold, cindery gray of ejected ashes covering the slopes suggested to the mind a winter landscape. Close to the edge of the volcano's southern base was all that remained of beautiful St. Pierre—rows of battered and crumbling walls, avenues of boulders and cement. Miles of wreckage reached up from the silent desert of stone and sand, showing no color but the burnt grays that had been flung over all. It seemed as if thousands of years had elapsed since the destruction of the city, yet it was but two and a half weeks since the blow of death had been dealt, only five days since the tottered walls received the final stroke that laid them low. That first view reached the imagination and excited awe, while the magnitude of the disaster and the lesson of the force back of it quickened the need to understand. I realized after visiting St. Pierre that an understanding of Mont Pelée's activity and its relation to the field of ruin could be gained only from a study of the volcano in all its parts, especially and first of all the crater.

I accordingly determined upon an immediate ascent to the still boisterous top crater, and on the Thursday, May 29th, following our arrival in Martinique, Mr. Leadbeater and I moved over to the eastern side of the island, whence easier access could be had to the summit than from the slopes leading up from St. Pierre or Morne Rouge. That side, although bearing in its broken and withered vegetation the impress of the fallen ash, had escaped the terrible devastation of the western face. It was, moreover, favored by the westwardly-blowing trade-wind, which helped to clear the summit of its vapors.

Mont Pelée has not the conical form of the typical volcano, and its points of activity have traveled, replacing a more ancient volcano, whose buttressed parts lie north of it, nearer to the sea. As seen from the Lower Capote, it presents the aspect of an abruptly truncated mountain, with its long axis declining southeastward, and with superb gently-flowing spurs descending to the sea and to the garden lowlands, some of them narrow and steeply raised over deep ravines.

When we arrived at the estate of Assier, whose hospitable shelter had been spoken for us by M. Fernand Clerc, a prominent sugar-planter and usinier, the volcano was rolling out from its crest-line a volume of cloud and ashes so great that it seemed unreal. Far up, two miles and more, the column of white curling vapors was still mounting, so that, though we were six miles away as the crow flies, yet we had to toss our heads far back to see the arching summit vapors thin out and quietly melt into the cold blue of the falling night. The majestic beauty of the scene held one spellbound—it was a picture time can never efface. No sound issued from the bosom of the mountain but back of us we could hear the ocean's distant roar, and all about us the rustle of the mango leaves, as they dropped their still lingering crusts of ash.

First Ascent of the Crater

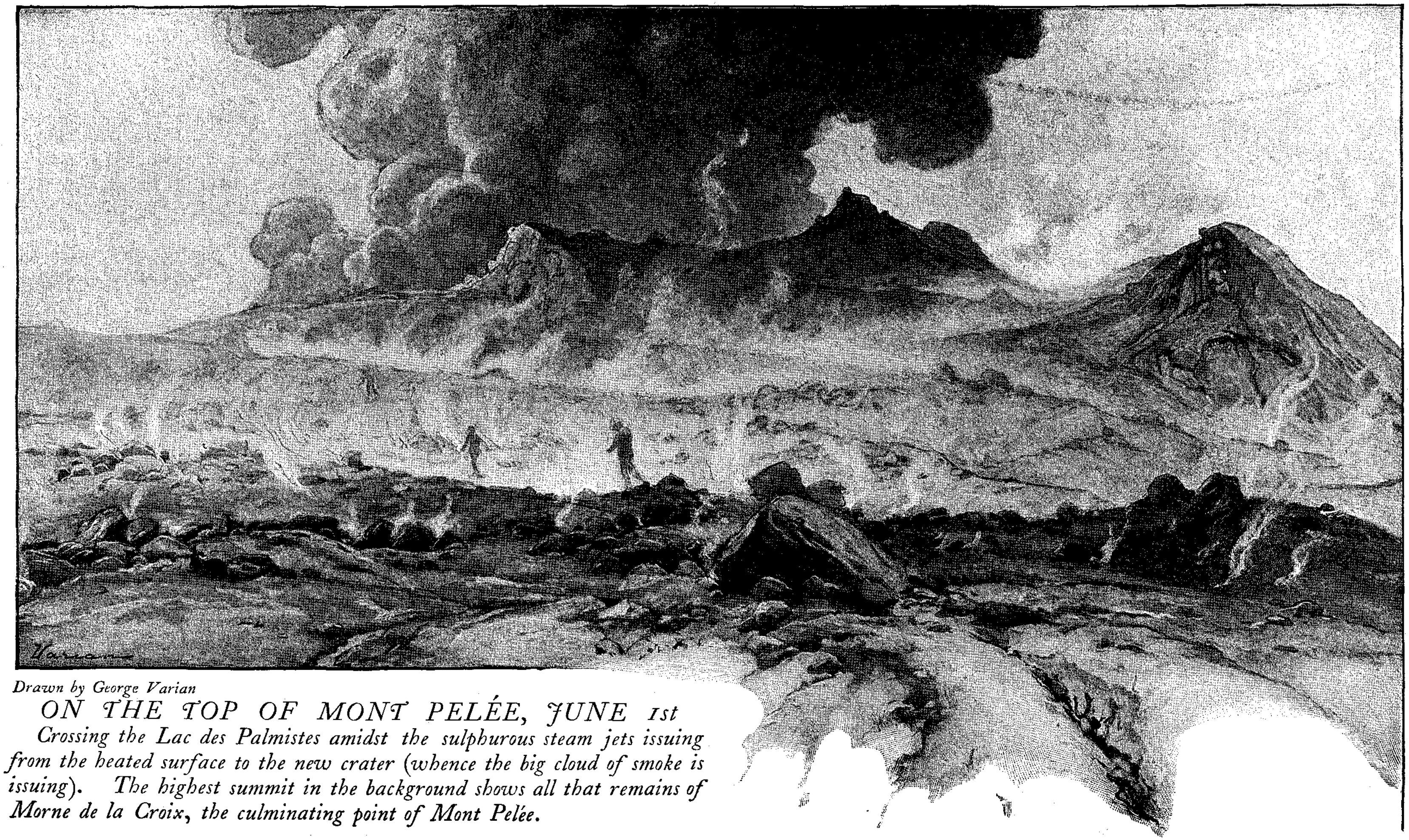
Our first attack on Mount Pelée was made on the morning of the 31st. Our route lay, by circles and zig-zags, westward, crossing the Rivière Capote, then through fields of cane and open meadow-land, passing the village of Morne Balais (lying north and a prolongation of Ajoupa Bouillon), with its clumps of cocoa-palms and bananas, its growth of cassava and cane, its wealth of blood-red hibiscus flowers scattered over cement walls and thatching. Everywhere closed doors told of the flight of the inhabitants. Shortly before 9.30 we emerged upon the open slope of the volcano, 2,100 feet above sea level. Ahead of us a long ridge line, broadly undulating at first, then contracting into a fairly narrow arête, traveled almost directly westward to the summit. Its gray and desolate surface rose before us at an angle of from twenty to twenty-five degrees, gradually becoming steeper as it neared the top, where scoriæ, boulders, and angular fragments of ejected rock took the place of the ash of the lower slopes. On each side of us was a ravine, cut by tumultuous waters sweeping down to the sea, the sides hanging with broken and desolately gray woods, too dead now to be sought by the few birds that had remained in the region. We looked over into the adjoining chasm of the Rivière Falaise, hoping to locate the new craters that had broken out. Its walls stood up like burnt scars, but there was peace beneath them and not a puff of vapor to recall the mud torrent which the day before had run wild through the lower country and threatened Vivé.

Leaving our animals at 2,400 feet, we pushed on, suffering at times fatigue of the heart and lungs, nothing more; and had it not been for the peculiar conditions which existed at the summit, the "climb" would have been without color or incident. As it was, we knew only inferentially what was taking place at the top, and were even in doubt as to whether the summit could be reached at all, for the battered volcano had begun to gather about its head its crown of the island's mists. Its own clouds hung ominously before us. Soon the parting line between the land and sky was blotted out and the rest of our ascent was made in cloudland. When we finally reached the summit, shortly before eleven o'clock, it was raining.

My aneroid indicated an elevation of 3,975 feet. We were on the rim of the old crater, the basin that had contained the Lac des Palmistes. Shifts in the clouds gave us spectral glimpses of the opposing ragged peaks, rising perhaps two hundred feet higher. But of the lake itself there was no trace.

It was evident that the old crater, contrary to general belief, had not been blown out. It remained where picnic parties, seeking its beautiful waters, had annually found it, when the blue lobelia adorned its banks, and dwarf palms told of a tropical sun. No trace of vegetable growth remained, not even a lichen clung to the rough-surfaced rocks that broke out from the scoriated floor. We sought in vain the vent whence issued the miles of steam and ash that had formed the spectacle of that very morning, of the evening before, of every day since the eruption of May 2. It must be near us, but where? We could hear the rumbling in its interior, but the eye failed to penetrate the sea of clouds that enveloped us.

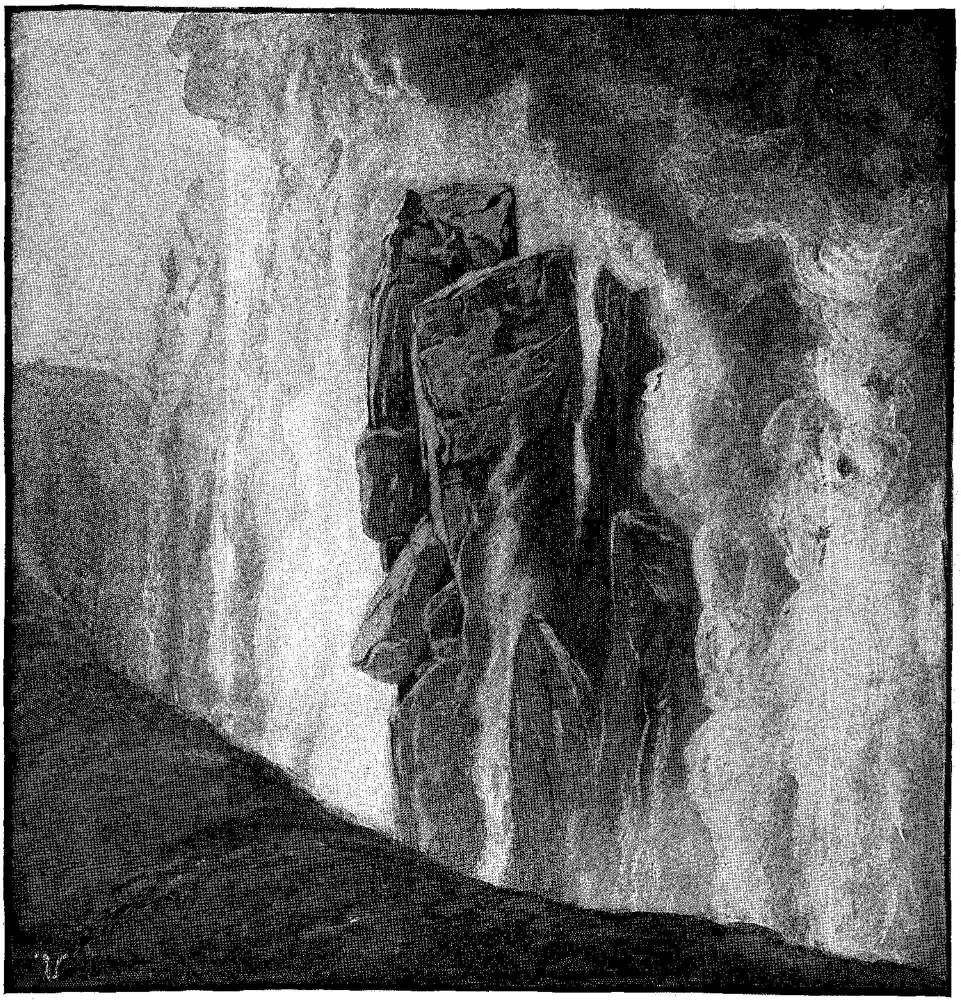
Suddenly there came a crash, apparently right beside us. It was startling till we realized that it was thunder. The breaking of the storm silenced all other sounds. A second crash, and the lightning cut frenzied zig-zags across the blackened cloud-world of quivering Pelée. It was a strange sensation to sit not knowing where, but surely near the vent of one of the mightiest destroying engines of the globe. We sat bowed over our instru-



Drawn by George Varian

ON THE TOP OF MONT PELÉE, JUNE 1st

Crossing the Lac des Palmistes amidst the sulphurous steam jets issuing from the heated surface to the new crater (whence the big cloud of smoke is issuing). The highest summit in the background shows all that remains of Morne de la Croix, the culminating point of Mont Pelée.



Drawn by George Varian

LOOKING INTO THE CRATER (JUNE 1)

Mr. Varian compares the crater to a great cup with the southwest side torn away. He and his companions stood on the southeast rim. Through the constantly ascending vapor the opposite side of the crater appeared but for brief instants. In front rose a central mass of jagged white rocks, behind which and to the right issued the vast yellow column of smoke which was visible from all points of the island and the surrounding sea.

ments, to protect them from the torrential rain that soaked us through and through. Our boys were trembling; their silent tears appealed for a descent, but we were loath to go back. That for which we had climbed the mountain could hardly be more than a stone's throw away. We knew not precisely where, and dared not search. We hoped a chance gust might lift the clouds. It did not come, nor did my barometer indicate a change in the weather.*

After three-quarters of an hour, it appeared useless to remain longer. Storm-beaten and mind-beaten, we decided to retreat. The descent was as rapid as the conditions of the atmosphere and mountain would permit, but the deluge had graven uncomfortable hollows and fissures in our path. It was extraordinary what a change had been wrought in this brief time. There was no longer a secure foothold; we slid and slipped. By the time we reached our animals the storm had partially lifted, and to our surprise we found the Rivière Falaise seething with steam and threading its course to the Capote and the sea with a long train of curling and puffing vapors. The volcano had relieved itself of an enormous quantity of mud-lava, but in the storm cloudland above we knew nothing of what had been taking place below. These vents of the Falaise, which were thus shown to be acting as safety valves

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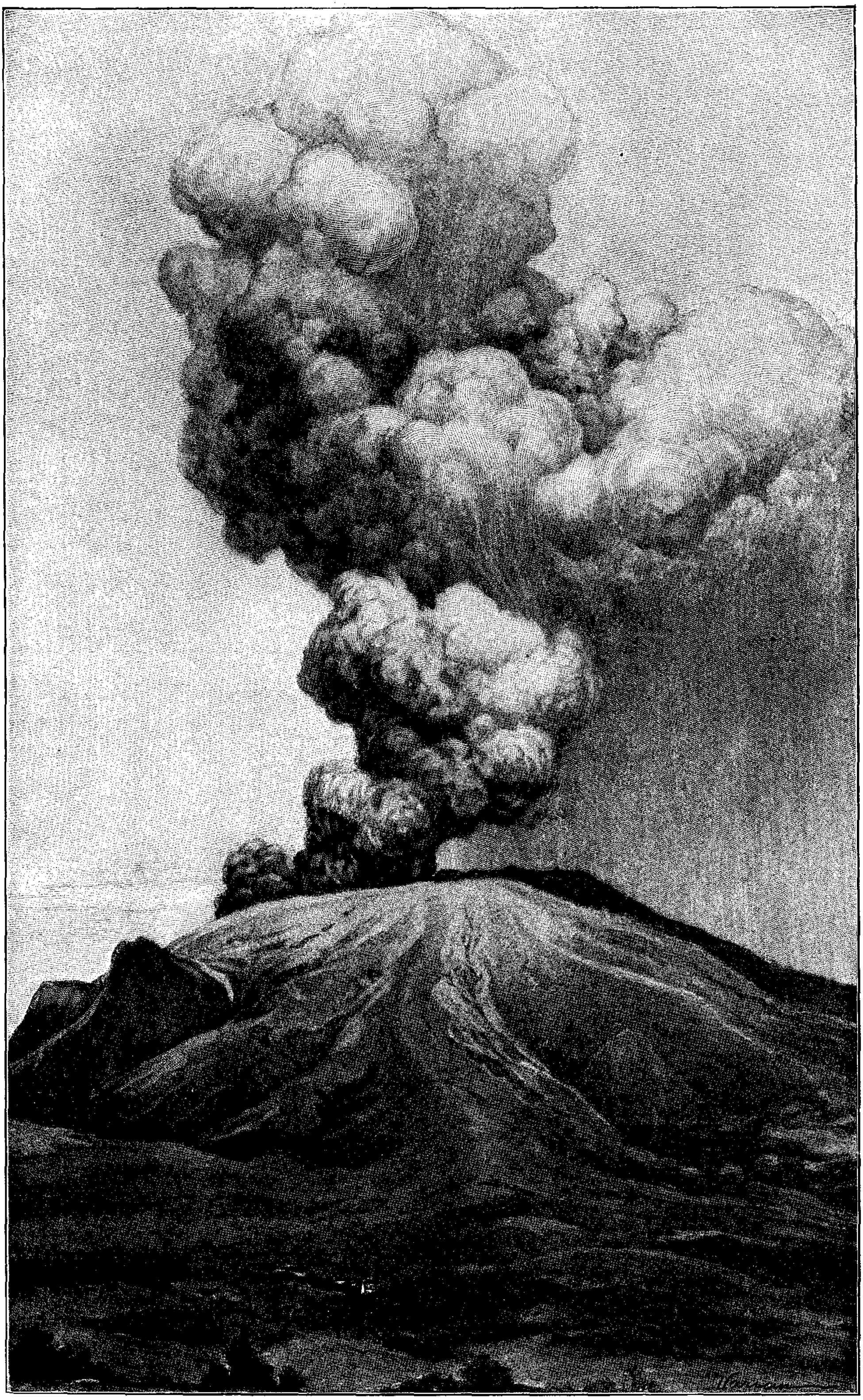
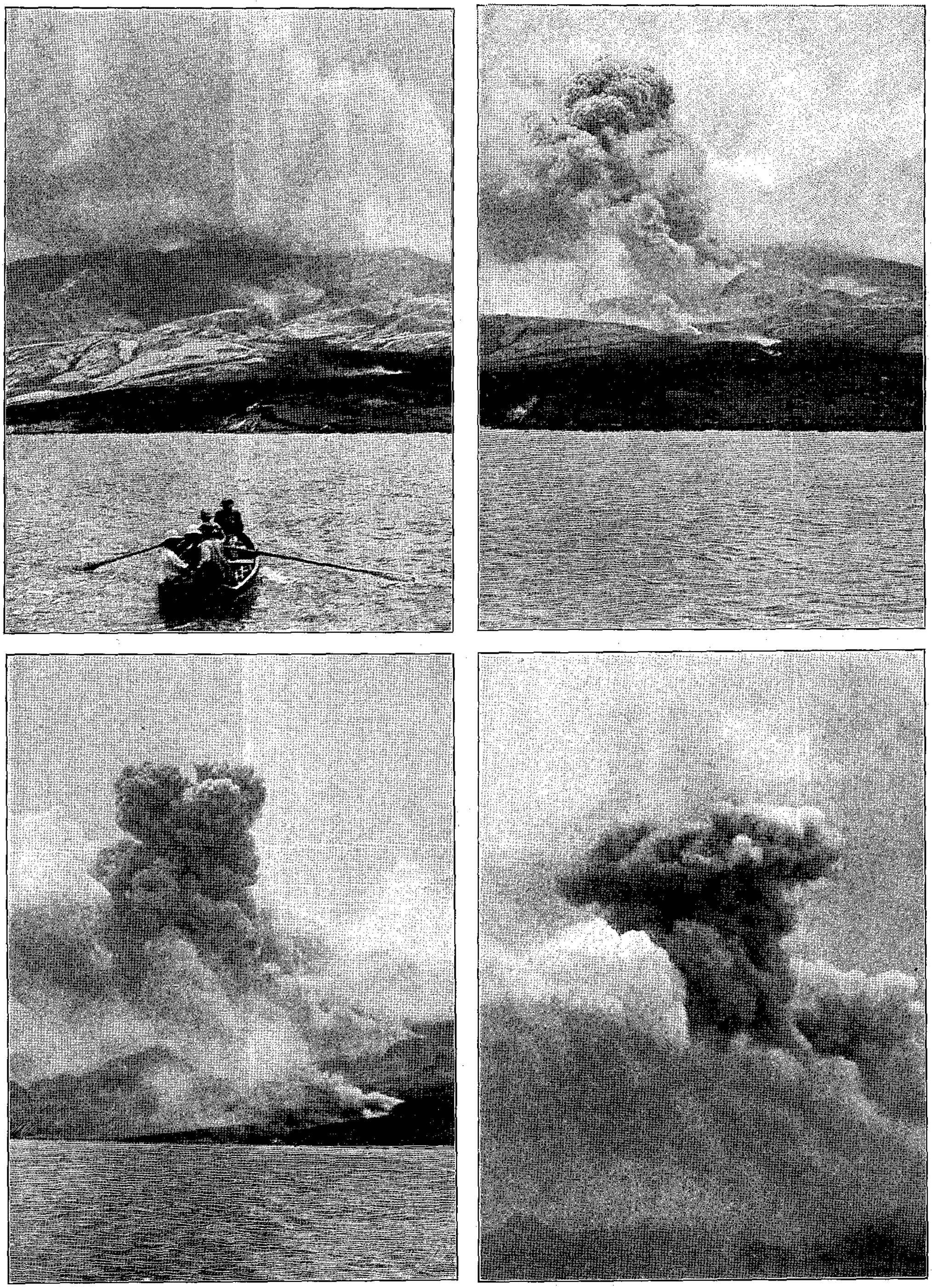
* The compass, however, behaved wildly, showing a variation of thirty degrees—forty degrees eastward, the north needle being turned sharply in the direction of Vivé.—A. H.



Drawn by George Varian

MONT PELÉE FROM VIVÉ, MAY 27

The great cloud of steam and smoke rose cauliflower shaped from the summit crater to a height of from two to three miles. The descending shower of rain and ashes shows on the right.



From stereoscopic photos. copyrighted, 1902, by Underwood & Underwood

ONE OF THE PARTIAL ERUPTIONS OF JUNE 5th

These four, rapidly following views of an eruption from the lower crater, (the crater whose discharge destroyed the town of St. Pierre) were taken by Mr. Leadbeater from the steamer chartered by the author and his companions. The first photograph shows the exploring party approaching the shore line. The others illustrate the author's description. The singular "cauliflower" cloud, as seen in the third, is one of the characteristic features of all eruptions. The last shows the transformation of a part of the cauliflower cloud into the "mushroom" shape.

for Pelée, lie close to the steeper slope, at an elevation of 1,800 to 2,000 feet.

I resolved upon another ascent the following morning. Messrs. Kennan, Jaccaci, and Varian had by this time come in from Morne Rouge, determined also upon an ascent. We joined our forces. Our route was virtually the same that I had traveled in the first ascent, and we reached the lip of the old lake-basin (Lac des Palmistes) before eleven o'clock. The weather and mountain conditions were like those which ushered in the storm of the preceding day. Still, we caught fleeting glimpses of the opposite peaks which fairly indicated the line of the working crater. My aneroid reading, without correction for temperature, gave 4,025 feet, thus proving that, contrary to reports, no subsidence had taken place as a result of the catastrophic explosion of the 8th. It is true that the *piton* which bore the cross on the Morne de la Croix had fallen in, but this loss to the mountain of 150 feet or more in no way disturbed the general mass of the volcano. The shallow trough of the former lake we found floored with angular blocks and fragments of ancient volcanic *débris* (rhyolites, trachytes, basalt)—part of the former stock of the volcano—and recently ejected scoriæ, lapilli, and mud-ash. These also build up the outer face, for 300 feet or more, of the top of the main cone. I took the temperature at several points on the lake-floor and over the rim of the old crater, and found it to be, at two or three inches below the surface, 124 to 130° F.; at a greater depth (at one point) the mercury rose to 162°. Puffs of steam were issuing from a number of vents and from beneath great boulder masses whose heated surfaces were scarred with sulphur blotches.

The View into the Crater

We waited patiently for a lifting of the clouds, and it came at last. A sudden gust cleared the summit, and sunlight illuminated the near horizon. We dashed to the line above which welled out the huge steam cloud of the volcano, and in a few instants stood upon the rim of the giant rift in whose interior the world was being re-made in miniature.

We were four feet, perhaps less, from a point whence a plummet could be dropped into the seething furnace. Momentary flashes of light permitted us to peer deep into the tempest-tossed caldron, but at no time could we see its floor, for over it rolled the vapors that rose out to mountain heights. Opposite us, at a distance of perhaps 200 feet or more, across the thin steam vapor, trembled the walls of the other face of the crater. Half-way between rose the central core of burnt out cinder masses, topped by enormous white rocks, whose brilliant incandescence flashed out the beacon-lights which were observed from the sea some days after the fatal 8th, and even at our later day illumined the night-crown of the volcano with a glow of fire. From the interior came deep rumbling detonations, the clinking of falling and sliding cinders, the hissing of the emerging steam, and other sounds which were too feebly defined to be described. We felt no inconvenience from either gas or steam.

We found that we were standing on an overhang, and therefore dared not tarry beyond the time needed to make observations. I attempted to locate the axis of the vent as nearly as the direction of its largely obscured walls and the position of the basin of Lac des Palmistes permitted. I found it to be N.—S., slightly S.W. The magnetic needle, which the day before showed a marked deflection, was nearly normal. The form of the crater is that of a caldron, pitching steeply downward toward the Caribbean, and opening in a direction a little west of the line to St. Pierre. At no time could we positively ascertain the extreme boundaries. Its length must have been 500 feet; it may have been much more. There can be no question that at the downward side of the crater the rift traverses the position of the narrow rift known as the *Fente*, or the *Terre Fendue*, which had been a feature of the mountain since the eruption of 1851, and perhaps existed long before that event.

Any statement regarding the depth of the crater must for the time remain conjectural. I should say that it could hardly be less than from 200 to 250 feet; it might be very much more.

Our observations at the summit still left untold what relation, if any, this boiling kettle bore to the catastrophes of May 8th and 20th. Its position and its persistent vertical energy, which generally sent its cloud towering two to three miles into the air, made it clear that it could have had little to do with the death-dealing blow, and I now felt measurably certain that the engine of destruction would be found, as indeed the scientific men of Martinique, M. Mirville and the officers of artillery, had from the first indicated, in a lower lying vent which had opened on the western slope of the mountain. The great mud-flow—the "lava" of the earlier accounts—which had overwhelmed the Usine Guérin on the 5th, and whose prodigious mass covers the valley between the Rivières Blanche and Sèche, to a depth, in places, of not less than

150 feet, led up to this opening, whence ugly clouds had ever since May 8th been intermittently puffed out, and boiling mud hurled into the Rivière Blanche. Steam-vapor was still issuing at many points from the mud-bank when we landed in front of it on June 5th, but I saw instantly that these steam vapors were simply emanations from the still heated mud-bank, whose surface alone had cooled and hardened. Jaccaci, Varian, and I mounted on its back, and followed it along the left bank of the Rivière Blanche. The river was muddy and turbulent. Its temperature was probably normal, but the insecurity of the bank prevented us from testing it with the thermometer. At many points, by undercutting, it liberated puffs of steam, some of which made a very impressive display, and could readily have been mistaken from a distance for fumaroles. Without reagents of any kind I could detect nothing in the issuing vapors beyond steam at a very high temperature, and a faint sulphurous odor. The general surface, however, smelled of mineral oil or steamed rubber, the significant odor which we had already noticed over the heated floor of the Lac des Palmistes, on the top of the mountain.

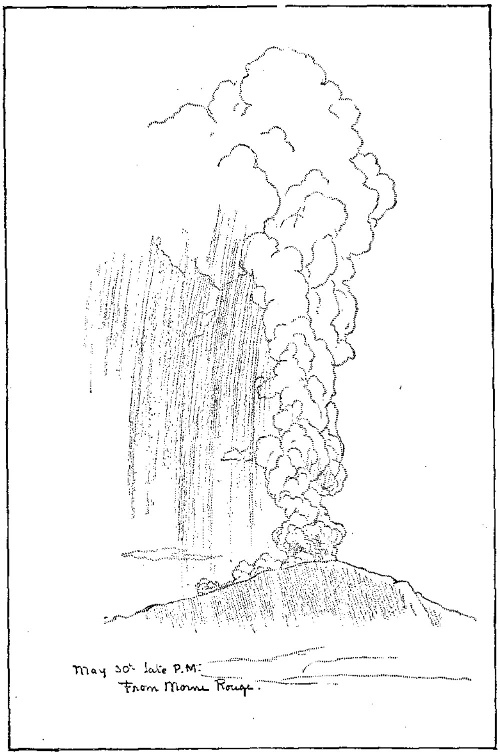
Our position permitted us to follow closely the line of this flow, and make certain that it united with the great lower crater that lay ahead of us at the base of a rift or extremely narrow and deep ravine coming down from the top of the mountain. Its position is somewhat west of south of the summit crater, and at an elevation that may be roughly put at 2,300 to 2,500 feet above sea level. The official report of the eruption of 1851 leaves no doubt that this new vent lies S.W. of, and considerably below, the "craterlets" which discharged the ash of that year. It occupies almost certainly, as was, perhaps, first noticed by the unfortunate Professor Landes—the most careful observer of the phenomena that preceded the event of the 8th, and a member of the scientific commission appointed by the governor to report upon the condition of the volcano—the position of the former Etang Sec, or Soufrière, which since 1851 has been generally dry, but on April 27th of this year contained a bowl-shaped lakelet, 600 feet in diameter. A small active cone 30 feet in height and 50 feet in top diameter, and not known to exist before, had at that time been thrust up through the lake. It seemed evident that it was the bursting of this caldron that sent down with the velocity of an express train the avalanche of boiling mud which overwhelmed the Usine Guérin.

A Narrow Escape from an Eruption

We continued our examination of the lower part of the mud-flow for about three-quarters of a mile, and were returning to our dinghy when we were treated to a display of volcanic energy which fairly bewildered the senses. Directly in the course of the Rivière Blanche, which we were just leaving, boiling mud was racing down, heaving and tossing, throwing out vast swirls of vapor, and plunging with an apparently vertical face into the sea. The steam had become a seething, black-brown cataract, with huge mud columns a hundred feet high tumbling about like fairy geysers. We knew instinctively what had happened. Following the heavy, dull-yellow, cauliflower smoke that rose from the central crater, and its bursting descent into the trough that led to the lower crater, the lower vent, silent until then, had broken into eruption, and was pouring out a mass of yellow-brown and inky cloud that swept like a prairie fire over the mountain. In a short time the Rivière Sèche was also carrying its muddy flow, and the whole seaward face of the island lying to the north of us was enveloped and apparently smoking, and the whole mountain was in turmoil. Such a spectacle cannot be described, nor can its raging fury ever be forgotten. After regaining our steamer, we witnessed for two hours more the extraordinary scene which a succession of eruptions brought forth. There was no doubt now that it was from this lower vent that the destroying power of May 8th and 20th was sent forth—and this conclusion was abundantly confirmed by the great eruption of the following day (June 6th), when, as observed on board the French cable-ship "Pouyer Quertier," six miles from shore, the chief phenomena of May 8th were repeated.

What Really Happened on May 8th

The eruption of Pelée, that in its intensity, short duration and annihilating power must be ranked among the great catastrophies recorded in history, establishes a new chapter in the science of vulcanology, and illumines a new page in the physics of the globe. A mountain of hardly more than Vesuvian proportions, without lava discharge, without accompanying earthquake disturbances, sends to utter destruction, in a few seconds, a town and suburbs with a population conservatively estimated at 30,000, of whom only two escaped, and but one survives. Eighteen or more vessels in the harbor were destroyed by burning or capsizing, and most of the human freight which they carried shared their destruction. An extensive region of cultivated fields and forest land was blistered, singed, or turned into a desert, while torrential flows of mud and giant boulders annihilated settlements lying beyond the direct action of the volcano itself. In ill-fated St. Pierre, where broken walls still stand, but where not a roof remains to tell that any habitation had a covering, cold water continues to flow from springs that escaped the fury of the storm. This is the story of the cataclysm whose exact nature is unique in the annals of science.


May 30th late P.M.
From Morne Rouge.

Drawn by George Varian

THE SMOKE FROM THE TOP CRATER RISING ON MAY 30TH TO A HEIGHT OF AT LEAST SIX MILES

This blow did not fall without warning. For three months rumblings, accompanied by occasional emissions of steam, had been heard. Ash clouds had begun to darken the sky in the latter days of April. Birds, whose rigid bodies were recovered from the almost snowy ash, where they had fallen from the paths of their flight, had given intimation that noxious gases were being discharged into and poisoning the atmosphere. On May 2d soft ashes lay sixteen inches deep over the beautiful Savane of the city. Yet in an advertisement of the St. Pierre newspaper, "Les Colonies," an excursion was announced to reach the summit of the mountain on May 4th. A warning eruption on the 3d disturbed this plan, and at midday of the 5th followed the destruction of the Usine Guérin.*

At two minutes after eight of the following morning, as fixed by the time of the "Pouyer Quertier" and by the cable office at Fort de France, or eight minutes *before* eight according to the dial of the Hôpital Militaire of St. Pierre, came the fatal blow. At that time the "Pouyer Quertier" was out at sea eight miles, abreast of St. Pierre, and from its decks the officers who had for some time been watching the tall column of "smoke" issuing from the summit crater, observed a puffing cloud rise from the flank of the volcano, followed immediately by a dense black vaporous mass which with intense rapidity rolled down the mountain slope, hanging close to the surface, and becoming brilliantly luminous as it approached the sea-border. The issuance of this cloud was preceded they say by a number of rapidly-following detonations, and almost in an instant everything was ablaze. When the darkening shower of ashes and cinders that were being hurled out from the summit crater closed out their view, a single flash of lightning was observed to traverse the cloud.

This view of the occurrence by eye-witnesses of some scientific training, finds partial or complete confirmation in the observations of others, and leaves no doubt in my mind as to its substantial accuracy. It disposes of the earlier statements which spoke of moving sheets of flame; but in the luminous or incandescent cloud we have a substitute so terrifying of aspect that it could readily be mistaken for or easily described as approaching fire by the unfortunate beings who were compelled to inhale its fiery breath. The condition in which the bodies were found, the rigid limbs and muscles, stretched or contracted, convincingly prove that. The death work of this self-hurling glowing mass must have been instantaneous. It is plain also that a gasp for breath was nearly the last movement of the stricken bodies.

The Poisonous Carbon Gases

What the exact constitution of this death-dealing cloud was will perhaps never be known, but its associations with the mud discharges, its heavy specific gravity, and the mephitic or oily odor of the products emitted by both the lower and upper craters, lend reasonable certainty to the belief that this glowing cloud was mainly composed of one of the heavier carbon gases brought under pressure to a condition of extreme incandescence, and whose liberation and contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, assisted by electric discharges, wrought the explosion or series of explosions that developed the catastrophe. The preponderance of the heavy carbon gases in nearly all mud volcanoes supports this view, which is also strengthened by the absence, except in small quantities, of chlorine salts to indicate the existence of a chlorinated gas. That dense, superheated, incandescent steam may have been associated with the rolling cloud is likely, but the long flight, and the occasional discharge of similar rolling clouds after the volcano had been opened for the passage of the main steam column, make it certain that if this agent was present it could hardly have been more than a secondary participant in the phenomenon.

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* It is remarkable that even during these latter days, May 6 inclusive, there had been no unusual disturbances in the atmosphere, the barometer at St. Pierre marking daily, at noon, a pressure of 762 mm.; only on the 3d of May did it fall to 761 mm. (The record for the 7th, the day immediately preceding the catastrophe, is wanting.)—A. H.

Evidences of Tornadic Havoc

That the destruction of St. Pierre was the result of explosive action is unmistakably proved by the condition of the ruins. Yet it is most singular that but few of the eye-witnesses on the neighboring hills and none of those who were in the storm noted any loud detonations *after* the escape of the cloud from the volcano. This circumstance, however, may be ascribed to the bewildered condition of mind in which these people found themselves.

It is unquestionable that other agencies besides the explosive gases played an important part in shaping the destruction of St. Pierre. The passage of a gaseous cloud of large volume, with a velocity equal to that which marked the descent of the black cloud from Pelée, must certainly have thrown the atmosphere into a condition of tornadic ferment, and evidences are not wanting to prove that storm paths lie across the city's ruins. It is difficult to say how much of that which appears to indicate a tornadic destruction—the bursting of houses, the wrapping round of roof sheetings, the twisting and bending of girders, etc.—may not be directly the result of the gaseous blast. The condition of the silent testimony is unfortunately such as not to permit of a positive conclusion being reached on this point. It has been asserted, on the evidence of the standing position of the north and south walls, and the crumbling down of the walls in a contrary direction, that the shock of May 8th was a directly straight one from north to south; but an examination of photographs made in the interval between the eruption of the 8th and that of the 20th of May shows this assumption not to be justified, since streets of buildings were then standing with all four walls intact, and often with the roofs resting upon those walls. Manifestly, therefore, the clearly oriented position which now appears is the result of the explosion of May 20th.

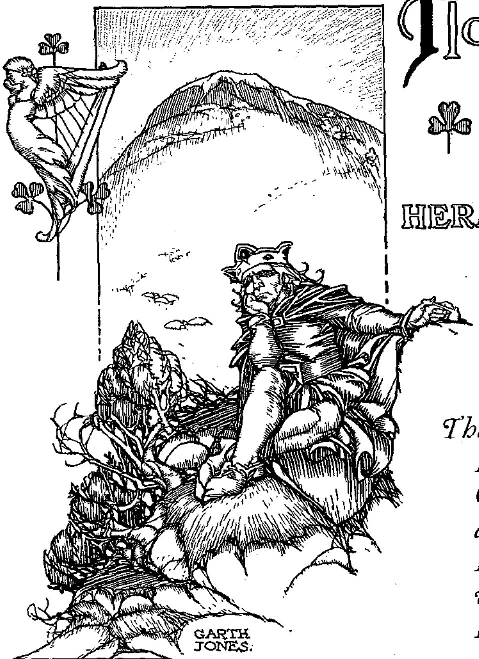
Electric Discharges

It is equally difficult to venture an analysis of the extent to which electric explosions share in the phenomena. That such explosions took place is certain, since unmistakable evidence on this point is presented by perforated pottery and metal-wares, which show the unequivocal marks of the electric passage. Yet it seems almost certain that the numerous discharges, in all probability generated from numberless points of passage, were local and exceedingly numerous.

To the inquiry as to what was the source of this carbon gas—to my mind the main factor of the catastrophe—the geologist points to those vast bituminous deposits, like those of Venezuela and the island of Trinidad, which lie but little out of the line of the connected series of volcanoes, of which the Soufrière of St. Vincent and Pelée of Martinique are a part. He also points to the limestone deposits, with their enormous masses of locked-up carbon, forming the foundation upon which these same volcanoes are implanted, which indicate a source of energy far greater than was required for the catastrophe of Pelée. Though no one could have foretold the cataclysm long in advance of its coming, the episode, except in its magnitude and terrible consequences, is no surprise to the geologist, who knows this region to be in an area of extreme weakness in the earth's crust. This region of terrestrial instability includes the greater part of the Caribbean and Gulf basins, and defines in its eastern contour the line of disappearance and breakage of the South American Andes, whose sunken crest is the pediment of the lesser Antilles. What great disturbances, if any, have taken place in the sea bottom as the result of the recent occurrences, is a question that will take time to determine; but there is evidence already that some change has taken place west of Martinique, between the depth of 1,500 and 2,000 fathoms. The eruptions of Colima in Mexico, the earthquakes that so recently destroyed the towns of Chilpancingo in Mexico and Quetzaltenango in Guatemala, the minor disturbances in Nicaragua, are but phases of the phenomena which culminated so disastrously in the explosions of the Soufrière of St. Vincent and Mont Pelée of Martinique.

HOW THE FAIRIES CAME TO IRELAND

BY
HERMINIE TEMPLETON


GARTH JONES.

Illustrated by Garth Jones

The Only True History, as told by Brian Connors, the King of the Good People, to Father Cassidy, and afterwards related by Jerry Murtaugh, a Reliable Car Driver, who goes between Kilcuny and Balinderg

THE most lonesome bridle-path in all Ireland leads from Tom Healy's cottage down the sides of the hills, along the edge of the valley, till it raiches the highroad that skirts the great mountain, Sleive-na-mon.

One blusthering, unaisy night, Father Cassidy, on his way home from a sick call, rode over that same path. It wasn't strange that the priest, as his horse ambled along, should be thinking of that other night in Darby O'Gill's kitchen—the night when he met with the Good People; for there, off to the left, towered and threatened Sleive-na-mon, the home of the fairies.

The dismal ould mountain glowered toward his Riverence, its dark look saying, plain as spoken words:

"How dare ye come here; how dare ye ?"

"I wondher," says Father Cassidy to himself, looking up at the black hill, "if the Good People are fallen angels, as some do be saying.

"Why were they banished from heaven ? It must have been a great sin entirely they committed, at any rate, for at the same time they were banished the power to make a prayer was taken from them. That's why to say a pious word to a fairy is like trowing scalding wather on him. 'Tis a hard pinnance that's put on the poor crachures. I wisht I knew what 'twas for," he says.

He was goin' on pondherin' in that way, while Terror was picking his steps, narvous, among the stones of the road, whin suddenly a frowning, ugly rock seemed to jump up and stand ferninst them at a turn of the path.

Terror shied at it, stumbled wild, and thin the most aggrewating of all bothersome things happened—the horse cast a shoe and wint stone lame.

In a second the priest had leaped to the ground and picked up the horseshoe.

"Wirra ! Wirra !" says he, lifting the lame foot, "why did you do it, allannah ? 'Tis five miles to a smith an' seven miles to your own warm stable."

The horse, for answer, raiched down an' touched with his soft nose the priest's cheek; but the good man looked rayproachful into the big brown eyes that turned sorrowful to his own.

With the shoe in his hand the priest was standin' fretting and helpless on the lonesome hillside, wondhering what he'd do at all at all, whin a sudden voice spoke up from somewhere near Terror's knees.

"The top of the avinin' to your Riverence," it said; "I'm sorry for your bad luck," says the voice.

Looking down, Father Cassidy saw a little cloaked figure, and caught the glint of a goold crown. 'Twas Brian Connors, the king of the fairies, himself, that was in it.

His words had so friendly a ring in them that the clargyman smiled in answering, "Why, thin, good fortune to you, King Brian Connors," says the good man, "an' save you kindly. What wind brought you here?" he says.

The king spoke back free an' pleasant. "The boys tould me you were comin' down the mountainy way, and I came up just in time to see your misfortune. I've sent for Shaun Rhue, our own farrier—there's no betther in Ireland; he'll be here in a minute, so don't worry," says the king.

The priest came so near saying "God bless ye," that the king's hair riz on his head. But Father Cassidy stopped in the nick of time, changed his coorse, an' steered as near a blessing as he could without hurting the Master of the Good People.

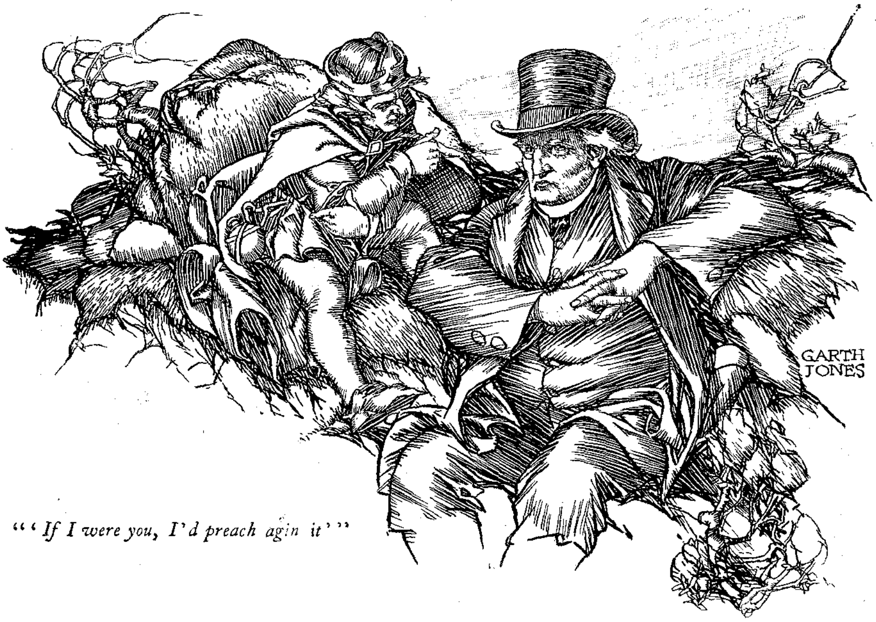
"Well, may you never hear of throuble," he says, "till you're wanted to its wake," says he.

"There's no throuble to-night at any rate," says the king, "for while Shaun is fixing the baste we'll sit in the shelter of that rock yonder; there we'll light our pipes and divart our minds with pleasant discoorsin' and wise convarsaytion."

While the king spoke, two green-cloaked little men were making a fire for the smith out of twigs. So quick did they work, that by the time the priest and the fairy man could walk over to the stone and sit themselves in the shelther, a thousand goold sparks were dancin' in the wind, and the glimmer of a foine blaze fought with the darkness.

Almost as soon, clear and purty, rang the cheerful sound of an anvil, and through the swaying shadows a dozen busy little figures were working about the horse. Some wore leather aprons and hilt up the horse's hoof whilst Shaun fitted the red hot shoe; others blew the bellows or piled fresh sticks on the fire; all joking, laughing, singing, or thrickin'; one couldn't tell whether 'twas playing or workin' they were.

Afther lighting their pipes and paying aich other an armful of complayments, the Master of Sleive-na-mon and the clargyman began a sayrious discoorse about the deloights of fox hunting, which led to the considheration of the wondherful wisdom of racing horses and the disgraceful day-ter-ray-roar-ation of the Skibberbeg hounds.



"'*If I were you, I'd preach agin it*'"

Father Cassidy related how whin Ned Blaze's steeplechasin' horse had been entered for the Connemarra Cup, an' found out at the last minute that Ned feared to lay a bet on him, the horse felt himself so stabbed to the heart with shame by his master's disthrust, that he trew his jockey, jumped the wall, an', head in the air, galloped home.

The king then tould how at a great hunting meet, whin three magisthrates an' two head excises officers were in the chase, that thief of the worruld, Let-Erin-Raymimber, the chief hound of the Skibberbeg pack, instead of follying the fox, led the whole hunt up

GABRIEL
A.G.J.

over the mountain to Patrick McCaffrey's private still. The entire counthryside were dhry for a fortnit afther.

Their talk in that way dhrifted from one pleasant subject to another, till Father Cassidy, the sly man, says aisy an' careless, "I've been tould," says he, "that before the Good People were banished from heaven yez were all angels," he says.

The king blew a long thin cloud from betwixt his lips, felt his whuskers thoughtful for a minute, and said:

"No," he says, "we were not exactly what you might call angels. A rale angel is taller nor your chapel."

"Will you tell me what they're like?" axed Father Cassidy, very curious.

"I'll give you an idee be comparison what they're like," the king says. "They're not like a chapel, and they're not like a three, an' they're not like the ocean," says he. "They're different from a goint—a great dale different—and they're dissembler to an aygle; in fact you'd not mistake one of them for anything you'd ever seen before in your whole life. Now you have a purty good ideeah what they're like," says he.

"While I think of it," says the fairy man, a vexed frown wrinkling over his forehead, "there's three young bachelors in your own parish that have a foolish habit of callin' their colleens angels whin they's not the laste likeness—not the laste. If I were you, I'd preach ag'in it," says he.

"Oh, I dunno about that!" says Father Cassidy, fitting a live coal on his pipe. "The crachures *must* say thim things. If a young bachelor only talks sensible to a sensible colleen he has a good chanst to stay a bachelor. An thin ag'in, a gossoon who'll talk to his sweetheart about the size of the petatie crop'll maybe bate her whin they're both married. But this has nothing to do with your historical obserwaytions. Go on, King," he says.

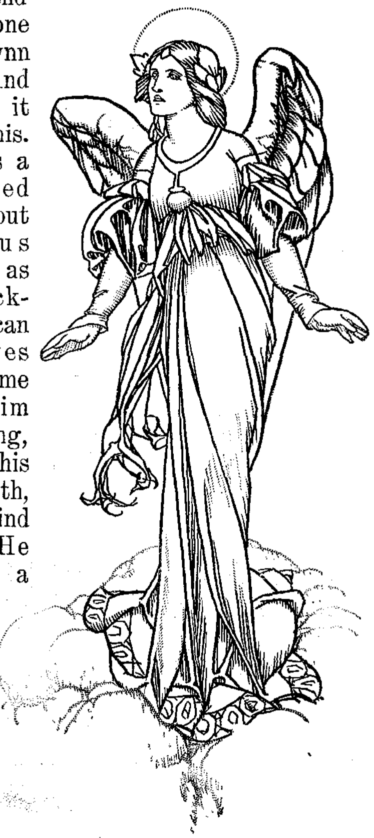
"Well, I hate foolishness, wherever it is," says the fairy. "Howsumever, as I was saying, up there in heaven they called us the Little People," he says; "millions of us flocked together, and I was the king of them all. We were happy with one another as birds of the same nest, till the ruction came on betwixt the black and the white angels.

"How it all started I never rightly knew, nor wouldn't ask for fear of getting implicayted. I bade all the Little People keep to themselves thin, because we had plenty of friends in both parties, and wanted throuble with nayther of them.

"I knew ould Nick well; a civiler, pleasanter spoken sowl you couldn't wish to meet—a little too sweet in his ways, maybe. He gave a thousand favors and civilities to my subjects, and now that he's down, the devil a word I'll say ag'in him."

"I'm ag'in him," says Father Cassidy, looking very stern; "I'm ag'in him an' all his pumps an' worruks. I'll go bail that in the ind he hurt yez more than he helped yez."

"Only one thing I blame him for," says the king; "he sajooced from the Little People my comrade and best friend, one Thaddeus Flynn be name. And the way that it was, was this. Thaddeus was a warm-hearted little man, but monsthrous high-spirited as well as quick-tempered. I can shut me eyes now, and in me mind see him thripping along, his head bent, his pipe in his mouth, his hands behind his back. He never wore a waistcoat, but kept always his green body-coat buttoned. A tall caubeen was



set on the back of his head, with a sprig of green shamrock in the band. There was a thin rim of black whiskers undher his chin."

Father Cassidy, liftin' both hands in wondher, said: "If I hadn't baptized him, and buried his good father before him, I'd swear 'twas Michael Pether McGilligan of this parish you were dayscribin'," says he.

"The McGilligans ain't dacint enough, nor rayfined enough, nor proud enough to be fairies," says the king, wavin' his pipe scornful. "But to raysume and to continue," he says.

"Thaddeus and I used to frayquint a place they called the battlements or parypets—which was a great goold wall about the edge of heaven, and which had wide steps down on the outside face, where one could sit, pleasant avenings, and hang his feet over, or where one'd stand before going to take a fly in the fresh air for himself.

"Well, agra, the night before the great battle, Thady and I were sitting on the lowest step, looking down into league upon league of nothing, and talking about the world, which was suxty thousand miles below, and hell, which was tunty thousand miles below that ag'in, when who should come blusthering over us, his black wings hiding the sky, and a long streak of lightning for a spear in his fist, but Ould Nick.

"'Brian Connors, how long are you going to be downthrodden and thrajooced and looked down upon—you and your subjects?' says he.

"'Faix, thin, who's doing that to us?' asks Thady, standing up and growing excited.

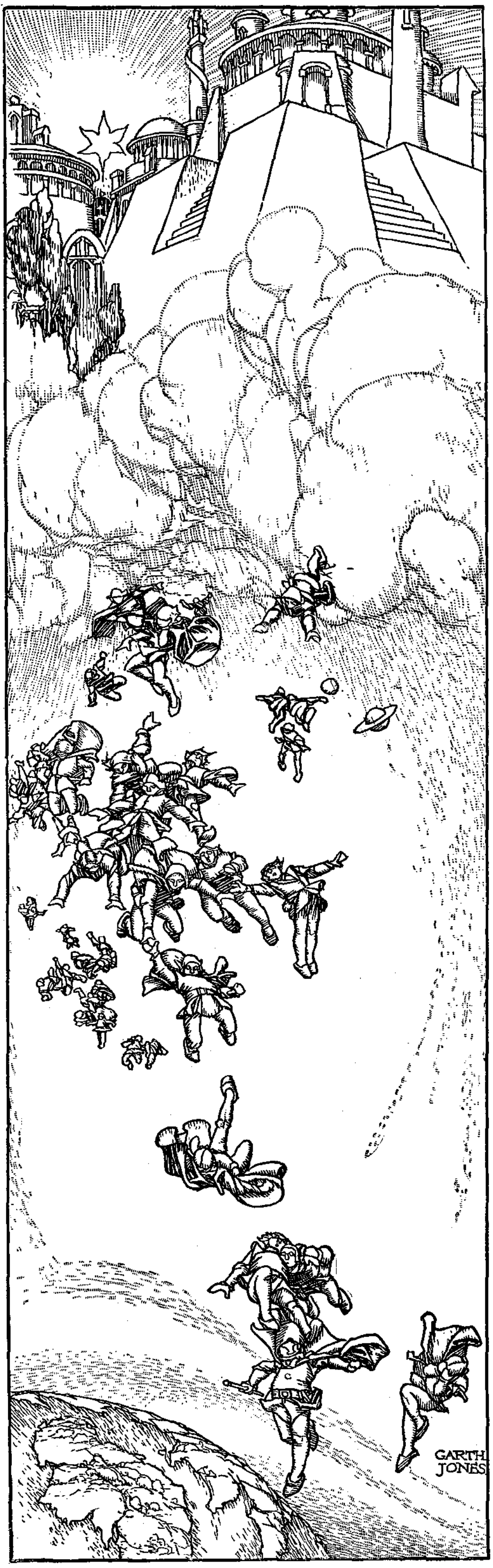
"'Why,' says Ould Nick, 'were you made little pigmies to be the laugh and the scorn and the mock of the whole world?' he says, very mad; 'why weren't you made into angels, like the rest of us?' he says.

"'Musha,' cries Thady, 'I never thought of that.'

"'Are you a man or a mouse; will you fight for your rights?' says Sattin. 'If so, come with me and be one of us. For we'll bate them black and blue to-morrow,' he says. Thady needed no second axing.

"'I'll go with ye, Sattin, me dacent man,' cried he. 'Wirra! Wirra! To think of how downthrodden we are!' And with one spring Thady was on Ould Nick's chowlders, and the two flew away like a humming-bird riding on the back of an aygle.

"'Take care of yerself, Brian,' says Thady, 'and come over to see the fight; I'm to be in it, and I extind you the inwitation,' he says.



"'With that we took the leap'"

"In the morning the battle opened; one line of black angels stretched clear across heaven, and faced another line of white angels, with a walley between.

"Every one had a spaking trumpet in his hand, like you see in the pictures, and they called aich other hard names across the walley. As the white angels couldn't swear or use bad langwidge, Ould Nick's army had at first in that way a great adwantage. But when it came to hurling hills and shying tunderbolts at aich other, the black angels were bate from the first.

"Poor little Thaddeus Flynn stood amongst his own, in the dust and the crash and the roar, brave as a lion. He couldn't hurl mountains, nor was he much at flinging lightning bolts, but at calling hard names he was ayquil to the best.

"I saw him take off his coat, trow it on the ground, and shake his pipe at a thraymendous angel. 'You owdacious villain,' he cried. 'I dare you to come half way over,' he says."

"My, oh my, whin the armies met together in the rale handy grips, it must have been an illigent sight," says Father Cassidy. "'Tis a wondher you kep' out of it," says he.

"I always belayved," says the king, "that if he can help it, no one should fight whin he's sure to get hurted, onless it's his juty to fight. To fight for the mere sport of it, when a throuncin' is sartin, is wasting your time and hurtin' your repitation. I know there's plenty thinks different," he says, p'inting his pipe. "I may be wrong, an' I won't argyfy the matther. 'Twould have been betther for myself that day if I had acted on the other principle.

"Howsumever, be the time that everybody was sidestepping mountains and dodging tunderbolts, I says to myself, says I, 'This is no place fer you or the likes of you.' So I took all me own people out to the battlements and hid them out of the way on the lower steps. We'd no sooner got placed whin—whish! a black angel shot through the air over our heads, and began falling down, down, and down, till he was out of sight. Then a score of his friends came tumbling over the battlements; imagetly hundreds of others came whirling, and purty soon it was raining black wings down into the gulf.

"In the midst of the turmile, who should come jumping down to me, all out of breath, but Thady.

"'It's all over, Brian; we're bate scandalous,' he says, swinging his arms for a spring and balancing himself up and down on the edge of the steps. 'Maybe you wouldn't think it of me, Brian Connors; but I'm a fallen angel,' says he.

"'Wait a bit, Thaddeus Flynn!' says I. 'Don't jump,' I says.

"'I must jump,' he says, 'or I'll be trun,' says he.

"The next thing I knew he was swirling and darting and shooting a mile below me.

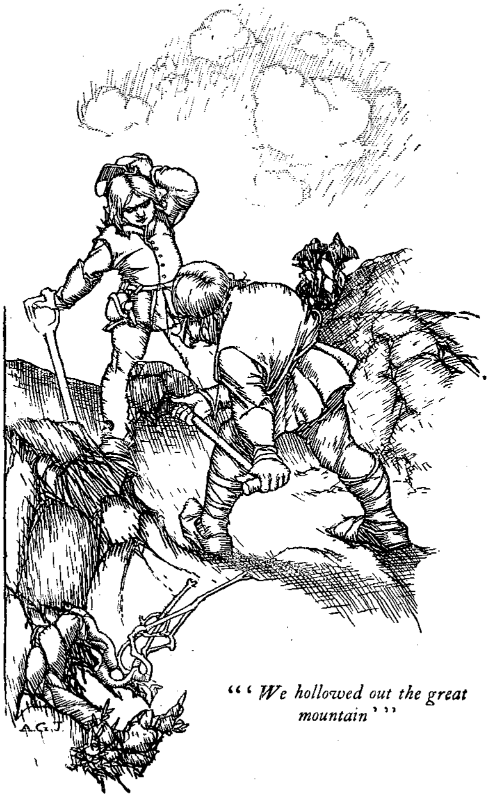
"And I know, says the king, wiping his eyes with his cloak, that when the Day of Judgment comes I'll have at laste one friend waiting for me below to show me the coolest spots and the pleasant places.

"The next minute up came the white army with presners—angels, black and white, who had taken no side in the battle, but had stood apart like ourselves.

"'A man,' says the Angel Gabriel, 'who, for fear of his skin, won't stand for the right when the right is in danger, may not desarve hell, but he's not fit for heaven. Fill up the stars with these cowards and throw the lavin's into the say,' he ordhered.

"With that he swung a lad in the air, and gave him a fling that sent him ten miles out intil the sky. Every other good angel follyed shuit, and I watched thousands go, till they faded like a stretch of black smoke a hundred miles below.

"The Angel Gabriel turned and saw me, and I must confess I shivered.



"'We hollowed out the great mountain'"

“ ‘ Well, King Brian Connors,’ says he, ‘ I hope you see that there’s such a thing as being too wise and too cute and too ticklish of yourself. I can’t send you to the stars, bekase they’re full, and I won’t send you to the bottomless pit so long as I can help it. I’ll send yez all down to the world. We’re going to put human beans on it purty soon, though they’re going to turn out to be blaggards, and at last we’ll have to burn the place up. Afther that, if you’re still there, you and yours must go to purdition, for it’s the only place left for you.

“ ‘ You’re too hard on the little man,’ says the Angel Michael, coming up—St. Michael was ever the outspoken, friendly person—‘ sure what harm, or what hurt, or what good could he have done us ? And can you blame the poor little crachures for not interfering ? ’

“ ‘ Maybe I was too harsh,’ says the Angel Gabriel, ‘ but being saints, when we say a thing we must stick to it. Howsumever, I’ll let him settle in any part of the world he likes, and I’ll send there the kind of human beans he’d wish most for. Now, give your ordher,’ he says to me, taking out his book and pencil, ‘ and I’ll make for you the kind of people you’d like to live among.’

“ ‘ Well,’ says I, ‘ I’d like the men honest and brave, and the women good.’

“ ‘ Very well,’ he says, writing it down; ‘ I’ve got that—go on.’

“ ‘ And I’d like them full of jollity and sport, fond of racing and singing and hunting and fighting, and all such innocent divarsions.’

“ ‘ You’ll have no complaint about that,’ says he.

“ ‘ And,’ says I, ‘ I’d like them poor and parsecuted, bekase when a man gets rich, there’s no more fun in him.’

“ ‘ Yes, I’ll fix that. Thrue for you,’ says the Angel Gabriel, writing.

“ ‘ And I don’t want them to be Christians,’ says I; ‘ make them Haythens or Pagans, for Christians are too much worried about the Day of Judgment.’

“ ‘ Stop there ! Say no more ! ’ says the saint. ‘ If I make as fine a race of people as that I won’t send them to hell to plaze you, Brian Connors.’

“ ‘ At laste,’ says I, ‘ make them Jews.’

“ ‘ If I made them Jews,’ he says, slowly screwing up one eye to think, ‘ how could you keep them poor ? No, no ! ’ he said, shutting up the book, ‘ go your ways ; you have enough.’

“ I clapped me hands, and all the Little People stood up and bent over the edge, their fingers pointed like swimmers going to dive. ‘ One, two, three,’ I shouted ; and with that we took the leap.

“ We were two years and tunty-six days falling before we raiched the world. On the morning of the next day we began our sarch for a place to live. We thraveled from north to south and from ayst to west. Some grew tired and dhropped off in Spain, some in France, and others ag’in in different parts of the world. But the most of us thraveled ever and ever till we came to a lovely island that glimmered and laughed and sparkled in the middle of the say.

“ ‘ We’ll stop here,’ I says ; ‘ we needn’t sarch farther, and we needn’t go back to Italy or Swizzerland, for of all places on the earth, this island is the nearest like heaven ; and in it the County Clare and the County Tipperary are the purtiest spots of all.’ So we hollowed out the great mountain Sleive-na-mon for our home, and there we are till this day.”

The king stopped a while, and sat houldin’ his chin in his hands. “ That’s the thrue story,” he says, sighing pitiful. “ We took sides with nobody, we minded our own business, and we got trun out for it,” says he.

So interested was Father Cassidy in the talk of the king that the singing and hammering had died out without his knowing, and he hadn’t noticed at all how the darkness had thickened in the valley and how the stillness had spread over the hillside. But now, whin the chief of the fairies stopped, the good man, half frightened at the silence, jumped to his feet and turned to look for his horse.

Beyond the dull glow of the dying fire a crowd of Little People stood waiting, patient and quiet, houlding Terror, who champed restless at his bit, and bate impatient with his hoof on the hard ground.

As the priest looked toward them, two of the little men wearing leather aprons moved out from the others, leading the baste slow and careful over to where the good man stood beside the rock.

" You've done me a favyer this night," says the clargyman, gripping with his bridle hand the horse's mane, " an' all I have to pay it back with'd only harry you, an' make you oncomfortable, so I'll not say the words," he says.

" No favyer at all," says the king, " but before an hour there'll be lyin' on your own threshold a favyer in the shape of a bit of as fine bacon as ever laughed happy in the middle of biling turnips. We borryed it last night from a magisthrate named Blake, who lives up in the County Wexford," he says.

The clargyman had swung himself into the saddle.

" I'd be loath to say anything disrayspectful," he says quick, " or to hurt sensitive feelings, but on account of my soul's sake I couldn't ate anything that was come by dishonest," he says.

" Bother and botheration, look at that now ! " says the king. " Every thrade has its drawbacks, but I never rayalized before the hardship of being a parish priest. Can't we manage it some way. Couldn't I put it some place where you might find it, or give it to a friend who'd send it to you ? "

" Stop a minute," says Father Cassidy. "Up at Tim Healy's I think there's more hunger than sickness, more nade for petaties than for physic. Now, if you sent that same bit of bacon——"

" Oh, ho ! " says the king, with a dhry cough, " the Healy's have no sowls to save, the same as parish priests have."

" I'm a poor, wake, miserable sinner," says the priest, hanging his head; " I fall at the first temptation. Don't send it," says he.

" Since you forbid me, I'll send it," says the king, chucklin'. " I'll not be ruled by you. To-morrow the Healy's'll have five tinder-hearted heads of cabbage, makin' love in a pot to the finest bit of bacon in Tipperary—that is, unless you do your juty an' ride back to warn them. Raymember their poor sowls," says he, " an' don't forget your own," he says.

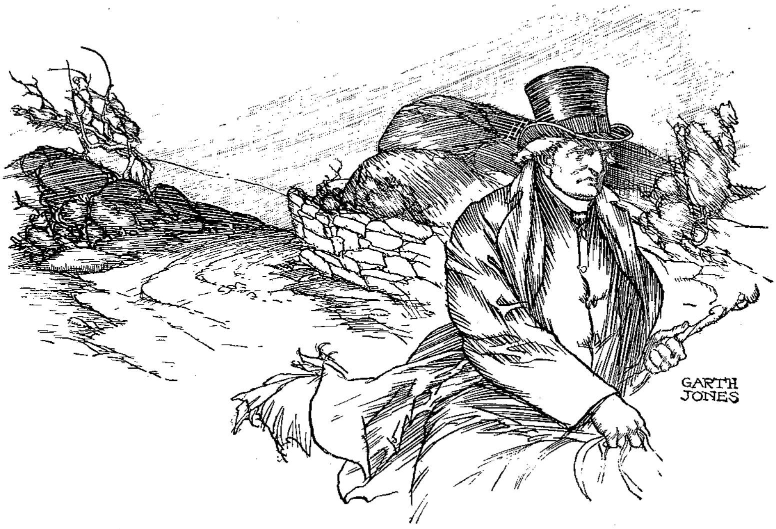
The priest sat unaisy in the saddle. " I'll put all the raysponsibility on Terror," he says. " The baste has no sowl to lose. I'll just drop the reins on his neck; if he turns and goes back to Healy's I'll warn them; if he goes home let it be on his own conscience."

He dhropped the reins, and the dishonest baste started for home imagetly.

But afther a few steps Father Cassidy dhrew up an' turned in the saddle. Not a sowl was in sight; there was only the lonely road and the lonesome hillside; the last glimmer of the fairy fire was gone, and a curtain of soft blackness had fallen betwixt him an' where the blaze had been.

" I bid you good night, Brian Connors," the priest cried. From somewhere out of the darkness a woice called back to him, " Good night, your Riverence."

" ' *Good night, your Riverence.*' "



THE FINISH OF ELIZABETH SHANKLIN

BY R. E. YOUNG

Illustrated by Will Grefe

AT twenty, Elizabeth Shanklin was as shrinking, as small, and infolded as one of the white bells on a lily-of-the-valley. No one in Penangton had ever known her well, and those who had known her at all could not have told whether she liked summer or winter better, whether she preferred to live in town or regretted the farm where her childhood had been spent, whether she watered the flowers because she liked flowers or because her mother told her to water them. After Penangton had watched her for five years as she moved warily behind the syringa bush in the Shanklins' front yard, or as she shooed the chickens out of the back yard, the town came to regard her as one who could only peep through her home palings into the Garden of Eden or into the Vale of Gehenna, as one in whom great joy could never be splendidly compensatory for great sorrow, and as one, therefore, who could not hope to hold the Penangton interest. It was a sheer relief to Elizabeth to have Penangton settle to this way of regarding her. Although she had lived through two decades without finding out what to expect of herself, she had found out that the things other people expected of her were always the wrong things —learning, accomplishments, love affairs with the young gentlemen of Penangton—things so far beyond her mind's capacity or so far beneath her heart's desire, that her pretty, narrow face had grown supplicatory with her longing to be let alone years before her indifference and apathy secured that satisfaction to her.

It may have been harmoniously sequential, but to Elizabeth it did not seem right that after she was let alone, and along with the very relief of being let alone, came a sensation that was like homesickness, a feeling that she didn't belong anywhere and that she had missed something. There were times when, wistfully restless under the sensation, she showed a prettier affection for her father and mother, or drove by herself down Dover Road to the farm, humming sad little ballads to her heart's desire. As Elizabeth was now twenty, it may be too much to say for her that her heart's desire still wore a plumed hat, a velvet cape, and riding boots; but it is not too much to say that it was topped by a feathery and gracious quality, plumose to a condescending degree; that it was enriched by a courtly diffusion, velvety and cloak-like; and that it stood its ground chivalrously, in a sort of ornamental sturdiness that had all the wide sweep and picturesque utility of riding boots; nor is it too much to say that when Elizabeth was restless in her shy, delicate fashion, somewhere behind the door of romance she was, in her own way, doing as much to prove up a large law of nature as any apple that ever fell, ripe and suggestive, into the hands of science.

Mr. Shanklin did not rent his house with his farm when the Shanklins moved to town, so that, as there was never any one about the place to disturb Elizabeth, except Hester, the black woman who was caretaker of the house, Elizabeth was often at the farm on spring afternoons.

"Miss Lizbef," called Hester from her kitchen door one such afternoon, "I wuz to Miss Tresillian's yes'day, an' Cindy oveh yondeh tole me to tell yeh to tell yeh ma if she'd imply a bake' onion to her haid when her haid git de tantrums de pain'd be drew into de onion." Because she had more disposition to talk than she had subjects at her command, it was Hester's habit, once she got started, to build annex after annex to the main structure of her argument, holding to her material with good-natured persistence, and happily neglectful of any final roofing in. She now continued perseveringly, "Den she kin frow de onion away." Elizabeth's prolonged silences were always grievous to Hester, without being wholly obstruent, and though Elizabeth was not hearing, the darkey chuckled on with exquisite tenacity, "I reckon it doan make no diffunce whut come de onion."

There were a few moments of peace for Elizabeth before Hester began anew: "Dar go Miss Penang in her surah. She's drove out dis way ev'y day since she got dat vehighcle. Hi-yi! I guess yether people got surahs—or maybe buggies—leastwise dey got wagons—ur ef dey ain't got wagons dey certn'y got feet." Peace again. Nobody passed down on the main road for a great while, and Elizabeth lost herself in the swirl of the zealous young summer. From where she sat, with both elbows on the back porch rail and her face uptilted toward the hills, she could see that the wheat stood high and firm, and that there was the beautiful awakening light on the hills that falls only in the spring and upon the young. She could see, too, the lambs and the calves in the lower pasture, trotting down to Snibble Creek, drinking, flipping up their gay little tails, and cavorting off again. The season and the day were in them. As she watched, her own impulses quickened to the tune of youth, and she had to get up and stretch out her arms longingly and clasp her hands and breathe deeply.

"Miss Lizbef," came another of Hester's unseasonable interruptions, "whut you reckin makin' dat noise down de big road? Soun' mighty lak a hoss runnin' away. Heah? Soun' lak two er um. 'Tis two er um!"

Elizabeth turned at last and looked down the main road, with less interest than irritation, as a terrific clatter of hoofs smote upon Snibble Bridge, below the farm. Seeing in a flash that the horse that was making the clatter headed straightway into the lane that turned in from the main road to the farm, Elizabeth went to the edge of the porch and waited. Something in her poise as she stood there, with her hands folded in front of her, suggested that she had the courage in meeting events that she so lamentably lacked in meeting people. Her face was gravely quiet, except for her eyes, which were asking practical questions and answering them without imaginative terror; and when Hester darted round the corner of the house in wild excitement, Elizabeth turned to her with the same steady gravity, and the same balanced inquiry. "Who is it," she said, "and what's the trouble?"

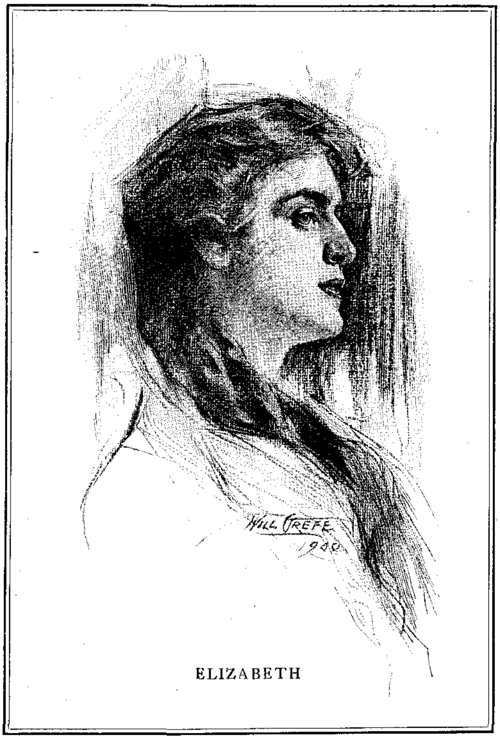
"It's that tha' Shell Spence, and thass his nigger behime him an' one er bofe uv ums crazy drunk—thass who 'tis," shouted Hester, and waved her apron and executed an epileptiform dance of fear.

"Get in the house, Hester"—the old protecting spirit of the white woman for the black children-people in her care took immediate and unerring possession of Elizabeth—"lock the kitchen door. I'll go front and lock up. Quit being so foolishly frightened, Hester. I don't think the white man's drunk. See—he isn't—the nigger's after him with a gun." She had by this time got the negress headed for the kitchen, and she ran immediately around the long, encircling porch to the front of the house, and stood on the threshold with her hand on the front door. Her mind was hurrying chaotically over the evil things she had heard all her life about the man coming down the lane toward her. She had never seen Shell Spence, because he had not been in favor in Penangton since some unforgivable escapades of his first youth, and seldom came to the town any more; but she knew that he was a stockman down Dover Road, a man who gambled and drank and swore a great deal, and whose horses won him a great deal of money on the St. Louis and Kentucky tracks, money which, according to report, was soon spent in riotous living. As it happened, it was only within the past few days that she had heard her father and Mr. Penang, a neighbor of the Shanklins, talking at the front gate about this same Shell Spence. "And he ain't worth the powder to blow him up, and, more'n that, he never will be," was what Mr. Penang had said, with an emphasis pitiless enough to suggest age's quarrel with youth, rather than man's quarrel with man.

"But I guess," said Elizabeth to herself, quickly responsive to the call that life makes upon life, "if he gets to this door before a bullet gets to him, I won't lose much time letting him in, no matter how little he's worth."

The man in the lane was bending over his horse to his saddle-bow; he had his face twisted back toward the main road, and he was digging his feet into his horse's sides vehemently. As he got to a point half-way down the lane, an apparition like a Cyclops was outlined for an instant on Snibble Bridge, in the form of a giant negro, black as night, and, at that distance, seeming to be possessed of no face at all except for a fiery fulmination that was like a frightful eye. As the horse which the negro rode was also coming at breakneck speed, the apparition disappeared a moment later down the incline from the bridge, to reappear with more vivid ugliness at the mouth of the lane just as the white man reached the gate into the Shanklin yard. Although the bullets from a Winchester rifle in the negro's hands were popping like hail about the white man as he put through the gate, Elizabeth distinctly heard him laugh as he yelled back, "Stop, you black hawg! Stop!" He lifted his face to propel his words a little, but had to duck again instantly under the bullets. "Stop it, you ornery nigger pup! 'fi don't fill you full of lead in about one minute, you whisky-boosted billy-goat!"

"Whay-oh-whoo!" rang out the negro's answer in a long, wild yell that bounded and leaped on the air and twisted into a crazy



ELIZABETH

falsetto yodel. "Whay-oh! Who marse now? Who got gun and who hunt rabbit?"

Up under the trees of the yard dashed the white man, now swinging low on one side of his horse, like a circus rider, his left foot just toeing in the stirrup, his left hand hugging the saddle-bow. There was no plume in his hat, but the hat itself, a rolling cowboy felt, was pushed back from a mop of yellow hair with a daring grace, and his corduroy hunting suit could not but suggest a velvet cape. Elizabeth could see his brown, reckless face plainly at last, the lower part of it set in anger, the eyes a-sparkle with dare-devil appreciation of his own danger. The next minute she had run lightly out on the porch. "Drop as you come by and let the mare run for the stable," she called. "I've got the door open!"

The man looked up, saw Elizabeth poised on the porch, delicate as a flower and with an unwonted abandon that made her as graceful as a sapling, and then deliberately, even elaborately, he took his right hand and raised his hat with it while he hung there on his horse's side. "Your's to command, my lady!" he called, as blithely as though the negro behind him were a canary bird.

"Whay-oh-whay!" came the negro's weird yell again and again. "Who fill who full lead? Who teach who manner? Whay-oh-whoo!"

The white man dropped from his mare while she still went a-gallop, stumbled a little, recovered himself, sprang up the steps to Elizabeth's side, and pulled the girl into the hall. "It's a gun I want," he said, panting; "just a gun. Got one? Got anything that looks like a gun?" His face quivered as though he would like to laugh, but he had moved at once into the sitting-room, and he kept his eye on the window with an alert readiness. "The yard gate'll stop him for a minute," he went on; "but when he gets through that I just must meet him with something or other on my shoulder." He doubled up one hand and pounded it into the palm of the other. "Whew!" he said, his eyes searching the room nimbly, "you don't know how a man's shoulder can ache for a gun!"

Elizabeth's eyes, more at home with the house's furnishings than his, looked past him into the hall frowningly. "My goodness!" she said, "what'll we do? There isn't a gun in the house except father's squirrel gun. It's on the dining-room mantel. I'll get it for you." She was running through the hall by now, with the man at her heels, and as she ran she talked with an exhilaration that may have been pure nervousness, and may have been compounded of other elements. "I don't believe it would stop a guinea pig, much less that nigger; but such as 'tis, there it is!" She pointed at the gun on the mantel, then caught at her lip in a little flare of anxiety and apprehension. "I don't believe it's loaded," she said.

The man jerked the corners of his mouth down and gave a low musical whistle as he reached over Elizabeth's shoulder and took the gun from the mantel. There was something promising in the ease with which he adapted himself to the situation.

"No'm, not even a little bunch of buckshot," he said, with an affectionate sarcasm, as he clicked at the hammer of the gun. "Oh, well'm, don't you care." He got around by the window and looked out. "My nigger's got that gate open. Hear him pikin' up through them trees! Ain't he fierce! My-oh, don't he think he's some!" He threw the gun on his shoulder and turned to Elizabeth. "Here's where I kunjer a nigger," he said, smiling. Then, with a sudden seriousness, "You want to lock that front door as I step outside, and whatever happens you don't want to come out on the porch—less'n I tell you to—afterwards." He broke off and ran back through the hall to the front porch, where he stood squarely out on the top step, with his empty gun on his shoulder.

"Come along, Caspar; come along, my fellow-citizen; come along, my boyhood friend." The caressing quality of his voice continued, subtly permanent, though his words almost immediately became more forceful than fond. "'M'on, you rum-spiked, gun-propped, pie-faced shoat!"

Out in the yard an instructive transformation was in progress. The burly negro had stopped his horse suddenly when within thirty yards of the porch. Instead of the lurid halation that had served him for a face on Snibble Bridge, his red and shifting eyeballs were now apparent, their pupils widely dilated, while his flaring nostrils fanned in and out with the witless terror of an animal. In his liquor-thickened condition the sudden reversal of the situation seemed to be to him but another evidence, doubtless piling upon many precedent evidences, of the preternatural superiority of the man whom he called master, and as he sat his horse and stared at the white man he began to shake like one palsied.

"Whay-o-whay, Cass!" sang the white man, with a gloating imitation of the negro's yodel; "how you like the landscape down this gun-barrel? Whay-o-whay! Who teach who long about now, you unstoppered whiskey keg, you?"

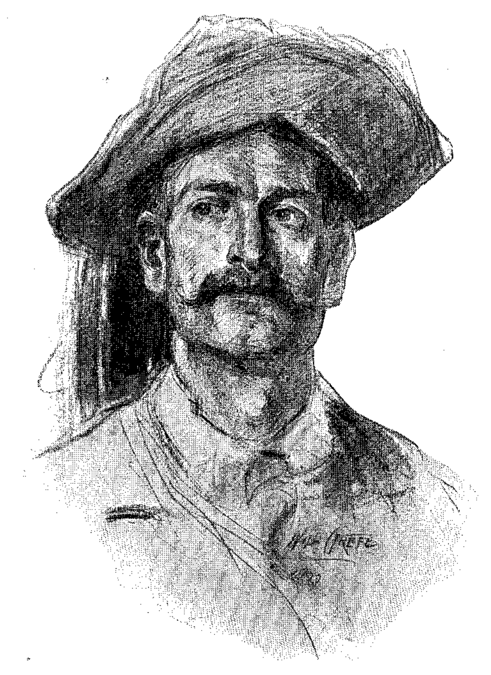
Experience had so long defined for the negro his chances against the white man when the white man had a gun, that now he could only shake on miserably. "Doan yeh shoot, Marse Shell," he whined; "I ain mean no ha'm. I jess havin' a lil playfulness. I wud'n hurt yeh, hone's to Gawd, I wud'n; yeh wud'n shoot yeh old nigger, neder, wud yeh, Marse Shell?"

"You betchew I'd shoot him," said the white man; "do it for a cigar, do it for a chew of tobacco, do it for fun." He went down one of the porch steps toward the darkey, before continuing with an entire change of tone from careless deviltry to responsible authority, "Now put that gun on your saddle-bow and ride up here and hand it to me, butt first, and if I don't riddle you with bullets while you're doing it it'll be because I don't want to waste my bullets."

Keeping his eyes on the white man's eyes, the negro came slowly toward the porch, reversed the rifle, and held it out tremblingly. "Tha' yeh gun, Marse Shell."

"Now you cut down that road home, and f'you touch one them black children of yours when you get there f'I don't blow you into kingdom come it'll be because there ain't any kingdom come."

Silently and sadly the negro turned and jogged down the yard, through the gate into the lane, and so into Dover Road again. As he went Elizabeth stepped out on the porch. "Well, you settled *him* in a hurry, didn't you?" she said gaily. She was so much interested that it did not occur to her to be afraid to speak.


SHELL SPENCE

"I generally settle things thataway," said the man, letting his eyes trail in from the vanishing darkey to rest on the girl before him with a frank, boyish smile.

"What an awful coward a nigger can be," said Elizabeth.

"Yep, coward, devil, child—joke any way you take him." He leaned against one of the porch pillars and looked down at his boots. "I guess I dog that nigger of mine some just to be doing," he said. A very slight red that crept into his face with the words was swept back precipitately before the hard, breezy laugh with which he finished. "I guess I do a lot of things just to be doing." He looked beyond Elizabeth to the open door. "Well, I vum," he said; "I don't believe you locked that door like I told you to at all."

"I don't believe I did," said Elizabeth. "I got to watching and I forgot to lock it."

"Well, one thing for sure, you aren't much of a coward," he said, looking at her with bold admiration. "I believe you enjoyed it."

"I believe I did," said Elizabeth. "Won't you sit down?"

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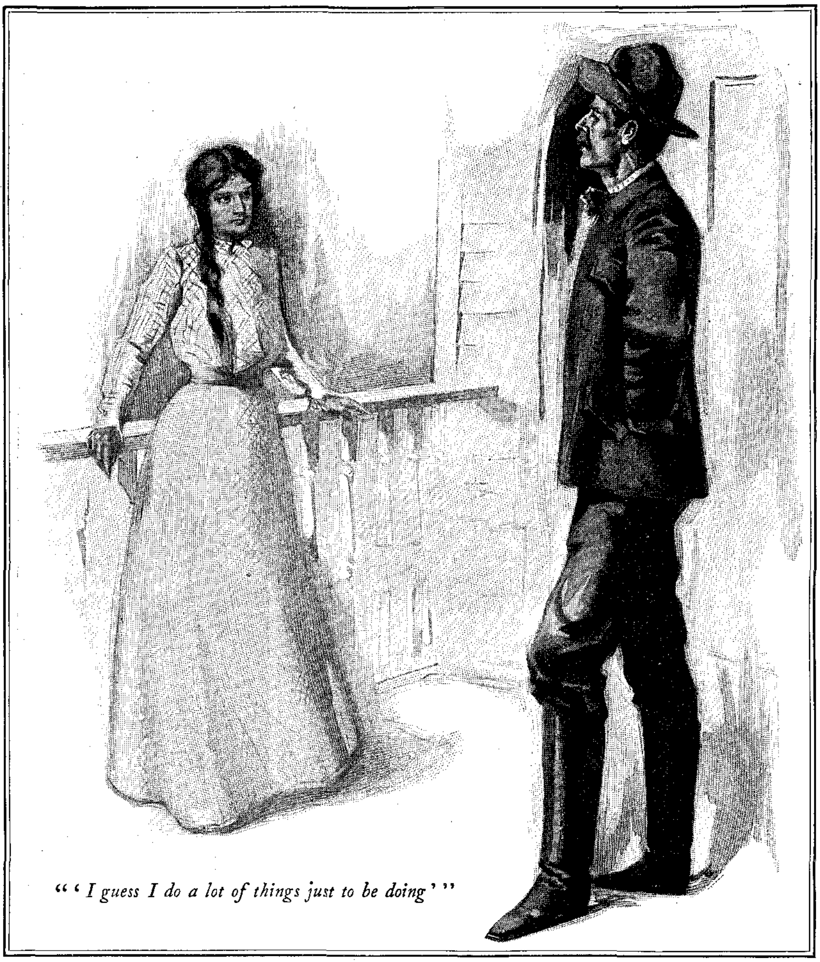
It came about that summer that Elizabeth



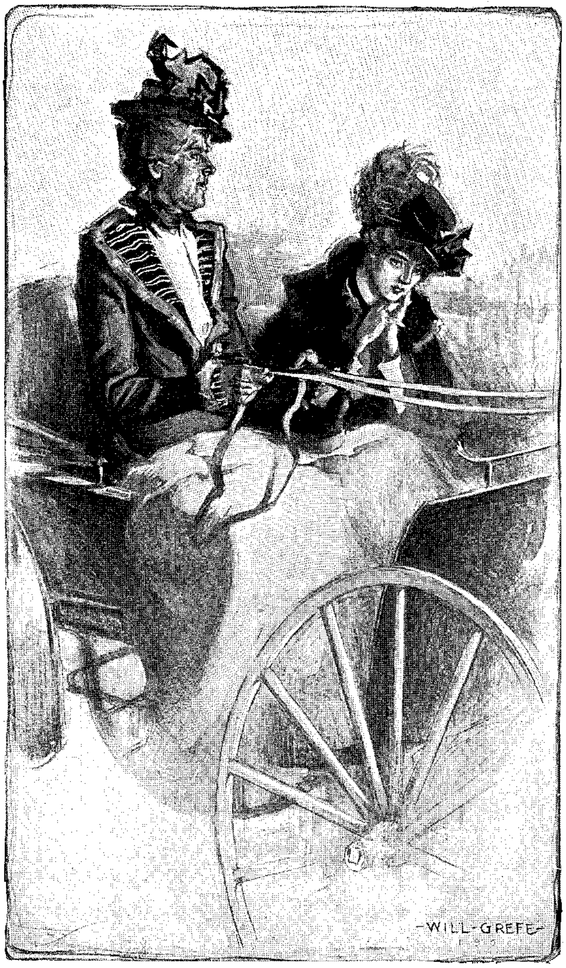
"'I guess I do a lot of things just to be doing'"

had to drive to the farm alone nearly every day, because her father began his canvass for reëlection to the county clerk's office, and because her mother didn't like to go to the farm and be reminded of what she had lived through out there. It was in July that Mrs. Penang, returning home from a surrey drive down Dover Road, passed Shell Spence in his buggy. On the seat beside Shell was Elizabeth, more like a wild rose than any lily-of-the-valley, sweet and flushed and laughing. The explanation was simple. Elizabeth had met with an accident to her phaeton on her way to the farm, Shell had overtaken her, had trundled her phaeton down the lane to the farm, and had then taken Elizabeth in his buggy and driven with her to the cabin of Black Jeff, who forthwith came up to the farm and repaired the phaeton. It was a very good explanation. But a week later Mrs. Penang saw Elizabeth with Shell, behind one of the fast horses from the Spence stables, whizzing down Dover Road, way beyond Black Jeff's cabin, way beyond the possibilities of Elizabeth's phaeton. The next thing was trouble. Mrs. Penang brought it with her Renaissance work the day she spent the morning with Mrs. Shanklin. After Mrs. Penang had gone, Mrs. Shanklin had a long talk with Mr. Shanklin. After that both Mr. and Mrs. Shanklin had a long talk with Elizabeth. Mrs. Shanklin had never in her life, before she had that talk with Elizabeth, realized how different people may be from what they seem to be.

"Well, you've told me how bad he is," was what Elizabeth said to her father and mother in a gray sort of tone, "and you've told me how much too old he is, how much he drinks, how much he swears, and how much he spends; but there's one thing you've forgotten to tell me, that's how much he loves me. And there's one thing I might as well tell you, that's how much I love him." It was like Elizabeth to have put nothing of defiance in her tone, and to have chosen words that sounded final without being threatening. It was like her simply to place herself on record and leave the next move to the opposition.

With Mary Shanklin at the head of the opposition it was inevitable that the next move should come quickly and sharply. Elizabeth was forbidden to drive alone, and Shell Spence was informed, in as curt a letter as a polite man like Mr. Shanklin could indite, that his attention could be put to better interest elsewhere. As Elizabeth began to get pale and thin, the surveillance over her became more jealously rigid, and when one morning the prints of a man's riding boots were found in the front yard, under Elizabeth's window, Mr. Shanklin went to the farm, brought in the squirrel gun, loaded it, and put it on the hat-rack in the hall.

By this time Penangton was intensely interested. Every morning Penangton could see the Shanklin phaeton at the Shanklin front gate, and Mrs. Shanklin and Elizabeth or Mr. Shanklin and Elizabeth departing for Elizabeth's constitutional, and every morning, as the girl came languidly to the phaeton, Penangton would say with kind anxiety, "Uh-uh, she's failing fast." Then, toward the middle of the forenoon, back would come the phaeton, and as the girl went languidly up the walk to the house, Penangton would say, "Failing—failing—failing." One September day, a day that opened up quiet and drowsy through the Indian haze, the usual sad little start was made from the Shanklins' front gate about eight o'clock. The day so quivered with good nature in its sleepy-eyed beauty that Mrs. Shanklin was influenced by it to think very tenderly of the girl beside her before they had fairly left the town behind them. Mary Shanklin did not always think tenderly of her daughter. As an ambitious woman her life had been kept thin and unsatisfied through the inability of those nearest to her to keep up with her plans for them. Elizabeth particularly had failed her—at school, at accomplishments, at society effort; and while Mrs. Shanklin had gone steadily on being a good mother to Elizabeth, there was necessarily occasional bitterness in the disappointment that Elizabeth had entailed by just being Elizabeth. Mrs. Shanklin, however, had kept the bitterness to herself, and even when this miserable affair with the wild and reckless Shell Spence had most painfully pinched her family pride and brought them all into a state of extreme nervous tension, she was still completely in control of the bitterness, and had never spoken to Elizabeth, except with gentleness, since the law against Shell had been laid down. The truth was that Mrs. Shanklin, in these funereal, uncomfortable days, could not have been harsh toward Elizabeth had she tried to be. There was something so white and solemn in Elizabeth's face, something so desperately defrauded in its expression, that harshness was aborted as it would be by a face in a coffin. Mrs. Shanklin found herself constantly haunted by that expression of Elizabeth's face, and constantly wishing that the face were not so tearless. On the day that she had that last ride with Elizabeth, while she was watching the pretty, pale girl beside her with renewed solicitude, Mrs. Shanklin did not know whether to be most surprised or most glad to find that, at last, there were tears in Elizabeth's eyes.



"'I hope you and father won't think . . . that I willingly made a choice against you'"

"Why, Elizabeth——"

The girl's voice shook strangely as she interrupted her mother. "I hope you and father won't think," she began brokenly, "that I willingly made a choice against you—that it would have come out this way if I could have seen any other way—I hope that you won't always feel that I treated you wrong—" She was unaccountably excited, and leaned forward with a trembling nervousness, her chin in her hands and her eyes fixed upon a clump of trees in Hickory Wood, just beyond the lane that turned toward the farm; then suddenly she dropped her face into her hands and sobbed violently.

"Don't you cry, Elizabeth," began Mrs. Shanklin; "it may all come round right yet—" The words fell away from Mrs. Shanklin's lips futilely, as a man came out of the trees beyond the lane and walked rapidly toward them. He reached the head of Mrs. Shanklin's horse as the phaeton rolled into the lane. He said never a word, but he looked from Elizabeth toward the trees as he seized the horse's head, and the girl, with a sick shiver, wrenched herself from her mother's terrified hand, jumped from the phaeton, and ran toward the trees. Mary Shanklin rose to jump after her, but the man was leading her horse into the lane, and she was not agile enough to clear the wheels while the phaeton was moving.

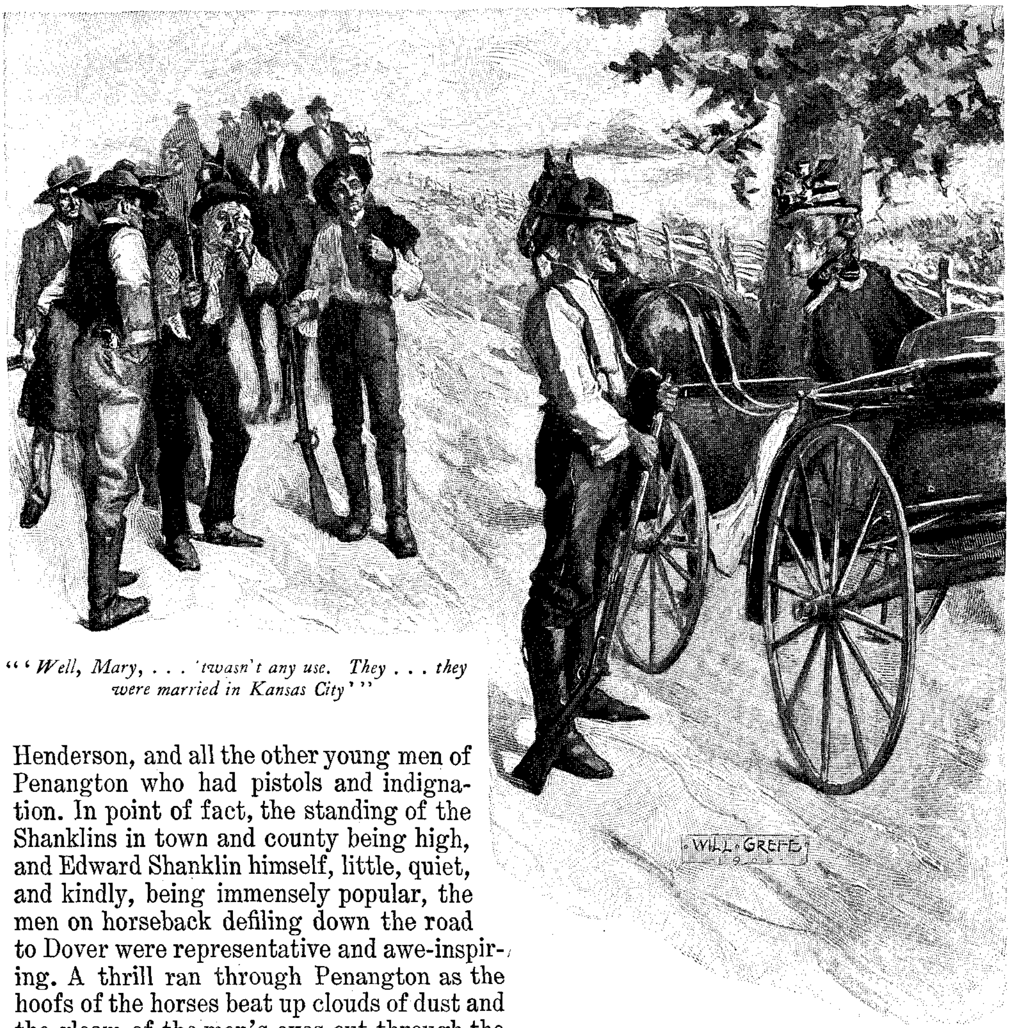
"You ain't any sorrier than I am that I had to take Elizabeth this way, Mrs. Shanklin," said the man. His eyes, though, were dancing, and he looked far from sorry. "But the road to the altar had to be cleared some way or other. It's the altar we are bound for. I guess you can gimme credit for that destination without changing my balance from the debit side of your books." He had the audacity to look up at Mrs. Shanklin then with a flash of merriment on his thin face. "You seem to have about everything in creation charged up against me," he said. Elizabeth was climbing into a buggy down among the trees, and the phaeton was well into the narrow lane which knew no turning until the upper end was reached; so the man made a profound bow to Mrs. Shanklin and said reassuringly, "There's room to turn just inside the yard gate," then ran down the road toward Elizabeth, and a moment later the two were off, with one parting toss of the man's hat and one parting shaft from the man's tongue: "Good-by, mother-in-law! Mrs. Spence will greet you next at Dover!"

It was all so brutally young and quick, set over against Mary Shanklin's careful, disappointed maternity, that it put the whole town into boiling sympathy with her, and a very few minutes after she was back on Main Street, after Elizabeth's abduction, Penangton, from being a peaceful, plodding town, had become a turbulent vigilance committee scene. All of Shell Spence's youthful escapades were recalled, all his ugly, long-continuing embitterment toward the town because the town had sat in harsh judgment on him in those early days, all the glaring difference between his wayward life and the flower life of the girl he had stolen—it was no wonder that Penangton boiled, and that when Edward Shanklin finally emerged from his house with the squirrel gun over his shoulder, other men with other guns were emerging from their houses. They clanked off down Main Street in twos and threes, grim and sinister, and as they went they were urged on by men who stood in front of the grocery stores, the drug stores, the lumber yards, and the post-office.

"Don't dirty honest lead on him, Shanklin; get a rope, get a rope."

"A man uz 'lost' once back behind Dover a-ways. 'Tisn't a hard place to find, and it's quiet-like and darkish."

The low, hissing sentences massed into a mighty surge that swept the men around to the livery stables, out again, horsed and spurred, and on through the town in a black drift of anger and revenge. As the band came back down Main Street the significance of the demonstration showed at its true worth. The leading men of the town were there, riding forth with jingle of spur and click of musket, as though to battle. The dry, shuck-like placidity of years had been stripped back ruthlessly; each man had suddenly become less of himself and more of that grandfather of his who pioneered in a hostile wilderness, and each man was so glad to convince himself that he had always been ready to be brave and active had circumstances ever required bravery and activity of him, so glad to convince himself that there was more to him than the man as he knew himself ordinarily, measuring off woolens or lawns at his counter, weighing sugar or coffee at his scales, or red-lining abstracts at his desk, that it was making precious little difference to him whether he was over-estimating the present circumstances or not. Edward Shanklin, at the head of the *posse comitatus*, was living for the minute so far beyond himself that his small pale face twitched with the strain; behind him came Josiah Sneed, usually a Main Street groceryman, but to-day a self-appointed marshal, with a brace of vicious pistols at his belt; Mr. Toplitz, who had left mortar and pestle to assume a gun; Judge Lanier, who had taken to horse at the hitching rack, where his horse always stood during county court; General Tom Whittington, Mr. Azariah Hepburn, and Mr. Penryn, the richest men in town; behind the older men, but rapidly closing up to the front, with the impetus of youth, came Marmaduke Tompkins, the rich young planter from the Fair Ground Road; Hurley Bell, the drummer for the St. Louis Baking Powder Company; Dr.



"'Well, Mary, . . . 'twasn't any use. They . . . they were married in Kansas City'"

Henderson, and all the other young men of Penangton who had pistols and indignation. In point of fact, the standing of the Shanklins in town and county being high, and Edward Shanklin himself, little, quiet, and kindly, being immensely popular, the men on horseback defiling down the road to Dover were representative and awe-inspiring. A thrill ran through Penangton as the hoofs of the horses beat up clouds of dust and the gleam of the men's eyes cut through the dust menacingly. It was as though the Missouri of two generations gone had taken on life and size again, and had leaped out on the track of crime.

Hot and riotous, the *posse* finally passed beyond the city limits, and the dust fell back heavily. A strange hush dropped over the town. Inside the Shanklin house some women put Mary Shanklin to bed, and even outside the house, even as far as the gate, there was a strong odor of vinegar and brown paper. Dr. Peterson was just leaving the house as the tumult died away, and being an old man who had seen a great many different kinds of suffering, he looked off down the white road on which Elizabeth's happiness seemed to have got such a bowling start that morning, then back at the drawn blinds where Elizabeth's stricken mother lay, and his eyes crinkled up in a way he had when he was half-amused, half-saddened. "I'm sorriest for the mother; but I hope Shell's got the fastest horses," he said to himself.

All day long the Penangtonians who were left behind stood on the street corners or at their front gates and speculated on what the late evening would bring forth. Some had a vague apprehension that the affair would end in such manner as to bring outside censure upon the town, though through the apprehension ran a zig-zag conviction that while it was wrong to lynch a man, it was all right to lynch some men; some were wholesale in their denunciation of Shell Spence for this climaxing piece of deviltry, which was likely to be of such far-reaching consequences, and all wondered whether or not the affair would be the death of Mrs. Shanklin. Toward five o'clock Mrs. Shanklin, her head still bound about with brown paper, negatived the idea of any immediate fatality on her part by appearing on her front porch, her usual wiry resistance manifest in her movements. To Mrs. Penang and Mrs. Toplitz, who were with her, she was saying emphatically:

"'Tisn't no use to talk to me; I'm going. I'll feel better in the air than in bed, and if I do meet them I'll know that sooner."

Despite all the wise, deterrent efforts of her neighbors, ten minutes later Mrs. Shanklin was in her phaeton and headed down Dover Road. She was a woman whom it was hard to weaken physically, and except for the pain in her head she felt perfectly able to take care of her horse and herself until she should meet the men. She had got as far as Snibble Bridge before she stopped her horse suddenly, with a conviction that after all she was not as well as she had thought. From far down Dover Road the morning's cavalcade was coming toward her. There were twenty men or more, and because the evening was very warm each man had discarded coat and vest, and as they came there was an empty, ballooning flutter of white, a shirt-sleeved heraldry of defeat. When they had got still nearer, it was evident that they had met with second thought as well as defeat in the day's journey, for a conviction that, in their eagerness to prove up true, they had been too willing to be brave guarded their faces like an irritated sentry. The rifles, guns, and pistols which had been such a grim part of the morning's fanfare, all lay flat and foolish across saddle-bows or winked shamefacedly from hip pockets. Each man looked somehow shrunken from his morning size, and at the sight of the small, tense figure on Snibble Bridge the process of collapse completed itself with startling rapidity, and the men filed up toward Mrs. Shanklin, quiet, amiable merchant-citizens. Mrs. Shanklin sat erect in her phaeton, her sharp black eyes cutting straight through the men back to their failure, as her husband pushed to the front and came hurriedly toward her.

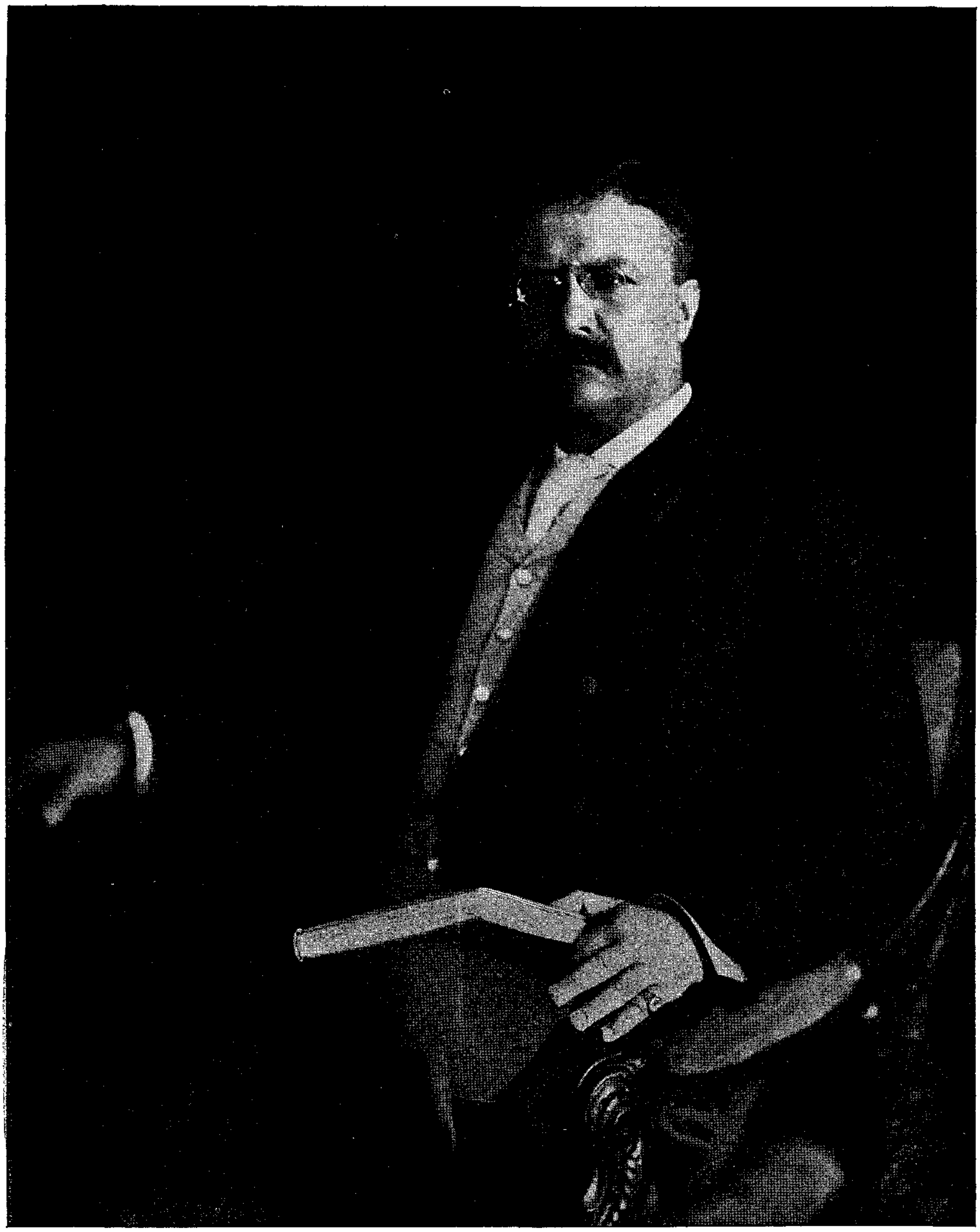
"Well, Mary," he said sadly, as he reached her side, "'twasn't any use. They didn't go to Dover; they turned beyond Hickory Wood and went to Juneville, and they got the train there for Kansas City. They—they were married in Kansas City. There was a telegram—" Some of the morning's vim and vigor sprang up with a small and bitter aftermath in Mr. Shanklin's face. "There was a telegram to apprise us of the fact when we got to Dover, but I wouldn't let the Dover office repeat it to Penangton. Truth is, Mary, Shell's beat us so bad that we weren't in the calculation. Here's what the telegram says," he continued sarcastically. As he took the yellow sheet from his pocket the other men touched their slouched hats to Mrs. Shanklin and disappeared over the hill toward town in a hesitating procession, like the pall-bearers of hope. "Here's what it says," repeated Mr. Shanklin: "'Sorry to have missed you at Dover. My wife and I will be home in a fortnight. Come down then. Shell.' So you see, Mary, there was nothing for it but trouble for pains. They were bound and determined to have each other, and when people are bound and determined on a thing the thing generally comes to pass. You know that."

Mrs. Shanklin was not a woman impervious to argument. She heard her husband's report without lament or reproach; but when he stopped talking she looked down Dover Road with her eyes so narrowed that she missed the fine perspective where the earth-line and the sky-line met.

"So that's the finish of Elizabeth Shanklin," she said. Her thin mouth looked so uncomforted and so little, as she pinched it up against fate, that Mr. Shanklin found it advantageous to turn away from her, and he, too, looked off down Dover Road. Perhaps because he was of a more cheerful temperament, perhaps because he was only a man and not thoroughly equipped for suffering, the perspective down the road caught Mr. Shanklin's eye.

"Well, Mary," he said awkwardly, "you can't say but what it's the beginning of Elizabeth Spence. Don't you believe we might as well come around to taking it that way?"

The twilight was dropping down with a soft and kindly glow over Hickory Wood, over the distant hills, and the pastures. It was absorbing gates, and bridges, and fences, and smoothing the world into a large pink sameness whose one plan seemed to be continuation. It was even spreading with rose-red promise far down Dover Road. Mrs. Shanklin tightened her grip on the reins in her hand. "Yes, we better had," she said. "Let's get back home, Edward. I've wasted time enough trying to cut out other people's lives for them. I don't doubt I'll need all the time ahead of me to hem up sheets and tea towels for that girl."



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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

Whose plan is "to keep faith with Cuba; to make such strong commercial allies of the Cubans that they will seek political protection; to make Cuba a field for young Americans seeking new industrial and commercial opportunities; to Americanize Cuba by kindness rather than by conquest" (Page 394)